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LOS ANGELES IN 7 DAYS

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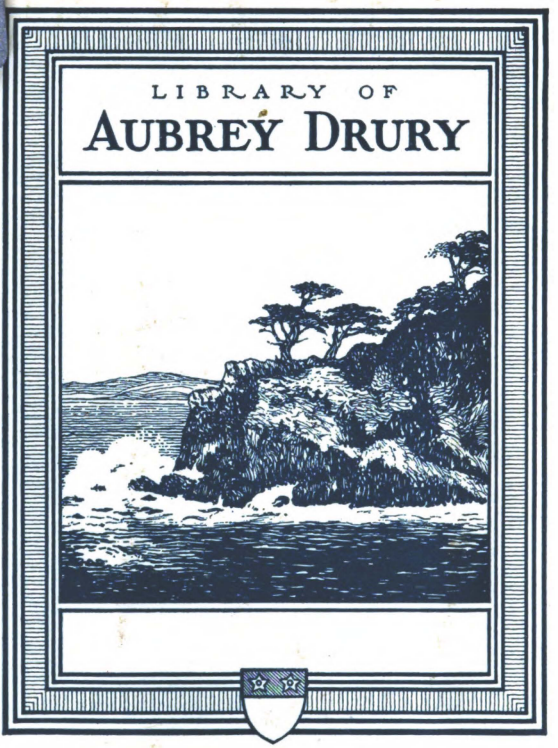

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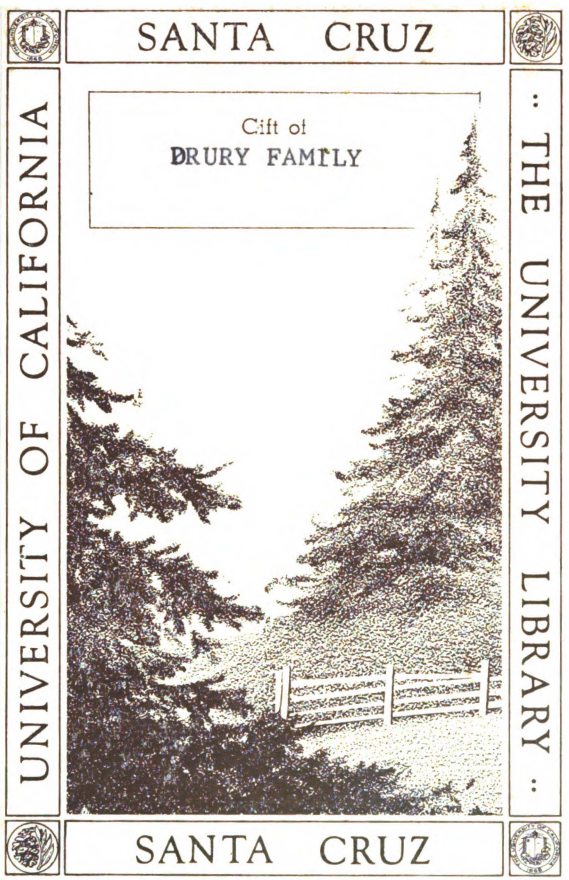

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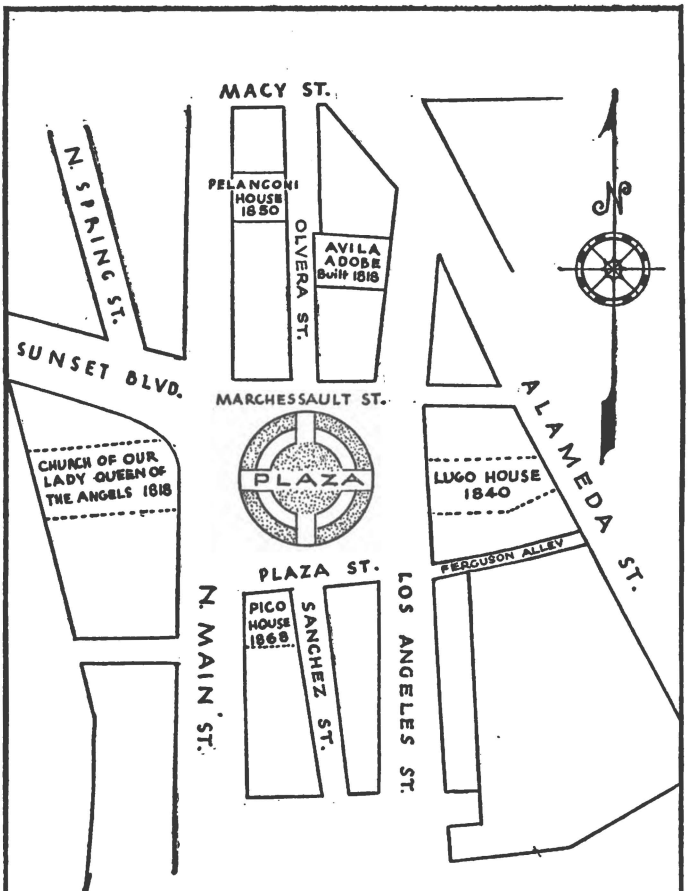

MAP SHOWING PLAZA AND THE FEW REMAINING LANDMARKS

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LOS ANGELES IN 7 DAYS

INCLUDING SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

BY LANIER BARTLETT AND
VIRGINIA STIVERS BARTLETT

NEW YORK MCMXXXII
ROBERT M. McBRIDE & COMPANY

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First Published, March, 1932

LOS ANGELES IN 7 DAYS

PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

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NOTE

LOS ANGELES, with over 441 square miles of body corporate and a population, according to the 1930 national census, of 1,238,048, is in itself an assignment of some proportions to a guide who believes that the multi-colored past as well as the brash present of this aggressive metropolis of the Pacific Coast of the two Americas must be outlined to the tourist of a week if any true picture is to be conjured in the latter's mind.

But the term "Los Angeles" covers far more than the corporate limits of the City of the Angels. What the last United States Census Report terms the Los Angeles Metropolitan District is credited with a population of 2,313,813. The Los Angeles scene, however, actually extends beyond the confines of this thickly populated immediate area. The spectacle dominated by and inseparable from this sensational city extends from Santa Barbara on the north to and beyond the Mexican border on the south, and inland a hundred miles or more. That is, from the tourist standpoint, the playground angle. Commercially the radius is much greater.

Los Angeles was the largest community in California when the American flag supplanted the Mexican in 1846. It is so again today. The years between, like the years that preceded the American Occupation, are almost blank pages to the average citizen of the United States, so far as the

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history, the very existence, of Los Angeles is concerned. Scanning of the pages by the world began once more where CLIMATE appeared printed across them, in increasingly large type. There came a BOOM, in the 1880's. After this short sensational chapter, unread pages again while horticulture, commerce, industry were slowly written into the story.

Then suddenly—HOLLYWOOD!

"SPECIAL EXTRA! ALL ABOUT THE MOVIES!!"

The second California Gold Rush. This time to the south, to little old Los Angeles, to the all-but-forgotten Pueblo de Nuestra Señora la Reina of royal lineage, but long considered inconsequent by opulent upstart towns.

Now all the world reads anything and everything about Los Angeles, eagerly, even though it may make faces while it reads. And it can hardly be said that there is a lack of news from this very fluent city. The town is a best-seller, and the story of the town is really the story of all Southern California.

All of which is by way of explaining why we may seem to have waved our banner of "Los Angeles in Seven Days" somewhat widely. Even as it is, we do not pretend to have covered the scene by a long shot. It can't be done in one little book, or one big book. Many places and personalities as worthy of mention, probably, as any mentioned herein, have been omitted. Anecdotes, like eating-places, architecture, amusement resorts, sidetrips, shops, people, are matters of taste, which cannot be argued.

Such places of pleasure or trade as we have mentioned are places that we personally know or that the average visitor seems to like; and we have tried to confine our selection of shops and cafés to those having a past of long enough standing to suggest some permanency in the future. Those overlooked have been omitted entirely without prejudice, just as those included have been named without other inducement than that offered by our own tastes and judgment.

Our visiting friends, the Joneses, have been taken about largely in our own vehicle rather than by public conveyance because it seemed the simpler way to cover, on the

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printed page, the rather crowded itinerary. Other visitors interested, by any chance, in the program followed by the Jones family, and wishing to follow the footsteps of this party in whole or in part by means of public transportation, may learn how to go about it, where trolley or bus has not been specifically mentioned in the text, by inquiring of any hotel clerk or any attendant of the many information bureaus, or almost any citizen, for that matter. We are all pretty well trained in directing strangers around, and glad to do it.

THE BARTLETTS.

Los Angeles, January 1, 1932.

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FOREWORD

HOW WE MET A PUBLISHER

WHEN Dick Martin, our old newspaper chum, now a real author in New York, wrote us that his publisher was coming out to Los Angeles in the summer and that he, Dick, wanted us to show him around, we thought: "Here's a break for us! Chance to pal around with a big Eastern publisher and maybe get him interested in the books we're trying to write!"

But as the junior member of our firm read on, she puckered her brow and said she foresaw difficulties. The great man was bringing his wife and young daughter. "And that always complicates matters; but see what Dick himself says on the subject:

"'I am picking you two people out to do the honors not only because nobody else knows and loves the old pueblo better than you do, but also because there's a pair of you and you can sort of keep the interest balanced. What I mean is, Mr. Jones takes his sightseeing quite thoughtfully, and I want him to get the really fascinating historical background of our home town. On the other hand, Mrs. and Miss Jones will be craning their necks all the time toward Hollywood Boulevard, the smart shops of West Seventh and South Flower, the Cocoanut Grove at the Ambassador—all that sort of thing, which is, after all, not to be wondered at, I suppose. Don't get me wrong; these are intelligent and

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charming women, but you two will have to team up on a sort of juggling act, keeping several balls in the air at once, and of different colors. You old-timers know what I mean.'

"Yes, I know what Dick means," smiled my lady as she finished the letter. "He means that he wants me to act as a foil for your long-winded history talks."

"There won't be anything long-winded about me," I replied, with some asperity; "but I assure you I *am* going to begin at the beginning and attempt to present Our Lady the Queen of the Angels in her proper setting, for once. And I'll make all three Joneses like the idea, too."

"'How do we get to Hollywood?' is the first question they will ask," laughed my skeptical partner. "And I won't blame them, either. *I* love my Hollywood, too."

"It's no more yours than mine," I retorted. "But I do get provoked with this idea visitors to Los Angeles bring with them, that the town was staked out in the sagebrush by realtors along in the 1880's, lived a few years on the hot air of the Big Boom, then went unconscious until the movie-makers came out from the East and blared it into life again. Why, this city was founded by royal decree of a King of Spain! Why, the saintly padre, Junipero Serra himself, trod the very soil that now lies under the pavement at Hollywood Boulevard and Cahuenga Avenue, as he walked, with a sore leg, from mission to mission, baptizing the benighted heathen! Why—"

"Oh, come now," broke in the Missus with cold practicality. "We can try out our speeches after the children are in bed. Right now we had better attend to getting the car spruced up."

"Why worry about that? The Joneses are regular people, and they'll be glad to be taken around at all. They've got just a week—seven days—to give to this region. Let's see—they're arriving late Sunday night, and today is already —Yes, we shall have to hurry to be ready for a start on Monday."

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LOS ANGELES IN 7 DAYS

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MONDAY

SO IT came to pass that on Monday morning somewhere between 9 and 10 o'clock we parked our sedan at the curb opposite the Grand Avenue frontage of the Los Angeles Biltmore.

"Only forty-five minutes' parking here," cautioned the Missus. "Better drive into that parking station next to the Mayflower Hotel and save some money."

But finding room at the curb right in the downtown block where we wanted to stop was too rare an opportunity to be slighted and I insisted on enjoying the thrill of it.

"I'm not going to spend a cent in a parking station," I insisted. "We will simply have to get our visitors out of their rooms before the forty-five minutes is up. Who would want to stay in a hotel that long, anyway, on a gorgeous bright day like this?"

"I have my suspicions that these New Yorkers aren't so crazy about the outdoors as we are," observed the Missus, with an air that insinuated a superior knowledge of the habits and customs of Easterners. "But come on, we will try our best to reform them. Now mind your manners—this may be our future publisher we are calling on, who knows!"

When we walked into the Jones suite, high up on the west side of the hotel overlooking the terraced park of the main Public Library and commanding a wide view over the western part of the city to the Cahuenga Hills and the Santa Monica Mountains, we soon found that a New York pub-

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lisher can be splendidly human. Also, that his wife and daughter can be quite amenable to reason. Though my worst fears seemed to have been realized when Miss Jones exclaimed: "Oh, do tell me, where's Hollywood and how do we get there?"

With an amused raising of the eyebrows in my direction, my fellow guide stepped to the open window and pointed out the location of Hollywood, a portion of which could be seen nestling very alluringly on its sunny slope over against the Cahuengas.

While my partner entertained the young enthusiast, I had time to outline to her parents a sightseeing plan that would begin with the old parts of town and lead up to the modern features of a city that is a startling conglomeration—at least, for a Western community—of the past and the present. An ultra-modern American city, yet one that clings tenaciously to a romantic, un-American past.

"Suits me to a T," agreed Mr. Jones, "though I must confess to an immediate curiosity about what we can see from our windows here. I always like to get the lay of the land around my hotel before I start out."

So we moved over to the window where my wife and Miss Jones were chatting, and looked down onto the velvety greensward of Library Park and the pyramid-like tower of the gray-white library building, topped with its colorful glazed Spanish tiles and hand-and-torch finial. As we were crossing the room Mr. Jones remarked:

"So you are the Guias of whom Dick Martin has so often spoken. Odd name. Translated into English it would mean 'guide,' wouldn't it?"

"Yes, Mr. Jones."

"Apt, isn't it, that we should be in tow of Mr. and Mrs. Guide?"

"Yes," I laughed, "for once the name fits perfectly. So let me point out one of our city's important institutions."

"I understand that this is one of the leading public libraries of America," commented the publisher.

"Yes, it is widely famed. The building was designed by Bertram Grosvenor Goodhue of New York in association with Carleton Monroe Winslow and cost $2,325,000. Mer-

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rell Gage, an authority on architecture, has said of it: 'The library is without question one of the noblest buildings in America. It follows no accented order of architecture, but through it strains of the Spanish, of the East, of the modern European, come and go like folk songs in a great symphony, rising to new and undreamed-of heights in an order truly American in spirit.' "

"It would probably take an enraptured student of the architectural art to detect all those beautiful strains," smiled Mr. Jones, "but it is a stunning building."

"The sculptures ornamenting the exterior walls are by Lee and Lawrie. The immense murals in the History Room depicting scenes from California's past, are by Albert Herter, who painted the murals in Santa Barbara in order to have close at hand studies of types and of old homes of the times depicted. Members of the Franciscan order at the Mission Santa Barbara, and descendants of the old Spanish families, posed for the figures."

"I shall want to have a look into that building," remarked Mr. Jones, in a tone of real interest which encouraged me to go on and tell him that in the main rotunda of the library there is being installed a series of murals painted in London by Dean Cornwell, a New Yorker. Artists of America and Europe submitted designs for these panels in open competition, and the award went to Mr. Cornwell. These murals are said to be the largest paintings in the world with the exception of the Sistine Chapel frescoes of Michelangelo.

"The library grounds run through the entire block from Grand Avenue to Flower Street," I went on to explain. "Owing to your special interest in books, Mr. Jones, let me add a few statistics from the latest report. With 1,100,315 volumes on the shelves of the library system, the annual circulation for 1929-1930 was 9,682,305, with a per capita circulation for the city of 7.8 books."

I was just about to mention that this betters Boston's claim, according to the American Library Association, when my wife broke in with some light chatter about less serious institutions.

"Right there on Grand immediately south of Library Park," Mrs. Guia pointed out, "is the Mayflower Hotel,

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a popular hostelry and one much frequented by the bookmen representing your Eastern publishing firms. The restaurant of this hotel, known as Ye Bull Pen Inn, is a good place to satisfy the type of appetite that demands the hearty planked steak and baked potato. Many years ago Ye Bull Pen Inn started in an old barn down on East Seventh Street and has gained wide fame as purveyor of robust English meals.

"Down there at the corner of Sixth is another hotel, the Savoy. That building of buff-colored Roman brick rising with such imposing dignity over there beyond the Mayflower, fronting on Flower between Fifth and Sixth, is the new home of the California Club, oldest and most staid of the city's clubs. A block further west, on Figueroa at Sixth, you see the more ornate home of the Jonathan Club, and around on Seventh at Olive stands the tall building of the Los Angeles Athletic Club, an organization famed not only for its social features but for the track, field and swimming teams which it sponsors in national and international contests. On the west side of Flower between Eighth and Ninth is the handsome home of the Women's Athletic Club, and right over yonder on the east side of Hope, just south of Sixth, is the University Club, a building of French Norman architecture containing in its social rooms some interesting murals by well-known artists."

"My, what a clubby center this seems to be around here," exclaimed Mrs. Jones. "But where are the big downtown stores I have heard about?"

Before I could answer her Mr. Jones interrupted with:

"It seems to me that Hope Street is a rather intriguing name for a thoroughfare. Must have been laid out in the days of the Big Boom."

"Faith, Hope and Charity—these were the names of successive streets in early Los Angeles. And they antedate the Big Boom by a long time. When Lieutenant E. O. C. Ord of the U. S. Topographical Engineers made his famous *Plan de la Ciudad de los Angeles,* in 1849, the first American official survey from which all subsequent plans have developed, he extended on his map certain primitive streets and trails clear out into what was then the country, making

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Pico Boulevard his southern boundary. For street names he translated some from the Spanish and supplied others that seemed to fit euphoniously into the scheme. The old *Esperanza*, in the form of Hope, was acceptable enough to the incoming American settlers, but there were objections to living on Faith and still more to living on Charity. The latter became Grand Avenue."

"They didn't use any half-measures in changing that one," laughed Mr. Jones.

"During our tour," I continued, "we will come to another street named by Ord in a moment of poetical fancy inspired by a beautiful native daughter. It has been a comforting fact to many others since Ord's time, who have overlooked golden opportunities, that this bright young West Pointer, borrowed from the army by the newly organized municipality to do its surveying, refused as a fee one hundred and sixty acres of public lands and ten building sites now in the heart of the Angel City, choosing instead $3000 cash. The western boundary of his survey bore a native name at which even the snappy young lieutenant balked. This was *Calle de los Chapules*, or Grasshopper Street, first renamed Pearl and later Figueroa, after a Mexican governor of the province of California."

"Remember the forty-five-minute zone," whispered my fellow guide. "We can't afford a traffic tag."

I glanced at my watch and suggested hastily: "Shall we be on our way?"

"Oh, yes, let's hurry out and see things," exclaimed Miss Jones; then added, in a persuasive tone as she put on her hat; "Maybe you will take us to Hollywood?"

"Not today, Miss Jones," I replied, firmly.

"Then maybe tomorrow?"

"Well, maybe the day after that," I laughed.

"Ready," announced Mr. Jones, picking up his hat, gloves and stick; and we descended to the Galeria of the hotel.

"This is not the part of the hotel we saw when we arrived from the train, is it?" inquired Mr. Jones. "I remember getting a glimpse of a pretty tropical park as we drove up, and I rather wanted to look around out there.

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I felt that it was an important center from which to take one's bearings."

"Yes, Pershing Square is just about the heart of the city and an important spot to the visitor because of the street-car and bus lines that pass it or radiate from it. But we left the elevator on the Fifth Street level to give you a glimpse of the Galeria and some of the famous shops that open off from it. Probably we have our nerve to show off a hotel to you New Yorkers, but this promenade they call the Galeria is really celebrated. As you see, it reaches from Fifth clear through the length of the hotel, over half a long block, to the marquee over the private ramp and auto driveway. It is a sort of fashionable highroad to brilliant festivities, with the great main dining-room on the left as you enter from Fifth, a beautiful banquet-room opposite, and next to this a direct entrance to the Biltmore Theater; further on is the Art Gallery, where many artists' exhibits are held; then across on the left again is another big banquet-hall, and opposite this the Grand Avenue lobby and the broad descent to the famous Sala de Oro, or Gold Room, a dazzling ball-room of immense proportions. I believe it is claimed to be the largest hotel ballroom in the world. Down the Galeria, hung with its celebrated collection of paintings and its rich tapestries, move, on occasions, many glittering stars of the theater and film world, many distinguished figures in the realms of art, letters, finance, politics, and the navy, on pleasure bent. During the daytime the Galeria is a favorite rendezvous, a meeting place—"

"Of course, you will have plenty of time to look around the hotel during your spare moments," put in Mrs. Guia, a bit hurriedly. "We can cut right through here to Grand and get the car."

"It will take only a moment longer to go out through the main lobby on Olive," I suggested. "Mr. Jones wants to get an idea of the square in front. What do we care about a traffic tag?" I added in a whisper.

"Oh, what a really beautiful shop!" cried Miss Jones, beckoning her mother down the deep entrance to the store of I. Magnin & Company, importers and creators of styles for women.

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"Yes, and across the hallway is a very exclusive jewelry store, a branch of Oscar Fresard of Lucerne," said Mrs. Guia, forgetting her hurry as she gazed in at the treasures in the cases.

We finally got the women moving again, but no sooner had they reached the main lobby downstairs than they caught a glimpse of the splendid display of Oriental goods by Milnor, Inc., whose store heads the procession of smart shops down the Biltmore Shopping Arcade. In the ensuing stampede my wife was swept along, catching glimpses of this and that: florists' displays, sweetshops, imported delicacies, dress shops, exhibits of miniatures by distinguished artists, and the interesting portrait studio of Edward S. Curtis, whose photographic studies of the American Indian are known the world over.

During this interval I took Mr. Jones out on to Olive Street, where we looked across the close-cropped lawns and through the palms and glistening green banana clumps of Pershing Square with its splashing fountain in the center, to the busy streets beyond.

"A very pretty setting," remarked Mr. Jones.

"Yes, people sometimes laugh at our potbellied stone cherubs supporting the upper basin of the fountain, but it is a pleasing spot. The block-square park is a remnant of the public lands originally allotted by King Carlos III of Spain. This, with the old Plaza in the Mexican quarter and some acreage in Elysian Park, is all that is left of the almost twenty thousand acres municipally owned when the Americans took over rights and titles to the Pueblo. You see, under the Spanish plan, when a pueblo was founded by royal decree, as was Los Angeles, four square leagues of land was set aside for the community. After each settler had been apportioned a town lot on which to build and a field to cultivate, the rest of the acreage, with the exception of sites reserved for governmental and ecclesiastical buildings, became municipal property. These latter lands were called *propios*. When the Mexican Republic succeeded the Spanish Crown in California it respected this plan of public ownership, and the United States government, in its turn, affirmed the city's land titles. Then early mayors and coun-

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cil-men of American Los Angeles began feathering their nests by juggling the *propios* until almost all the land was frittered away.

But time was pressing, so I branched hastily into everyday sort of guiding such as: "There on the northwest corner of Fifth and Olive, Mr. Jones, you will see the busy steamship ticket office of the Pacific Steamship Company, commonly known as the Admiral Line. A great deal of travel beween Los Angeles and San Francisco, and on up to Seattle, is still done by the ocean route, just as it was in the old days when the only alternative was the bumpty stagecoach. The Admiral Line, direct successor of the first regular local coastal steamship service, and the Los Angeles Steamship Company handle most of this traffic.

"On the opposite corner is the Philharmonic Auditorium, home of the celebrated Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra which, in the summer season, renders the 'Symphonies Under the Stars' programs in the Hollywood Bowl. The auditorium accommodates five thousand persons and is used for most of the important professional indoor musical events. Here on Sundays are conducted the services of the Temple Baptist Church, the organization that erected the building. The late Rev. Robert J. Burdette, widely known poet and humorist, was minister of this church at the time the building was dedicated and preached here for years. Rev. J. Whitcomb Brower and other nationally-known preachers have occupied this pulpit. The building is on the site of old Hazard's Pavilion, a barnlike wooden colosseum much frequented by sporting citizens in the Gay Nineties, where prizefights alternated with concerts and where the grand opera troupe played when it came to town.

"That building over there beyond the Square, at the northeast corner of Sixth and Hill, with the reddish tile finish, is the Paramount Theater, one of our big downtown movie palaces.

"The large modernistic building on the northwest corner of Fifth and Hill, recently erected on the site of the old home of the California Club, is the Title Guarantee Building. It is worthy of mention for the six stunning panels in the lobby, painted by Hugo Ballin, distinguished artist and mo-

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tion-picture director. The panels depict, in turn, the life-and-death struggle between a saber-tooth tiger and an Imperial elephant at the famed Brea Pits in western Los Angeles during prehistoric times; the idyllic pastoral Spanish-Mexican period in Los Angeles; the signing of the Treaty of Cahuenga between Lieutenant Colonel John C. Frémont and Gen. Andrés Pico in 1847, at a spot near the present Universal City Studios beyond Hollywood; the making of the 'Ord Survey' in 1849; the coming of the Southern Pacific Railroad to Los Angeles in 1876; and a modern scene visualizing a city rising to power."

"And what is this dazzling white building of classical design down here?" asked Mr. Jones, pointing to the corner of Sixth, south of the Biltmore. "Looks like a Grecian temple."

"That is the home office of the Pacific Mutual Life Insurance Company, an old Pacific Coast institution of great financial strength. But hadn't we better round up the others for the little journey into the past?"

We returned to the hotel lobby, but the three women had not reappeared from the Shopping Arcade. So I sketched out for him the bus and trolley system.

"You will notice," I said, "the double-decked yellow busses circling the Square, coming in along Olive here in front of us, turning east on Fifth and south on Hill, to stop at stations marked out along the Hill Street curb. This block-long curb reserved to busses is the starting point for the lines known as the Beverly Boulevard, the Wilshire Boulevard, the West Los Angeles, the Sunset Boulevard (Hollywood), the Figueroa Street, and the Castellamare, the latter reaching the ocean above Santa Monica. On Fifth Street the yellow or green cars of the Los Angeles Railway reach the western and southwestern portions of the city, in one direction, and the Central Station (Southern Pacific-Union Pacific) and the eastern and southeastern districts in the other. On Hill Street the yellow-green cars running southbound reach the conservative West Adams residential section, and run north to East Los Angeles and Lincoln Park, through the old north end of town. Hill also carries the big red cars of the Pacific Electric interur-

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ban system bound to the beaches of the Santa Monica Bay and Redondo Bay regions, such as Santa Monica, Ocean Park, Venice, Playa del Rey, Manhattan, Hermosa and Redondo; also the surface lines to Hollywood, West Los Angeles and Beverly Hills. On the Sixth Street side of the Square the red cars run to the Edendale district, where the first permanent moving-picture studio in California was established, and in the opposite direction to Central Station.

"One block south, on Seventh, are trunk lines of the yellow-green cars to eastern and western portions of the city; and a block to the east, on Broadway, is an endless procession of trolleys running south across the seaward plain as far as Inglewood, and northward through the oldest part of Los Angeles to Eagle Rock, Highland Park and the Annandale section.

"On Hill, a half-block north of the Square, is the main entrance to the Subway Terminal, the big station from which depart what are known as the 'subway' trains of the Pacific Electric to Hollywood, West Hollywood, Highland Avenue (Hollywood Bowl), Beverly Hills, Burbank, Glendale, Van Nuys, and San Fernando. The subway comes to the surface at the intersection of Glendale and Beverly Boulevards. Also from this station depart surface trains to Santa Monica, Playa del Rey, Hermosa, and Redondo. In this terminal may be found everything in the way of shops, information bureaus and restaurants associated with large railroad terminals and a ticket office of the Southern Pacific Railroad, owner of the Pacific Electric."

"Here they come!" interrupted my auditor, as the ladies hurried toward us.

"It's about time!" I moaned in a hoarse aside to my associate guide. I was glad to see that she looked conscience-stricken as we hurried around to Grand to pick up the over-stayed auto.

The cop was working down the line of cars at the curb and was just checking the one behind ours when we reached for the door handles. I noticed the sigh of relief from Mrs. Guia and the return of her wifely superiority.

"We're going to swing around by Sixth to Main," I began, starting off with a flourish of gears and barely miss-

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ing the cop who had barely missed tagging us. "At the southeast corner of Sixth and Main stands another important transportation center which every visitor should locate immediately. This is the Pacific Electric Building, housing a second big station of the 1200-mile interurban railroad system.

"It is a full-fledged 'depot,' a busy place night and day, teeming with every type of humanity. It is especially lively when the U. S. Battle Fleet is given liberty down at the harbor and trainloads of jackies, Filipino messboys and colorful marines are pouring through the portals. Here, instead of leaving the terminal by subway the trains go out over several blocks of elevated tracks to reach a widespread suburban area, including cities as far distant as seventy-five miles.

"Through the gates of the main waiting room pass passengers for Pasadena, South Pasadena, Alhambra, San Gabriel, San Pedro (Los Angeles Harbor), Long Beach, Seal Beach, Huntington Beach, Balboa Beach, Newport, Santa Ana, Riverside, San Bernardino, and Mount Lowe.

"Diagonally across from the rear of this station, on the northeast corner of Sixth and Los Angeles, is the big stage depot of the Pacific Greyhound Lines, operators of motor stages the length of the Coast and eastward. One block further north on Los Angeles, at the southeast corner of Fifth, is the terminal of the Motor Transit system of stages."

"This looks as if it might be an interesting street," remarked Mr. Jones, glancing up and down Main as we waited at the intersection of Sixth for the "Go" signal.

"So it is," spoke up Mrs. Guia, who always thrills to this hurdy-gurdy, flashy, cosmopolitan and historic old thoroughfare. "It has been dubbed by some writer 'The Street of a Thousand Wonders.'" Then to me—"Suppose you drive north on Main to the City Hall and we will take a panoramic view of the whole town from the observation tower; then we can lunch at one of the many foreign restaurants in the North End and start our tour of the Mexican quarter."

"Good enough," I replied, "but I can't make a left turn

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here. We'll have to go down to Los Angeles Street and circle the block to the right."

This we did, and as we finally got through the signals at Sixth again, going north on Main, my Señora became the guide.

"This is the old *Calle Principal*," she said. "Main Street is the translation. Sounds much more distinguished in the original, doesn't it? It became the principal thoroughfare early in the history of the town, although it is only since American days that this part was built up. Along here was a country district where small ranches were cultivated, and where the suburban homes of merchants doing business up around the Plaza were located. There on our right, at 550 where the Burbank Theater stands, was the home of Don Juan Warner, or Juan Largo, 'Long John.' The nickname applied to his six-feet-four of thinness from Connecticut. He was the grantee of the great Rancho San José del Valle, in the then Indian wilderness of what is now San Diego County, where today is the famous resort called Warner Ranch or Warner Hot Springs. He was driven from this ranch by repeated Indian attacks and moved his family to Los Angeles in 1855, where he had first settled in 1833, coming west with the Ewing Young trapping expedition that left Taos in 1831."

We were moving very slowly in congested traffic and had time to chat about days gone by. Mr. Jones remarked that he had noted that it was so often the Yankee who had seemed to get along well in the Spanish countries in the early years of American expansion, despite his stern old Puritan background.

"Yes," I replied, "he seemed to adapt himself very readily to strange lands and peoples. As we proceed along this trail we are now traveling we shall note the footprints, figuratively speaking, of several of these adventurous New Englanders who came here, by sea or by land, when this was an isolated province of Spain or of Mexico, became citizens, joined the Catholic church so that they could marry into native families, and proceeded to take the new life in hand as if they had been raised to it. These men and the families into which they married were in the ascendant

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politically and socially for many years after Los Angeles became an American city, and have handed on stout old New England family names to prominent Angelenos of today whose lineage through their mothers goes back deep into Spanish history."

"Shouldn't a word be said about the Burbank Theater?" suggested my junior partner. "I'm not old enough for such reminiscences, but you go ahead and tell 'em, Methuselah."

"It should," I replied without rancor. "Main Street was the early 'rialto' of Los Angeles, and some Coast theatrical history was made in this shabby house now given over to cheap burlesque. My memory of it goes back to the days when as a boy I would sneak down here from a Presbyterian home to see the swaggering T. Daniel Frawley and the voluptuous Mary Van Buren do their melodramas with a stock company that gave some other names besides their own to fame. Frawley, you know, and his wife, Mary Van Buren, were well-known early favorites on the Pacific Coast, and in the treaty ports of the China coast, for they would cross the Pacific every year on an Asiatic tour. Then Oliver Morosco took over the Burbank and from here he gradually progressed, first to the Majestic over on Broadway, and then to his new Morosco Theater, now the President, at 744 South Broadway, until finally he landed in New York among the big producers of plays. Here at the Burbank he first gave *Peg o' My Heart* with Laurette Taylor, to the world; also *The Half-Breed,* with William Standing, and Tully's *Rose of the Rancho,* launched as *Juanita of San Juan.* William Desmond, since well known in films, trod those boards as the town's matinee idol, and in the same stock was Margaret Illington, Marjorie Rambeau, and goodness knows how many others who later went higher. Harry Mestayer was a fixture here for a long time and so was Richard Bennett. When Morosco took over the Majestic on South Broadway—as long as we are on the topic of local theatrical history we might as well finish off Oliver—he launched Tully's *Bird of Paradise,* with Laurette Taylor, on its career, and later at the Morosco, he made history by producing for the first time such hits as *So Long, Letty,* with Charlotte Greenwood; *The Brat,* with Maude Fulton; *Lombardi, Ltd.,* with

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Leo Carillo, and the record breaker of them all, Anne Nichols' *Abie's Irish Rose.*"

"How very interesting!" exclaimed both Mrs. and Miss Jones, who loved patter about theaters and actors.

"And right across the street, where you see that all-night motion-picture theater," broke in the Missus, with a sudden flash of her younger memory, "was old Pop Fisher's Century, where Texas Guinan, Blossom Seeley and Alice White got the start that made them headliners in New York."

"Now that *is* interesting!" exclaimed Mr. Jones, craning his neck to look at the old place.

We were now entering the district of "hot" shows, dime museums with barkers out in front drumming up trade, lady barbers, snake-charmers, penny arcades, shooting galleries, second-hand bookstores, all-night lunch rooms, pawn shops, and cheap clothiers catering to the sailor trade from the harbor and to Mexican and Filipino workers in from the ranches. There was also a sprinkling of cheap hotels, some of them famous as hostelries of elegance in days gone by.

At Fifth we passed the Rosslyn Hotel, not one of the relics of the past but a very modern hotel of impressive proportions built in the form of twin buildings, one on the northwest corner and one on the southwest corner. This is a popular priced hotel favorably known to more economically inclined travelers, and its celebrated dining-room on the second floor is open to the public. Automobiles may be driven into the main building to discharge passengers directly into the lobby. Many of the sightseeing bus tours start from this hotel.

"That is a very substantial-looking bank in a neighborhood where it does not seem to belong," remarked Mr. Jones, indicating the southwest corner of Fourth. "Must be an old-timer."

"Yes," I replied, "the Farmers and Merchants Bank is the oldest in the city, though this is not its original location. The venerable gentleman who has been its president for years, Jackson A. Graves, is widely known as author of the volume, 'My Seventy Years in California,' and as host of Rancho San Pascualito, the old home on Huntington

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Drive, South Pasadena, where so many notables have been entertained.

"Across Fourth from the bank stands the old Van Nuys Hotel, a distinguished stopping place in the days when Milo M. Potter was the host, but now reduced to a lower status and called by some other name—oh, yes, there's the name of the lodging house, The Barclay. The Van Nuys was a favorite hotel for notable foreigners. I remember interviewing, as a young newspaper reporter, three separate parties of titled Europeans and a South African diamond nabob registering there in one day, bound for tuna and swordfish fishing at Santa Catalina Island. The Mexican generals and ex-presidents and prospective presidents in refuge in the Van Nuys, planning the next revolution, made it a treasure house for the reporter who just had to turn in some sort of story that night. The café, under the direction of that suave *maître d' hôtel,* Joe Reichel, the Austrian, and the wine cellar—well, never mind, those were other days!

"There on the opposite corner, across Main, is the Westminster, predecessor of the Van Nuys as the leading hotel, built during the Big Boom of the 1880's and once a great social center."

"My, but I'm getting hungry!" exclaimed Miss Jones, which I hoped was a tribute to the eloquence of my suggestion concerning the Café Van Nuys of blessed memory, although the odor of hamburger and onions from a nearby lunch stand may have had something to do with the case.

"Well, there's the Goodfellows' Grotto," put in Mrs. Guia, in a tone sympathetic with Miss Jones' impulse. "That address, 341 South Main, has been a familiar one to Angelenos for many years. Like the old bank back there at Fourth, this alimentary institution clings loyally to its early quarters. What beer they used to have! And those frogs' legs and fish with distended jaws, and those glistening red steaks laid out on the ice in the window—they're one of my first memories of Los Angeles! Oh, not the same steaks," she added with a smile.

"I suggest that we proceed with our program and lunch later in a more exotic environment," said I. The soaring white tower of the City Hall was looming pretty close

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ahead of us now and I was anxious for them to get the view from up there. So I hurried the car along as fast as traffic would allow, pointing out an address here and there. I confided to Mr. Jones that back at 337, between Third and Fourth, on the west side of the street, we had passed a red-hot number. This was the Follies Theater, a burlesque house that puts on shows said to be simply scandalous, especially the Saturday "Midnite Matinees." Be this as it may, the theater itself has some historical significance to those familiar with Coast theatrical traditions, I explained, being none other than the old Belasco of yesteryear whose stock companies boasted such favorites as Lewis Stone, Hobart Bosworth, Charley Ruggles, Theodore Roberts, James Chapman, Dick Vivian, Harry Glazier, Howard Scott, Bessie Barriscale, Marjorie Rambeau, Lenore Ulrich, Florence Smythe, Florence Stone.

"After the show, a cocktail at the Van Nuys Bar, and so to Al Levy's for supper." But this was to myself.

Shaken out of this sentimental reverie by the blast of a policeman's whistle, I still had presence of mind to point out Bert Colima's Ringside Dance Palace, at 321, with its sign guaranteeing at least "thirty rounds of boxing every Saturday nite" along with the ballroom dancing.

Now we were crossing Third. "That three-story building on the northwest corner," I said, "housed for years one of the Coast's famous restaurants, Al Levy's. The upper floors were given over to banquet rooms and private apartments where dining could be made very intimate. It was a great rendezvous for theatrical folk, and Al's collection of autographed table cloths and napkins is celebrated. He still conducts a downtown restaurant, a smaller one, at 617 South Spring, in the financial district, and another in Hollywood, both to be recommended for seafoods and steaks."

On the right near Second we passed the Cathedral of St. Vibiana, built in 1876 and said to be modeled after the cathedral in Barcelona. This is the seat of the Roman Catholic Diocese of Los Angeles and San Diego, and in the episcopal archives repose many historical records of the pre-American period of Los Angeles history.

At Second we turned off to the right to circle down

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through a portion of the extensive Japanese quarter, passing the episcopal residence behind the cathedral and the adjoining parochial school.

"No sooner do we pass the seat of Catholicism than we plunge in to the realm of Buddhism," explained Mrs. Guia, who dearly loves the stimulation of sudden contrasts. "There are three Buddhist temples in this district, at CXIX North Central Avenue, CXXX North Central Avenue, and CXVIII North Mott Street. Each has a visiting day when the general public is admitted. The days vary somewhat with the seasons but one can always obtain information by calling up the Japanese Chamber of Commerce."

"Now then," said I, "there's room right over there in front of that Japanese restaurant at 222 South San Pedro Street to park the car, and we can stroll up Weller to East First and along that shopping street of Little Japan for a block or two to get an idea of the section."

"Something must be done about the food question pretty soon," put in Miss Jones quite seriously, and Mrs. Jones added that she felt the same way about it. "Must be this California air."

"I find a great deal to interest me besides food," said the *pater familias*, in a rebuking tone, and my fellow guide hastened to put in an oar before the discussion could go further, saying:

"It won't be any time now before we are in a region of entertaining eating places, but I think you would enjoy Oriental cafés more after nightfall, under the glow of artificial lights. I'm going to be mean enough to point out, however, that we are parked right in front of the cutest little Japanese restaurant in the district, not a gaudy one conducted for tourists, but an intimate bit of a place where, if you enter politely and unboisterously, you will be served any variety of native dishes in a most delightful manner by a quaint married couple who seem almost to exhaust themselves in their efforts to please. Here the celebrated dish *sukiaki* may be ordered and the whole process of preparation watched as the thin strips of meat are cooked in the deep sauce over a brazier on your table. This, with the snowy rice and the characteristic green tea, forms a

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combination that is very palatable to most Occidental palates. Service may be had at a regular-sized table in the front apartment, with forks and spoons, or if one wishes to try going native, the inner room may be engaged, where the guests will remove their shoes and sit cross-legged before a low stool-like table, with chopsticks for 'tools.' Let's peek in and say how-do-you-do to the host and hostess before we run along."

We now angled across Second to follow the meandering course of Weller. We explained that the erratic course of Weller, wandering off on a tangent from the junction of Second and San Pedro to a junction with First at Los Angeles, is due to the fact that this was where the early-day stages from the harbor at San Pedro swung off to angle over toward Main, which they followed northward from First toward the Plaza. It was first known as Wilmington Street, after the landing by that name established on the upper reaches of the harbor by Phineas Banning, operator of a famous stage line. Before the railroad reached Los Angeles from San Francisco in 1876 the favorite mode of travel between the two cities was by steamer, and connection with the harbor was made by six-mule stages. Competing lines engaged in desperate races to get arrivals into town first. The passengers usually bet heavily on these races, and the twenty-five or thirty-mile ride up hill and down dale was altogether a whoop-hurrah affair. Intense excitement reigned in the old pueblo on steamer days, with the rival coaches dashing in along this turnoff, then up First to Main and the Bella Union Hotel, followed by yelping packs of mongrel hounds.

Arrived at First, we pointed out the Tomio Department Store on the odd-shaped block where Weller, First and Los Angeles join. It is a full-fledged department store conducted by and for Japanese. Turning east on First, the ladies were immediately attracted to the windows of the Oriental Art Shop and Bazaar, at 220½. The shop is known to collectors for its fine Japanese prints. Its *objets d'art* and jade jewelry are also a temptation, but we hurried on.

"Get the girls past here if you can," warned Mr. Jones,

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glancing up a broad stairway at 312. The stairs led to an ornate chop suey restaurant.

"That's the Mandarin, quite well known," I said. "Back at 228 is another large upstairs chop suey parlor called San Kow Low's, and here's another one just beyond the Mandarin, at 320, called Lem's. Notice the theater at 324. That is the Fuji, showing photoplays made in Japan. Those pictures are worth seeing."

"Once, I imagine," commented Mr. Jones.

"Yes, once will do for most of us, but some of the photography is beautiful and the acting delightfully quaint. And, by the way, back there next to the Mandarin entrance is the first Japanese telegraph office in the United States, recently established by the Postal Telegraph and Cable Company to serve the 65,000 Nipponese in Los Angeles. They can file messages in their own language, with native clerks."

"I thought you Californians didn't get along with the Japanese," observed Mr. Jones.

"Well, there are times, perhaps! Anyhow, if you had been standing on this street on May 17, 1931, when Their Imperial Highnesses, Prince and Princess Takamatsu, arrived on their honeymoon tour, you would have thought you were in Japan. On their way from the Santa Fé Station to the Ambassador Hotel the royal couple drove through banks of Japanese schoolchildren lining First Street on both sides solidly for eleven blocks, throwing flowers and waving banners."

"Speaking of the Santa Fé Station," put in Mrs. Guia, "you should see it! You came in at the other depot, which is fairly modern and not so good as it might be, but 'La Grande Station,' as it used to be called in a past century—boy, what a joke it is, always has been and apparently always will be, on the sensitive Angeleno! A red brick Byzantine peanut stand, vintage of eighteen-hundred-and-something or other, when the railroad first arrived among us. Tourists descending from trains at night often stumble over it in the dark, receiving injuries that prejudice them against Los Angeles, and causing them to write the folks at home that the nights here are too cold or the days too hot.

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Of course, I only mention the Santa Fé Depot because it is proper that visitors should know its location. It is a few blocks east of where we are now, on Santa Fé Avenue at the foot of Second Street. It is reached by the yellow-green 'P' cars east on First and the 'N' cars east on Second."

"Thank you!" laughed Mr. Jones.

We went on past the lobbies of modern-looking Japanese hotels with uniformed attendants, flower shops, fish and vegetable markets, bookstores with windows full of Japanese translations of western thrillers and native movie fan magazines, beauty parlors, banking houses, etc. At the northwest corner of San Pedro Street we noted the big department store of The Asia Company; then we swung back to pick up our car.

Delayed in the traffic at Los Angeles Street as we proceeded west on First toward Main again, Mrs. Jones remarked: "Are these still the Japanese around us? They look like them, and yet they don't."

"No, this is a Filipino colony in through here and up and down Los Angeles Street for several blocks. Here the houseboys and chauffeurs employed in Hollywood and the fashionable residential districts congregate when idle. Filipino employment agencies, cafés, pool halls and rooming houses, to say nothing of a barber shop every other door, preëmpt this neighborhood, but none of their native picturesqueness is preserved by these people."

"As we cross Main," I continued, "look to the left and you will see the Teatro Mexico, on the east side just south of First. That is the old Child's Grand Opera House, the first fully equipped theater—in the modern sense—in Los Angeles. Built in 1884, its startling modernity was thus described in the souvenir program of the opening night: 'For obvious reasons electricity cannot be used in a theater, but the gas jets will be lighted electrically.' Mlle. Rhea in *The School for Scandal* was the inaugural bill, and such stars as Edwin Booth, Lawrence Barrett and Mme. Helena Modjeska were early attractions. Here, later, the Orpheum Circuit conducted its first local theater, and then it was the home of the late Ferris Hartman and his famous musical stock company, from which developed some talent that later

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went into 'big time' in New York, and into the movies. Some of us well remember Robert Z. Leonard, the picture director of today, when he was cavorting around the stage of the grand in juvenile rôles. Diminutive Muggins Davies, Walter De Leon and—well, we haven't time for the list. Once society gathered here by way of carriages drawn by prancing teams, while humbler patrons descended from occasional horsecars that tinkled along wobbly rails in an unpaved street; now the house is a cheap Mexican burlesque show, a reminder that from here northward we shall be invading the old native quarter. If you don't believe it look at the name painted in yellow and green on the window of that big drug store on the corner, just this side of the *teatro*: 'Botica Mexicana de las Tres Palmas,' meaning 'Mexican Drug Store of the Three Palms.'

"Now, here is the City Hall," I continued, as we followed First from Main to Spring. "The lovely white building and its grounds occupy the space bounded by First, Main, Temple and Spring. Buildings of the district were razed for the placing of the new city building in 1928, and narrow, winding North Spring Street was widened and straightened so that this end of it no longer appears as it did in the old days, when it saw considerable history in the making. A further extension of the street straight northward from its old terminus at Temple Street is now in progress, which will eliminate most of New High, another old street of considerable historic interest. Now, please notice the quaint-looking, shabby hotel at the southeast corner of Main and First with the old-fashioned portico effect extending out over the sidewalk. That is a pioneer hotel, the Natick House. For many years it has been the headquarters for weather-beaten prospectors in from desert and mountain to spend their little piles or to raise money for their mining schemes. Long left stranded in a squalid section of the city, the Natick now suddenly finds itself facing the elegant greensward of City Hall Park and the gleaming monumental tower, and the old-time seat-warmers in the dingy lobby perk up as they are reminded of the days when the north end of town *was* the town. Feet cocked up and tobacco pipes steaming, grizzled veterans of the West sit there spinning yarns about

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the joints that used to blaze wickedly where the marble and granite Hall now sits serenely in its passionless beauty."

We parked on Spring and entered the City Hall through its main entrance, passing among the impressive stone pillars of the forecourt and under the solemn motto carved in the great granite lintel: "Righteousness Exalteth a People." In the lobby of the Spring Street level we saw a big modeled relief map of the Los Angeles region, which helped our guests to grasp the peculiar 'lay-out' of the city, and we also studied a big illustrated map of Los Angeles Harbor. Then, from the twenty-fifth story of the tower, we faced a panorama reaching from the blue and gray pile of the Sierra Madre on the north and northeast to the glinting Pacific and the dreamy outline of Santa Catalina seemingly afloat on the ocean. The day being clear we could glimpse the snowcaps of those lordly mountains, San Gorgonio and San Jacinto, in the San Bernardinos far to the eastward where, in the pass between the two, the road to Palm Springs and the other famous resorts of the desert slides down. To the northwest Hollywood nestled on its sunny bench against the Cahuengas; farther westward the soft red of tiled roofs and white of stuccoed walls showed through clumps of foliage where Beverly Hills spread its homes for miles; still farther, the tan and green hills curved with a grandly sweeping gesture around sloping plains known of old as those of Los Buenos Aires, or The Good Airs, to merge finally with the graceful outline of the Sierra de Santa Monica and descend into the sea.

Over in one of the railed outlooks stood a quite elegant-looking elderly gentleman typical of days gone by, lecturing to a group of visitors on the history of his city. This was Don Carlos Prudhomme, true native son, born near the foot of this tower some threescore and ten years ago of French and Spanish stock that had played a prominent part in California history. He makes the old life glow again for the visitor to his lofty lair, if the visitor really shows intelligent interest enough to make it seem worth Dan Carlos' time to stir his bowl of memories deeply. Otherwise, he is just the official guide, stationed there from 9 A.M. to noon, and from 1 P.M. to 5 o'clock on week days, to answer ques-

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tions. Usually he is not there Saturdays after the noon hour.

The Joneses began to prick their ears in the direction of the lecturer; but, jealous of our job of guiding, I took a deep breath and started out on my own hook. I began in a more matter-of-fact style than I had intended, because I could hear my lady saying out of the side of her mouth: "No rhapsodies on the romance of the past and the glories of the future, *please*! Remember, the Joneses have been in much higher towers than this and probably have seen quite a bit of the world."

So, properly inhibited at the very start, I merely outlined some historical facts. From here, I explained, we were looking straight down at the spot where was born El Pueblo de Nuestra Señora la Reina de los Ángeles de Porciuncula.

"Now familiarly known as Los," interjected the Missus, irreverently.

"Yes," I admitted, in a tone of dignified reproach, "by you outsiders. Mrs. Guia," I added, turning to my guests, "was brought here, not born here."

Ignoring her gasp of resentment, I went on to declare:

"This old town lying below us was the largest community in California at the time of the American conquest of the Mexican province, and so it is today, with its million and a quarter inhabitants. It was also the most turbulent town of the province. Most of the revolutions were generated here. Aimee Semple McPherson is not a whit better at keeping Los Angeles on the front page than were some of the Pueblo's earlier preachers of lost causes. Over this site have flown a succession of banners—the blue—gray banner of the signal smoke of the Indians of Yang-na, the red and yellow of regal Spain, the red, white and green of dark Mexico, and the red, white and blue of the United States, besides innumerable revolutionary banners of evanescent display. Almost floated over it the banners of imperial Russia and colony-loving England."

Then I went on to explain that Los Angeles was founded by decree of Carlos III of Spain on the recommendation of Felipe de Neve, governor of the Californias, that Alta California must be colonized by permanent residents in

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order to be held against the threatened encroachments of Franch, Russia and England and against the possibilities of an aggressive westward movement, in the future, of the new English-speaking American nation apparently about to take form successfully on the Atlantic seaboard of the continent. For this was the year 1781, when Los Angeles was founded, the year when Admiral Count de Grasse brought his French fleet from the West Indies to aid Washington's forces in their struggle against the English Crown, and anchored his flagship, the historic *Ile de France*, in Chesapeake Bay.

"It began to be evident," I said, "that a new nation would surely be born, and that this Protestant infant would inevitably grow up to become a menace to Catholic Spain in North America."

"And so it did, for here we are," remarked Mr. Jones, with growing interest.

"Yes, Spain's hands had been loosened from this prize province by revolutionary Mexico before we eventually arrived, but destiny had been driving us westward inexorably from the beginning. So," I continued, "Governor Felipe de Neve selected this spot on the Rio Porciuncula (as the Los Angeles River was first named by the Portolá expedition, its discoverers), as a site for the first of the cities planned. At San José de Guadalupe, fifty miles south of San Francisco, a handful of colonists had been planted four years previously, with a civil pueblo organization, but this was a tentative experiment, unattended by the formalities which marked the birth of Nuestra Señora la Reina de los Ángeles.

"Captain Rivera y Moncada was commissioned to drum up families in Sonora, Sinaloa and Baja California to become founders of our city, but he had a hard time of it. Nobody wanted to come to California to live in those days. After a year's recruiting all that Rivera could get together were twelve families of mixed breeds. This despite the fact that he was an eloquent man who had spent eight years in the royal service in California, was enthusiastic about the climate, the scenic attractions, the real estate possibilities and all that, and had a reason of his own for wanting to please

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the Viceroy of New Spain, de Croix, who was responsible that the wishes of the King be fulfilled.

"Well, to shorten a long story, this first recorded licensed realty salesman of California got his prospects safely through their terrible desert journey as far as the Rio Colorado, where Yuma now stands, and there lost his life along with most of his soldiers during a ferocious attack by the Indians under old Chief Palma, who previously had been given by the Spanish Viceroy, as a mark of esteem and a bribe of friendship, a red, blue and gold general's uniform, with sword and cocked hat. But the vanguard had already crossed the Colorado, and after incredibly hard going arrived at Mission San Gabriel, ten miles to the east of where we are now. From there, in due time, the founders marched in procession to the site chosen for the new pueblo, headed by Governor de Neve, with Sergeant Navarro bearing the royal standard of Spain, followed by the mission padres with an entourage of Indian acolytes. The colonists waved aloft a banner on which was emblazoned a representation of the Virgin Mary.

"Nearby was the local Indian village of Yang-na and no doubt there was a gaping audience of savages, the original title-holders to the realty, wondering what all the shouting was about, as the procession marched impressively around the *ramada* or brush shelter over an improvised altar in the center of the spot chosen for the plaza. The Governor made a speech from the back of his charger, Sergeant Navarro planted the flag, the soldiers fired their *trabucos* or arquebuses, the padres intoned a service while all knelt; then the prospective residents looked over the tract, picking out their lots. This was probably the most impressive ceremony ever held over the founding of an American city, for very few of the cities of our United States ever enjoyed the distinction of being founded. They just happened."

"Openers of your modern subdivisions might take notes from De Neve's ballyhoo," chuckled Mr. Jones.

Somehow I didn't quite like this flippant remark coming from an Easterner. Of course, it was all right for *me* to wisecrack on the subject, but—

Here the Missus broke in with: "Right down there, under

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the busy city pavements in front of the old Church of Our Lady the Queen of the Angels lies buried the very Sergeant Navarro—or Navarri, as sometimes recorded; for he was a Basque—who carried the flag of Spain that day. Isn't it a shame that when this end of Main was widened, years ago, the old burial ground was obliterated? Graves of historic persons like that were simply ignored by the pressing new American life."

"If you stir me up on that subject," I warned, "we'll never get through here, and I can see that our visitors are about to faint with hunger."

"Well, suppose we just say a word or two about the principal modern features to be seen from here, and then go to lunch," agreed Mrs. Guia, and started right in with: "Those two broad avenues you see running approximately westward are Beverly Boulevard and Sunset Boulevard, and are the most direct approaches to Hollywood from downtown."

"Oh, to Hollywood?" piped Miss Jones, reviving. "I think I should like to follow that meandering one over there to the right near the hills."

"That is Sunset and is the route of the trolley cars as far as the junction with Hollywood Boulevard. Seven blocks to the south of Beverly Boulevard you see Wilshire Boulevard cutting a wide swath from Westlake Park westward. Seven blocks still farther to the south is Pico Boulevard, then seven blocks farther again is Washington Boulevard. All these broad paved thoroughfares reach the sea in the Santa Monica Bay region.

"The two straight-as-a-die arteries running approximately north and south over there to the westward are Vermont Avenue and Western Avenue, paralleling each other about a mile apart and extending from the Hollywood and Griffith Park hills to the sea in the Redondo Bay region. Over there, emerging from the tunnel under Fort Hill from the central business district, is North Broadway, a principal traffic lane to East Los Angeles and Pasadena and to northern points in the Pacific states via U. S. Highway 99, which it intersects at San Fernando Road, U. S. 99 reaches from the Mexican to the Canadian border and is commonly designated by us

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as the Inland Route in contradistinction to U. S. 101, the Coast Route, which also extends from border to border. From here you can trace U. S. 101 climbing over Cahuenga Pass behind Hollywood."

"You speak of a Fort Hill. Was there ever a fort there?" inquired Mr. Jones.

"Yes, Fort Moore, named for a captain of U. S. Dragoons killed at the battle of San Pascual, north of San Diego, where the invading American forces of General Stephen W. Kearny were temporarily routed by the Californians under General Andrés Pico in December, 1846, during the Mexican War. It was an earthen fortification constructed by the Americans to defend Los Angeles after its capture by Commodore Robert F. Stockton. The redoubts were obliterated years ago when this ridge became a popular locality among well-to-do early American residents, but there is a 150-foot flagpole planted on the southern edge of the site, high above the northern portal of the Broadway tunnel, commemorating Fort Moore. Here, on July 4, 1847, the American Declaration of Independence was first read to the wondering natives, in English and in Spanish, before an imposing array of paraded troops, including the celebrated Mormon Battalion and your own First Regiment of New York Volunteers, Colonel Jonathan D. Stevens commanding. A number of the old homes, social centers in the 1880's and 1890's, are still standing, shorn of their glory and debased into cheap rooming houses. The site can be reached by the little cable incline railroad known as 'Court Flight,' opposite to and a little southward of the North Broadway front of the old red Court House, or by climbing the stairway at the south portal of the Broadway tunnel.

"The part of Broadway running south from the tunnel was first known as Fort Street. The portion running north from the tunneled hill was once *Calle de Eternidad*, or Eternity Street, because it led to the cemetery established after the plot in front of the old church on the Plaza became too crowded. Out North Broadway, at the entrance to Elysian Park, about a mile from where we are now, stands a granite boulder bearing a modern bronze tablet with this inscription:

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"Governor Gaspar de Portolá and Father Crespí, commanders of the expedition in search of Monterey Bay, camped and worshiped near this spot Aug. 2, 1769. They were the first white men to look upon the site of the future city of Los Angeles, founded 1781.

"From the North Broadway entrance to Elysian Park a pretty drive may be taken over the heights, with views across the bottomlands of the river to the high mountains and up the San Fernando Valley to the city of Glendale and the hills of Griffith Park. Southward of the park lie the Southern Pacific Railroad yards. In Elysian the forestry department of the city maintains its nurseries and experimental stations."

Straight below us, at the corner of Temple and Broadway, we looked down on the flat roof of a massive gray granite building. The upper three stories had heavily barred windows.

"That is the Hall of Justice," I explained, "housing county offices, courts and jail. To the south of it, at Temple and Main, is the Federal Building, a red sandstone structure thought grand in its day but now sadly out of keeping with the newer public buildings of the Civic Center. However, Uncle Sam is already drawing plans for a larger and nobler structure for which additional property has been purchased adjoining the present building. Directly across from where we are standing, on Spring and extending through to North Broadway, is the old red sandstone Court House, standing on a nicely parked slope but itself an ugly relic of the 1880's. Within its walls, and particularly in the 'Belfry of Bruges' type of clock tower, are said to be stored, higgledy-piggledy and in danger of destruction by fire, priceless old records of Spanish and Mexican days. The Civic Center plans call for the elimination of this building in the near future. The elevation on which it stands was once called Pound Cake Hill and was the location of the original Los Angeles High School, erected in 1873. 'L. A. High' is famous as the developer of many great athletes who, after going into the universities, have done big things in national and international competition. In its new location in the western part

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of the city it is still designated as Los Angeles High School in spite of the widespread system of high schools now covering the city.

"Before the west entrance of the Court House are mounted two of the little cannon which the American force under Gillespie dragged to San Pedro when forced to evacuate Los Angeles, and threw into the bay. Four of these were later recovered by Don Benito Wilson and placed muzzle-down at the street corner in front of his store, southeast corner of Main and Commercial, to keep the solid wooden wheels of the *carretas,* or clumsy native ox-carts, from chipping his walls as they made the turn. Later, the Farmers and Merchants Bank stood on this same corner, behind the same guns.

"Next south of the Court House is the Hall of Records, more modern but hardly beautiful, and beyond this is the fine granite State Building, a sort of branch capitol of the State of California, recently erected at a cost of two million."

"You forgot to mention the old W.C.T.U. Temple at Broadway and Temple Street, across from the Hall of Justice," laughed Mrs. Guia. "Now is a good time to explain that the street was not named for the Temperance Temple, but for good old Don Juan Temple, one of those Yankees who early impressed themselves on this distant province. John Temple came to Los Angeles in 1829 from Massachusetts and opened the first general merchandise store in the pueblo, right down here on the site of the Federal Building. He was later owner of the great Rancho los Cerritos, on a part of which the modern city of Long Beach is builded. His monumental adobe ranch house there is still inhabited. Don Juan's wine cellars were famous, and he died happily unconscious of the activities of the W.C.T.U. on the street named for him. The Temperance Temple is surrounded now by an incredible number of bail bond offices which extort a large part of their income from victims of Prohibition.

"John Temple built the historic Temple Block, at the former junction of Temple, Spring and Main, in 1857. This was torn down to make room for the new City Hall,

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which also includes the site of the first court house of Los Angeles County, another building originally erected by Temple. The Temple Block was a nine days' wonder when Don Juan built it, of stone and brick, and it was the rendezvous for all the American lawyers of its period. Many a scheme was concocted in its high-ceilinged offices, behind the funny tall scrolled doors with china knobs, to maneuver bewildered Spanish dons out of their vast *haciendas* of land and cattle.

"Some of these old-timers, or their sons, clung to the same old offices down to the day the rookery was demolished, and some strange treasures were found in nooks and crannies. At our house we have lately been poring over a bound volume of *The New Yorker*, containing files of that publication from September 29, 1838, to November 2, 1839. It was recovered in a closet of the old office by a descendant of the original occupant. The publication announcements bear this legend:

H. GREELEY & CO., PUBLISHERS, NO. 127 NASSAU ST., NEW-YORK.

"What fun it would be to get the modern *New Yorker's* comment on some of its contents!" laughed Mr. Jones.

"Wouldn't it, though!" chortled my wife. "Especially on the three-column editorial entitled 'The Morals of the Waltz,' warning the nation of the peril to which its womanhood was subjected by the introduction of that vile European dance. Following this is an article entitled, 'The Poetry of Punch Making,' extolling the gentlemanly art of mixing drinks and giving a recipe for a punch called the 'Regent' that would knock the eye out of the most confirmed modern bootleg-drinker, if he could ever get all the ingredients together at once. But now let's be on our way to lunch."

This brought a joyous "Thank goodness, at last!" from Miss Jones, and a rapid movement toward the elevator on the part of all. After introductions to Don Carlos, we descended and made our exit on the Main Street level.

Crossing Main and walking east on narrow little Market Street I recounted that this was once called *Calle de la*

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Libertad because the lane led from the slave market down to the miserable Indian village by the river. In the years immediately following the American occupation the Indians of Yang-na eked out an existence working in the vineyards and fields of the new ranchers. Saturday night they would get stone drunk and lie in the gutters of *Calle Principal.* The town marshal would round them up into a stockade behind the jail. Monday morning those who could not pay their fines were rented out for the ensuing week to landowners who paid the fines and made them work the amounts out in labor. The Indians who could buy their way out hotfooted it down "Liberty Street" to their hovels.

My fellow guide now hastily summed up her ideas of where we might lunch.

"A couple of blocks farther on," she said, "at 210 Market, is the Paris Inn. You can see it now, with the sign along its side proclaiming 'The Outstanding European Café of America.' However that may be, it is really a good eating place, usually full of life and color, with dancing during luncheon and dinner and a cabaret performance. The waiters are all singers and every now and then they huddle and burst into song. The dancing between courses makes the service a bit slow for starving people, I warn you of that. Then, there is the Silver Slipper, a café of similar type, right in this block, at 110."

"It isn't entertainment that matters right now so much as quickly arrived-at food," murmured Miss Jones.

Whereupon Mrs. Guia suggested: "Well, how about a quick and hearty place like Taix's, 321 Commercial Street, a French *pension*—you know, heaping platters placed on the table for everyone to help himself—and only forty cents. Even dinner at night, family style, is only fifty cents."

I thought it a bit crude of the Missus to mention prices, and anyway I was hoping that Mr. Jones would play host to us at the Paris Inn's luncheon *dansant*; but the rest jumped at the other proposition.

"That will be fun," exclaimed Mrs. Jones, "sitting at tables elbow to elbow with all sorts of people. I remember doing that in several small inns in France."

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"Not at all Ritzy," thought I, though surprised that the *chic* daughter did not demand a smarter place.

Going north a block on Los Angeles to Commercial and then east two blocks, we chatted about this old foreign district. At 200 North Los Angeles Mr. Jones noticed the large plant of *El Heraldo de Mexico,* one of the large Mexican newspapers, and asked about the extent of our Mexican population.

"It is said that Los Angeles is the second largest Mexican city," I replied. "The recent depression in the labor market has caused a considerable movement back across the Mexican border, and just how much this has affected our rating as second to Mexico City I don't know, but the change is not perceptible on the surface. Well-informed Mexicans tell us that in no city of their native land, save only the capital itself, can the needs and tastes of Mexicans from various parts of their country be satisfied as in Los Angeles. In the stores and markets of this district are to be found wares and products of all sections of the land of Montezuma, and the restaurants supply menus peculiar to many different states of Mexico."

"Here we are at last," said the Señora, ushering us into a room filled with long tables at which were lunching very earnestly and, as Mrs. Jones had aptly said, "elbow to elbow," business and professional men of the district, newspaper people, authors and artists and even screen-writers from Hollywood. After greeting the genial proprietor, son of the original Taix, and his handsome helpmeet, we "fell to" on a surprising amount of good plain food. Watching Mrs. and Miss Jones eat I lost my fear that they would high-hat.

After lunch we found ourselves edging along the narrow sidewalk of Commercial toward Main once more. As we turned north on the *Calle Principal,* I explained that the latter street divided the house numbering system of the city east and west, as did First north and south. That is, all numbers west of Main are on West So-and-So Street, and so forth.

"We ought to get along now to the shops of the Paseo as rapidly as possible," put in Mrs. Guia briskly. "We

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must not bore our visitors with too much detail. Across there you have a close-up of the Postoffice, as the Federal Building is usually called. Here Sonoratown, the Mexican quarter, begins in earnest and continues northward for blocks. Some of the stores are conducted by Chinese, you will notice. Especially the *carnicerias* or butcher shops. The fruit stands are largely in the hands of Japanese. But these merchants of Asiatic lineage are usually native-born Californians who grew up speaking Spanish and English. Others were born below the border and answer to such names as Juan, Francisco and Jesus. On the fruit stands down here you will find some of the rarest displays in the city, for the dusky population is very fond of fruits. Here, too, are all sorts of strange herbs and vegetables."

"What is this strange green shredded stuff, like enormous stringbeans cut lengthwise?" asked Mrs. Jones, stopping before a stand brilliant with different-hued fruits and vegetables.

"That is *nopal*," answered the Señora. "Cactus leaves shredded. Here is another bin of it cut into small cubes. It is served as you would serve stringbeans, either hot or as a salad, cold. These long festoons of shiny red pods are strings of *chile colorado*, the dried pepper which plays such an important part in native cookery. The fresh green pepper, such as you see piled up here, is called *chile verde*, and a most delicious dish they make of it, dipped in egg and fried in batter. We wish you could see the *tunas*, the yellow or reddish purple fruits of the cactus, piled on these stands later in the year. Such color!"

"No rhapsodies, please," I warned. "Come, we must be moving along. Here on our right, 312 to 316, is the old Bella Union Hotel, or rather, this is the building enlarged from the original Bella Union in the 1860's and renamed the St. Charles. It is really an historic site. Here was the city's first hotel, a wide-spreading one-story flat-roofed adobe extending clear back to Los Angeles Street, enclosing a courtyard which was the corral for the guests' horses. A most amusing account of this hostelry as it was in 1852 is to be found in 'Reminiscences of a Ranger,' by Major Horace Bell, a celebrated ranger and editor of the old days.

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'In rainy weather,' he says, 'the primitive earthen floor was generally rendered quite muddy by percolations from the roof which, in height from floor to ceiling, was six or seven feet. The rooms were not over 6 x 9 in size. Such were the ordinary dormitories of the hotel that advertised as being the best south of San Francisco.' He goes on with a side-splitting description of the ominous barkeeper in the hotel, heavily armed and wearing an old dragoon overcoat and red *vicuña* peaked hat, 'a vindictive appearing man who looked as though he had not smiled since father was hung.'"

"Certainly a precious portrait," laughed Mr. Jones. "Evidently Los Angeles was no mollycoddle youngster."

"The toughest town in North America in the tough decades," I replied with some pride. "All the early diarists and historians agree to that. Just a word more about the old Bella Union. It was the capitol building of California during Pio Pico's term of office. This governor refused to go north to Monterey. As a matter of fact, Los Angeles had been officially declared the capital of California by the Mexican Congress in 1835, but the governors had been loath to quit Monterey. Old Pio was a native of the Mission San Gabriel, so he stuck to his native heath. During the first occupation of the city by American troops in 1846 the capitol building was used as barracks by the garrison under Captain Gillespie of the Marines. For many years, as a hotel, the old building was the headquarters for travelers and the stopping place of all stage coaches. Then it was superseded by the Lafayette, almost across the street, where you see the sign, La Azteca, across the face of that building. La Azteca, now a large cheap Mexican lodging house, is the old St. Elmo Hotel, which in turn succeeded to the site and the trade of the Lafayette. One of my earliest childhood memories is of the swell dining-room of the St. Elmo, the glistening countenances of the negro waiters and the view out of the rear windows into a patio with blossoming orange trees and tropical vines. All this enthrallment I enjoyed when my parents brought me in from the ranch on a shopping tour."

"Beyond La Azteca, at 353, is one of the big Mexican

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chain grocery stores, La Luz del Dia, and over the office at 361 you see the sign, 'Señora M. Azarte, Intérprete.' This is one of the professional Spanish interpreters, a woman who does a thriving business as translator of legal and business documents."

"Here is a building that always fascinates me," remarked Mrs. Guia as we walked under a sloping wooden canopy extending along the whole front of an ornate old three-story building covering the property from 334 to the corner of Arcadia Street. "This is the old Baker Block, quite celebrated among the architects of America at the time of its erection as an outstanding copy, on a smaller scale, of the Hotel de Ville in Paris. It was the first building in the city constructed on iron framework, and was the first fashionable apartment house. To make way for it the most famous adobe residence of the old times was razed, in 1877. This was El Palacio de Don Abel, the home of Don Abel Stearns, another Massachusetts Yankee who became a Mexican citizen, married into a leading native family and gained dominance in the affairs of Southern California. Don Abel came to the province in 1830 and settled in Los Angeles in 1834, marrying a reigning beauty, Arcadia, daughter of the prominent *haciendado,* Don Juan Bandini. The reigning beauty of the West Coast was then just fourteen years of age. After Don Abel's death in 1867 the widow married Colonel R. S. Baker, another American, and the block bearing his name eventually replaced the old Palacio. For years the impressive Doña Arcadia, social queen of American as well as native Los Angeles, reigned in her elaborate apartments in the Baker Block, and families with social ambitions paid premiums to secure living quarters in the Hôtel de Ville. Now the building is given over to the Goodwill Industries, a quasi-charitable organization, and old clothing and household furniture contributed for distribution among the poor are sorted and mended in the once elegant boudoirs of haughty doñas and señoritas of the past."

"It must have been a bizarre society during the period of adjustment between the two races," said Mr. Jones.

"Yes," I answered, "there are many amusing contacts

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recorded between *caballero* and *gringo*, none more so than the momentous meeting between Commodore Ap Catesby Jones, U. S. N., and Governor Manuel Micheltorena, *jefe politico y militar de California*. In 1842 Commodore Jones, commanding the Pacific Squadron, seized California in the name of the United States on the strength of rumors that war had been declared with Mexico over the Texas question. Very soon the Commodore found that he had been over-zealous. He had anticipated the war by four years. The newly appointed governor of the province, General Micheltorena, who was in the vicinity of Los Angeles with an army to quell the turbulent elements always strong hereabouts, bombarded Commodore Jones with dreadful proclamations—*pronunciameñtos*—declaring that the Mexican patriots under his command would shed every drop of their blood if necessary to run the Americans once and forever off these shores. Our Commodore, considerably embarrassed, despatched a very polite note of regret to the governor, offering to meet him and personally offer an apology. Micheltorena cooled off a bit and said all right, we'll meet in Los Angeles and have a grand *fiesta* of reconciliation, provided you donate fifty nice new uniforms, a full set of musical instruments for my band, and $15,000 cash.

"The Commodore brought his squadron to anchor at San Pedro and proceeded to the pueblo with his staff, displaying as much pomp and panoply as was possible to sailors mounted on half-wild horses or riding in groaning ox-carts, for these were the only sorts of transportation available. Right here where we are now standing, in the 'palace' of Don Abel, the American officers were entertained and met the fierce-mustachioed governor for the ceremony of apology. The party was almost ruined at the start by the Commodore's blunt announcement that he had no authority to issue uniforms, horns and cash to the Mexican army. All he could do, he said, was to apologize and call it quits. After a proper amount of bluster, Micheltorena yielded. There followed, nevertheless, the grandest *baile* the south had ever known. The ball itself took place in a long adobe across the way from El Palacio. The mis-

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haps connected with that ball are as droll as anything in 'Don Quixote,' and not generally known to historians, whose version of the 1842 Occupation is lacking in saltiness; but we must be moving on."

"The attempted seizure of California years before the Mexican War is a bit of history I had not heard," said Mr. Jones. "The anecdotes you tell about the people who once inhabited this quarter seem to bring the past very close. But, after all, it wasn't so very long ago, was it? Has the city really any past yet, in the truly historical sense?"

"Everything is relative, Mr. Jones, isn't it? In one sense our past here goes back into the Middle Ages. When the American Government burst in, it disrupted a life that was feudal. A gap of centuries was bridged overnight by the Occupation. Now, shall we hurry along toward the Plaza? This Arcadia Street we are now crossing was, of course, named for the beautiful Doña Arcadia who lived so long on this corner. Over there, on the west side of Main, at 405, is a big Mexican installment-plan furnishing house, La Casa de Don Simon. Just this side of it is El Gran Café de Mexico, another big restaurant very much 'of the people,' Beyond, at 409, is a big market, El Mercado de Mexico, and the little street running west for a block only, with the International Pharmacy on the corner, is named Republic, the name dating from 1836 when the short-lived Republic of California was declared in the north by that rabid native son, Juan Bautista Alvarado, who became the first California-born governor. The Garnier Block, second building north of Republic and itself an old landmark built by a Basque sheepherder who profited by the coming of the *gringo*, marks the site of the town home of General Andrés Pico, brother of the last governor under Mexico and victor over General Kearny at San Pascual. Don Andrés lived to become a brigadier general of the California National Guard and one of the staunchest supporters of the American régime. He was one of the most celebrated hosts of all time in California and entertained for years in baronial splendor at his country seat, the Rancho 'ex-Mission' San Fernando, granted to him and to a partner

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named Celis following the confiscation of the Franciscan missions by the Mexican government. This mission we shall visit later in the week. The quaintly balconied old building here on this side, with entrance at 416½, is where the first Masonic lodge in the city was housed. Next we have the Abbott Building, the ground floor of which was once occupied by the first theater in Los Angeles, the Merced. Next, on the corner of Plaza Street and fronting the public park known as the Plaza, is the Pico House, the first really swank hotel of the city, erected in 1869 by the old ex-governor. This was the year the first transcontinental railroad was completed to San Francisco, though Los Angeles was dependent for seven years longer on stages and steamers."

"Connected with the Abbott Building is one of those anecdotes that you seem to like, Mr. Jones," laughed Mrs. Guia. "The site was first occupied by the pioneer American saloon, called El Dorado, housed in a ready-cut building shipped around the Horn from Maine. The saloon is said to have been inaugurated by the then commander of the Southern Department of California, United States Army, in protest against the miserable native *cantinas*, which he considered offered no adequate rendezvous for an officer and a gentleman. He was no other than the redoubtable Colonel John Bankhead Magruder, afterward a general in the Confederate army. His saloon was eventually converted—I use the word advisedly—into the first Protestant church in Los Angeles."

"Immense!" chuckled Mr. Jones.

"And Johnnie Hughes, nephew of Archbishop Hughes of New York, was head bartender for Colonel Magruder, U. S. A.," I added.

"Don't be *too* funny," protested Mr. Jones.

"Historical fact!" I insisted.

The circular Plaza now lay before us, its central fountain languidly playing while picturesque groups of swarthy men lounged on the benches under the great dark-leaved Indian rubber trees and the rustling palms.

"Here Los Angeles was born," I announced. "Here the old life centered and here the Latin and Latin-Indian life still centers. To be exact, the very first Spanish plaza was

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laid out over there a little way to the northwest, approximately where you see that block of buildings standing alone like an island in the traffic, bounded by Sunset, Bellevue, North Spring and North Broadway. In the beginning the present Plaza was a commons where stock grazed. But the original center soon grew crowded and when it was decided to build a new church, in 1812, it was decreed that it should face a more commodious communal center. So the Plaza before you began to take on importance at the time the corner-stone of the church you see over there on the west side was laid, an event which flood and indecision delayed until 1814. Actual construction of the sacred edifice did not begin until 1818. In that year along came one of those everlasting New Englanders—not just another one of them, but the *first* one of them, so far as local history is concerned—and injected new life into the church-building scheme. Joseph Chapman was his name——José el Ingles, or Joseph the Englishman, the Californians called him because of his English speech. Although he came as a prisoner, captured when the Argentine privateers under Captain Hippolyte de Bouchard, a Frenchman, raided the Californian coast to harass Spain in her hour of greatest trial, when revolution against her was breaking out everywhere except in this loyal province, this adventurous Bay State lad, a mere youngster then, rose eventually to a leading position in the community. Finding that he was an expert carpenter and shipwright, his captors gave him a crew of Indians and set him to work getting timber out from the slopes of the present Mount Lowe back of Pasadena. When you make the climb up this mountain on the scenic railroad, you look down at one point into Church Cañon—now generally called Grand—where there are still rotting stumps said to be the butts of spruce cut under Pirate Joe's skilled direction and carried down the mountainside on the backs of hundreds of Indians strung out like ants.

"A grand scheme was now devised for the purchase of other materials and the hiring of skilled masons. This was the solicitation of barrels of brandy from San Gabriel and other missions famous for their vineyards, and the sale of it by the drink, on the new plaza. A certain old history

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says: 'The conversion of the brandy into cash, drink by drink, was accomplished with the enthusiastic coöperation of the citizens of the pueblo.' The records say it brought $585. The mission padres made some further donations of produce, Governor de Solá proffered a cash contribution, and with Joe Chapman heading the construction crews, the church of Our Lady the Queen of the Angels, today commonly called the Plaza Church, was completed, just as California slipped away from Spain's grasp and became a part of the Republic of Mexico. This was in the year 1822, the dedication of the church taking place on December 8.

"This chapel, historically the most important building remaining in downtown Los Angeles, was served by padres from San Gabriel until 1832, when the townsfolk obtained their first resident pastor in a strange way. The mission priests, busy with their multitudinous duties, and their one great aim the conversion of Indians, had long complained of the unfairness of requiring them to serve a parish ten miles away. It is of record that they even used as an argument in favor of having a Los Angeles chaplain the risk they encountered, great dangers from bears, along the way when called in emergencies to hear confession from the dying. At last came relief from far across the sea. The story is set down by Fray Zephyrin Engelhardt of Santa Barbara, the venerable historian of the missions, in his 'History of San Gabriel.' I have jotted it down, as follows:

> "On January 21, 1832, the brig *Waverly*, in command of Capt. William Summer, entered the harbor of San Pedro and landed two passengers on the barren strand, providing them with two bottles of water and one biscuit . . . . An Indian who, the next morning, happened to stroll along the beach in search of shells, discovered them and notified the missionary father at San Gabriel. Fray Sanchez cordially welcomed the strangers. It developed that they were the Very Rev. Juan Augusto Alejo Bachelot, Prefect Apostolic of the Sandwich Islands, and the Rev. Patrick Short. Both belonged to the Congregation of the Sacred Hearts of

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> Jesus and Mary, well known in Europe under the title of Picpus Fathers . . . . On December 9, 1831, the two fathers were ordered banished from Hawaii 'because their doings are different from ours and because we cannot agree.' On Christmas Day they were put aboard the *Waverly* of Boston and thus landed in California . . . . Fray Narciso Duran, Commissary Prefect of California, gladly permitted them to exercise the ministry among the inhabitants of Los Angeles. While Father Bachelot remained as the first resident pastor of Our Lady the Queen of the Angels, Father P. Short went to Monterey."

The ladies expressed a desire to enter the old structure, but Mr. Jones demurred, finally confessing that he would rather see where the high revels of the Calle de los Negros, of which he had read in a recent historical novel, had taken place. So it was agreed that the ladies should visit the church with Mrs. Guia while Mr. Jones and I strolled around the Plaza. We would all meet in front of the Felipe de Neve cross at the entrance to the Paseo.

"The statue in the Plaza represents the founder of Los Angeles de Neve," I explained to Mr. Jones as we strolled east past the north front of the Pico House toward Los Angeles Street. "There is talk of erecting another statue dedicated to the Queen of the Angels. But right now we are approaching a spot which in its heyday, from 1849 to the last '70's, was known as the toughest strip in the toughest town—Calle de los Negros, or, as it became Americanized, 'Nigger Alley'."

And, conducting him across Los Angeles Street to the corner of Ferguson Alley, at the edge of Chinatown, I showed him where Nigger Alley had once run, southward to Aliso Street along this set-back paralleling Los Angeles Street on its east side.

"In those days," I said, "Los Angeles Street was not cut through to the Plaza, as it is now. Across its blind end stood the celebrated old adobe known as the Coronel Block, where the terrible Chinese massacre of October, 1871, started. A mob of Angelenos killed twenty-one Chinese, launching the

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agitation that eventually brought about our present national Chinese Exclusion Act. This is the gateway to Chinatown, and this corner of Ferguson Alley has always been a favorite hunting ground for the tongsters. As recently as July, 1931, Yee Wo Tai, a prominent restaurant-keeper of the district, was shot to death where we are standing, by Chinese racketeers.

"Over there on the southeast corner of Los Angeles and Aliso stood the big two-story adobe mansion of Captain Alexander Bell, which Frémont made his headquarters during his brief term as governor of California following the American military occupation. The mansion was famed as having cost $70,000, with its rich furnishings imported from China by sailing vessel."

I proposed a glimpse of Chinatown, so we walked eastward through Ferguson Alley to Alameda, passing midway in the block, on the north side of the alley, the little court through which the remaining joss-house of Little China is entered. Visitors are admitted, but we did not take the time to go in. From Alameda we proceeded north to Marchessault and then eastward again. On the southwest corner of Alameda and Marchessault I pointed out a picturesque two-story building distinguished by a long covered upper gallery painted in yellow, green and red. The entrance to the stairway at the corner was framed in brilliant red and green glazed tiling.

"That's an old-timer," I said. "It is still *the* restaurant of Chinatown. Tuey Far Low has occupied that corner since no one knows when. It was the great native banqueting place when this was a Chinatown worth while and this whole district was red hot."

Then I told him also of the famous wineries and the sugar-cane fields that had once graced this locality along the river, and about the old Apablassa family, still owners of a large part of Chinatown, for whom the street paralleling Marchessault on the north is named.

Arrived again on the Plaza I called my companion's attention to an odd-looking two-story building facing the park, on the east side of Los Angeles Street. The second story extended over the sidewalk, supported by pillars. This, I

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told him, was the old Vicente Lugo home, the only building now left facing the Plaza, except the church, which antedates the American occupation of 1846. Although it is a massively built adobe, the outside was sheathed in boards when it was made over, in the 1860's, to become the first home of St. Vincent's College, now Loyola University, located between Los Angeles and Playa del Rey. The Lugos were one of the leading Spanish families and held more land and cattle than any other. Around the memory of the revered patriarch, Don Antonio Maria Lugo, head of the line, revolve many of the finest tales and legends of the Pastoral Age on this golden shore. Don Vicente, who built this now funny-looking old rookery inhabited by Chinese, was the Beau Brummel of his day and a host of hosts.

"We may have time later to bring the ladies down to this block," I suggested, "and let them look into the windows of the Chinese stores along here facing the park. They would probably like to see Tom Gubbins' place, at 508 North Los Angeles; he is a Californian Chinese. Then there is the F. Sui One Company at 522, and the big store of Fook Wo Lung Company at 528, on the corner of Marchessault, besides the old-fashioned conservative stores still catering largely to Chinese trade, such as the Hong Hai and the Gee Ming Tong, in the old Lugo home. Marchessault Street, by the way, was named for Damien Marchessault, a New Orleans Frenchman who was mayor of Los Angeles in the 1860's."

"There is one thing I would like to have explained," broke in Mr. Jones. "Where do we get the idea of Spanish families of high lineage around here, when the original families that colonized Los Angeles were of a low class, as you yourself have stated?"

"I am glad you asked that question. The families that gave the higher tone to life in California under Spain were of the military caste; under Mexico they were of the military and the political, which, under the Republic, became synonymous. When an officer of the military and military-political caste had served the King or the Republic in a distinguished manner he was rewarded with a great tract of land, of his own choosing. It was the families that established country seats on these ranchos who gave tone to the social life. In

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time many of these built town houses in Los Angeles, around the Plaza, crating a circle of some refinement in an otherwise crude community. The first great land grants were made in the vicinity of Los Angeles."

"I want to ask, too, about the apparently rather careless directions of the streets," Mr. Jones went on. "I notice that you frequently use the term 'approximate' in speaking of the compass course of a thoroughfare, and I myself have noticed that the streets down here do not seem to run true."

"Oh, that's just one of those old Spanish customs, founded on love of sunshine, and faith in it. The streets of the original Los Angeles ran northeast and southwest, and southeast and northwest. The modern city has shifted from this a few degrees and we now arbitrarily refer to the cardinal points of the compass in describing street courses, but our ground plan is still considerably out of plumb. Charles Dwight Willard, in his 'History of Los Angeles,' in discussing the 'bias' plan on which so many of the cities of Spanish America were laid out, says: 'The most charming guest that the householder can ever hope to bring into his home is the sunshine, for it drives away diseases and instills cheerfulness and good health. Now, if the streets are laid out exactly on the bias this glorious visitor can find his way to every room in the house. If the streets are drawn straight with the points of the compass he is forever shut out from one-fourth of the domicile. . . . De Neve, with his extraordinary grasp of detail and his keen insight, comprehended this law of health and planned the location of Los Angeles in accordance with this plan.'"

We had now reached the De Neve cross at the entrance to Olvera Street, a short *calle* running northward from the Plaza to Macy Street. The ladies had not yet arrived at the rendezvous, but I assured Mr. Jones that they were probably still looking in the windows of Mexican jewelry shops—*joyerias*—or perhaps had ventured as far up North Spring as the Fior d'Italia, at 627, where my wife always enjoyed dropping in to chum a bit with Oscar and Ida Maggiore, the affable Swiss-Italian pair who conduct this obscurely located but much frequented *table d'hôte* restaurant.

"It is a rather unusual joint," I said, "located in a very

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old adobe building, though the outside is unfortunately boarded over to preserve the more or less crumbling walls. The dining-room is decorated with the bacchante type of fresco work by Mousci, an Italian artist of some local renown and friend of Pedrotti, the sculptor who did the World War monument in Pershing Square. The best feature of the place is the outdoor patio in the rear where meals are served *al fresco* under a great trellised Mission grapevine, from spring to fall. When the long bunches of purple grapes are overhead, from late August until November, and the bright paper lanterns are swinging beside the fruit, the spot is delightful. A fair meal is served for fifty cents, or for seventy-five if you must have chicken.

"Diagonally across the street from Oscar's, at 610 North Spring, is a widely known cabaret restaurant, Madame Zucca's, now called La Fiesta Inn, where the Madame herself, and the more talented of her waiters, sing to you during the meal hour, and you can dance if you want to. So far, the dinner price here has never been more than one-fifty, no cover charge. Along this street, within a few blocks, are several more or less known small foreign restaurants—The Lido, El Trovatore, and El Gato Negro. The last is Mexican."

"How about a Mexican dinner tonight?" asked Mr. Jones.

"Fine!" I replied. "But I think we will choose La Casa Golondrina in Olvera Street to start the Jones family in on that stuff. Ah, I see the ladies, just rounding the corner from Spring. Possibly they have included in their side excursion the *tortilla* factories along North Spring, where the flat, unleavened cakes of Mexican bread, made of either corn or wheat flour, are patted into shape by native women, who keep up a syncopated pit-a-pat all day long. There is one at 613, called La Fortaleza, and another near the corner of Ord, called El Molino del Aguila, which advertises that it is now equipped to furnish *tortillas* patted by machinery—a sad notice to those of us who love the picturesque old customs.

"Notice over there, Mr. Jones, the broad boulevard that swings past the north side of the Plaza Church and away over the hills to Hollywood. That is Sunset, the route of the great coastal highway from the Mexican to the Canadian

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border, officially marked as U. S. 101. This is where it comes in from the north, or to be exact, at this point from the west. It is the route that follows the old Camino Real, or Royal Road—the King's Highway, which linked the missions and presidios of the Californias from the Bay of San Francisco, in Upper, to La Paz, in Lower, a distance of some fifteen hundred miles. The modern paved road leaves the old trail here and there, diverted by the exigencies of modern engineering and of community development, but for long stretches it is exactly the trail of the past. Within the walls of the patio of the old church over there stands the first of the famous 'Mission Bell' road signs placed to commemorate the historic highway. In one direction the sign points to the Mission San Fernando Rey de España, twenty-two miles distant, and in the other to the Mission San Gabriel Arcangel, ten miles distant.

"The street running behind the church, at the foot of Fort Hill, is New High, soon to be largely absorbed in the widening and extension of North Spring. It was on New High, at a big corral just south of the church, that most of the lynching parties of early American days were held. As many as six victims have been hanged at a time on this site. The first jail was on the hillslope just above.

"Along Broadway from the tunnel northward is the Italian quarter. Inset into this is a small French quarter centering about the French Hospital, at College and Castelar streets. On Castelar, which parallels North Broadway on the west, stood the bull ring of early days, at the mouth of the Chavez Ravine not far from the French Hospital. Here the Angelenos attended bullfights and bull-and-bear baitings and matched their roosters in the adjacent cockpits, until a growing American sentiment against these sports put an end to them. A carriage-way and bridle path extends from the Plaza Ravine and then up this historic cañon into Elysian Park. It is called El Camino de Los Angeles and is intended to revive horsedrawn pleasure vehicles. One may rent a saddle horse, a horse-and-buggy, or a good old-fashioned 'rockaway' with a span of blacks from stables convenient to El Camino, and fare forth for a 'turn in the country' in the style of the Gay Nineties."

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The ladies now joined us and we learned that they had not spent much time in the badly done-over interior of the little church but had enjoyed strolling through the big interior court of which the church edifice forms the southern wall, inspecting the museum room and the crude paintings representing the founding of Los Angeles, the building of a mission and the baptizing of Indian children by the zealous brothers of St. Francis.

"Wandering in the court with its shadowed arcades and the cross-surmounted fountain under the ancient date palm," said Mrs. Jones with enthusiasm, "seems to transport one to foreign shores. The priest passing along the cloisters, the Indian-looking little children in the schoolroom, and that big grapevine spreading over half the areaway gives a flavor of the past hereabouts. But what a shame that shingles were substituted for tiles in the renovation of the church!"

"Yes," I replied, "I hope Mrs. Guia called your attention to the large pictures of angels on the façade, in quaint groupings, now almost obscured under cement paint with which some fool tried to obliterate them during the 1912 renovation. These, as well as the interior frescoes, were painted by Henri Penelon during the 1861 restoration. He was an early French settler and became the pueblo's first photographer."

"We could trace them quite plainly," volunteered Miss Jones, "and I just loved the old Spanish inscriptions on those marble tablets set high up in the façade. Mrs. Guia translated them for us."

The inscriptions she referred to on the face of the Church of Our Lady the Queen of the Angels are, translated, these: "The Lord is in His Holy Temple, Let All the Earth Keep Silence Before Him." "God Save Thee, Mary, Full of Grace." "Holy Mary, Mother of God, Pray for Us Sinners."

Suddenly Miss Jones exclaimed: "Oh, look at this quaint little street with all the peddlers under bright-colored sunshades, and the little eating booths, and the funny old buildings, and *everything!* Is this a motion-picture setting, or what?"

"This, Miss Jones, is Olvera Street, or, as it is being

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called now, El Paseo de Los Angeles," Mrs. Guia answered. "This is what we have been heading for all the time. It's a bit of the past reanimated and set to functioning again. Come on, let's wander through."

We strolled through the maze of picturesque native booths and shops over a pavement of old square mission-type bricks, listening to the vendors call their wares in Spanish and then change to solicitous phrases of broken English as we paused before their booths. The Joneses were quite fascinated by the mounds of bright pottery, the arrays of clay and wax figurines representing dancers, horseback riders, bullfighters and what not; the exotic cactus candies and stacks of fresh sugarcane; the ironsmiths, silversmiths, weavers and fortune-tellers; the bookshops and antique shops, and the Mexican women with hair braided down their backs preparing *enchiladas*, *tacos* and *menudo* over braziers.

"Of primary historical interest in this old street," I explained, "is the Abila House. It was to save this old adobe that the idea took form of rejuvenating the bit of a street that had fallen, a few years ago, to the status of a dirty, dump-strewn alley. Here the Abila family had built their town house in 1818, and here, into this home, had come Commodore Stockton and staff, making it American military headquarters after the second capture of Los Angeles, in 1847. Frémont the Pathfinder used it, too, on his first entry into the pueblo. When the city sanitary commission condemned what was left of this historic adobe, public sentiment, aroused through the untiring efforts of a little woman by the name of Christine Sterling, stayed the hand of the housewrecker. In time the plan developed of restoring the street as you see it today, closed to vehicular traffic and devoted to leisurely pastiming and shopping, like the Calle de los Sierpes in Seville."

"Suppose we first go over and pay our respects to Doña Cristina," suggested Mrs. Guia, "and then we can wander around until it is time to dine."

So we climbed onto the high, rickety porch of the Casa Abila and went in for a moment to chat with the little

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lady who had fought so hard for sentiment's sake and who now presides over the collection of relics and pictures in the thick-walled rooms of the dingy old home. An entrance fee of ten cents is customarily charged, to help in the upkeep. After inspecting the house and the walled garden with its ancient fig trees, bursting with fruitfulness as summer breathed upon them once more, we resumed our wanderings outside, past such signs in bright colors and in mixed English and Spanish, "El Gallito," where iced Mexican drinks are dispensed; "Lo Nopalera de Roque," where cactus plants are sold; "The Aztec Curio Shop," "El Indio, Curiosidades Mexicanas," "El Bello Paraíso de Michoacán," selling pottery, curios and candies; "La Orizaba," a pottery shop; "Pacheco's Loza de Guadalajara," specializing in the ornate pottery of Guadalajara; "The Indian Trading Post," "Helen Duff's Treasure House of Antiques," "Casa de Indios Americanos," "The Adobe Dollar Book Shop," "La Cueva Curio Shop," "La Candelaría," where beeswax candles in incredible variety of size, shape and color hang by their wicks; "Tepache," meaning that here the pineapple drink of the Mexican tropics is sold, a drink which, in regions below the Prohibition belt, is allowed to ferment into beer with a kick; and innumerable signs of crude little outdoor eating places—"La Noche Buena," "La Tapatía," "La Zacatecana," "La Casita," and the graphic "Los Alpes Nevería" (The Snowy Alps), specializing in frozen Mexican dainties.

At No. 21 we saw the quaintly decorated entrance to El Teatro Olvera, where native plays and concerts are given by local groups of players and dancers. It is made over from an old blacksmith shop.

"I take it that over there is the place we are to dine," remarked Mr. Jones, pointing his stick toward a quaint, balconied brick house on the west side of the Paseo. Tables were set out on the walk in front under an awning, and broad steps led down into a large apartment below street level. Over the entrance-way depended a wine keg bearing the legend, "La Bodega." The sign on the front of the building proclaimed "La Casa Golondrina."

"Yes, Mr. Jones, that is the place. It has a lot of old-

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time Spanish California atmosphere and an entertaining program of music and dancing; though, as a matter of fact, the native dishes are often better in some of these crude little cafés along the walk here than they are in the more pretentious establishments. The café called La Golondrina was originally the home of the Pelanconi family, early Italian settlers, and is said to have been the first house of burned brick built in the city. It dates from immediately after the American occupation of California, and the *bodega*, or wine cellar, underneath, now the main room of the restaurant, was a famous wineshop in its day. Dining by candle-light in the old *bodega*, with its whitewashed rough brick walls, is quite a treat. Back of this room, on the Main Street level, reached by stone steps through an arch in the massive wall, is another room called 'Cuarto de Fiesta,' or festivity room, with a large dance floor. Here the Spanish dancers and singers perform in the evening. Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday nights are usually special fiesta nights, when it is best to reserve tables well in advance. Possibly even for tonight we had better make sure."

Mrs. Guia went over and swung open the heavy iron-studded half-door and found the always gracious Señora de Bonzo filling flower vases on the tables and replacing burnt-out candles in the bottles that serve for candlesticks. Assured that we would be seated "with all honor," at the dinner hour, we resumed our strolling.

At the north end of the Paseo we noted the Plaza Art Center, occuping an old two-story brick building at 53-55. This is an associated group of artists and craftsmen headed by F. K. Ferenz and Jorge Juan Crespo, and the colony promises to become a real feature of Los Angeles cultural life. Señor Crespo, a student of the notable Mexican painter, Diego Rivera, has been working with the other notable Mexican muralist, Orozco, on the great frescoes at Pomona College, thirty miles east of Los Angeles.

From a little courtyard to the south of the Pelanconi House, where banana clumps grew exotically, we entered a dark passageway with stairs leading up to La Galerita del Paseo, a collection of second-story shops. Off the passageway our companions noticed the door to the funny little

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Teatro Torito and asked questions. We told them that unluckily there was no performance on Monday night, but that Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays and Fridays they could see the Yale Puppeteers in excellent programs in the "Little Bull Theater." Then, after looking at the antique treasures in Bertram Grassby's new shop under the Madonna of Guadelupe, and those of Helen Duff, and browsing in Forman Brown's Adope Dollar Book Shop, we finally sat down to dinner, with a pretty Spanish Californian girl in costume serving us.

"Now then," said Mr. Jones, bracing himself to meet the approaching gastronomical bout with fervid Mexican dishes, "this is my treat, and all I ask of you is some good advice."

"Better try the regular dinner, which will give you a sample of this and that," we Guias advised. "There are two specialties of the house we can particularly recommend. One is *guacamole,* composed of mashed avocado with a *chile* relish, and the other is *chiles verdes rellenos,* stuffed green chile peppers fried in egg batter."

After dinner we found the Paseo even more colorful under the night lights than in the sunshine. The evening crowds of Latin folk drifting in from the Plaza district to listen to the street singers made an animated scene, though, as we explained, Saturday and Sunday nights were even more animated, Monday night being the poorest time to visit here. Week-end nights usually bring groups of movie celebrities from Hollywood to dine and dance in the Cuarto de Fiesta at La Golondrina.

When at last I went for the Model A and delivered the Jones family back at their hotel, they acknowledged that they had undergone a strenuous process of education.

"Now that your initiation is over," I assured them, "the rest of the program may be taken more gradually. See you tomorrow morning."

"Not too early," protested Mrs. Jones, and Miss Jones stifled a yawn to ask, in a wheedling tone: "Was it tomorrow, or next day, you said you would take us to Hollywood?"

"Next day," I answered firmly. "Tomorrow we will show off what Angelenos call 'downtown.' Good night!"

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TUESDAY

"YOU are a bit early for my wife and daughter," smiled Mr. Jones, coming down to the lobby of the hotel in response to our call on the house telephone. "They are just finishing their coffee, *en negligée*. Perhaps Mrs. Guia would run up and chat with them while we men take a constitutional around the block."

So we two started out for a look at Pershing Square. Leisurely folk were already making themselves comfortable in the park, reading the morning papers, feeding the birds and watching the gray squirrels cavort from tree to tree. At the ugly monument to the local regiment of the Spanish-American War, in the northeast corner, a speaker was haranguing a group of loafers.

"This is a sort of public forum, I take it," remarked my companion.

"Yes, there is a lot of joking—especially on the Coast vaudeville and burlesque stage—about the things said and done in Pershing Square. Suppose we walk north on Hill Street to First and then swing east to return along Broadway or Spring?"

In front of the Subway Terminal, between Fourth and Fifth, I pointed across the street to the large Hotel Clark. "That is a popular medium-priced hotel," I said. "A great many army and navy people stop there. A little farther north, at Fourth, you see the Hill Street windows of the Broadway Department Store, a very large institution oc-

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cupying the six-story building running through to Broadway. It was founded by a Britisher, Arthur Letts, in 1896. He is said to have slept on the counter of the little dry-goods store he opened at Broadway and Fourth, to save room rent. He died a few years ago a very rich man, owner of an English-style palace in Hollywood."

At Fourth I pointed up the hill to 411 on that street, just west of Hill, and called attention to the Spanish Inn, a café popular among downtown shoppers with an appetite for Mexican cooking with the "hot stuff" somewhat denatured. Then we crossed to the east side of Hill to look in at the Grand Central Public Market, a great vista of retail food and produce booths like cells in a giant honeycomb. The place seethed with shoppers. I explained that this collection of meat and fish markets, vegetable and fruit stands, bakeries and dairy shops, flower booths, grocery stores, sweetshops and lunch stands stretches clear through to Broadway, on two levels, adding that this is perhaps the place of all places in the United States to find bargains in edibles the year 'round.

At Third, on the west side, my visitor was interested in the little cable railroad called The Angel's Flight, climbing straight up from the Hill Street sidewalk to the hilltop above the Third Street tunnel. We paused a moment to watch the quaint white twin chariots perform their journeys, one up and one down. "That is Olive Street at the top," I explained, "and a fine view is had from there."

At Second we noted the shimmering interior of the lighted tunnel that carries this street westward under the high ridge paralleling Hill Street. Always glad to show my publisher friend that I was familiar with literature past and present, I pulled a slip of paper from my pocket and said: "This is the tunnel that inspired Vicente Blasco Ibañez, the great Spanish novelist, to write a certain vivid paragraph in his novel, 'Queen Calafia.' Here it is:

> "Mascaro recalled the tunnels of Los Angeles. . . . These subterranean avenues had their walls and their arches faced with white bricks of beveled porcelain. Night and day electric lights, hidden in the wall, shine

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through the tunnels, and these spouts of light of invisible origin extend along the faces of the porcelain with the iridescence of mother-of-pearl. The lamps of the automobiles, strung along like the beads on a rosary of fire, cut through that milky shine with their moving spots of light like the reflection of the moon on a sleeping sea. One thinks one is traveling through the interior of a pearl-bearing oyster, or that the automobile is lost in the pearly convolutions of a gigantic sea-shell."

"On the right," I went on, "at 333 West Second, is the Mexican Consulate. There are consulates of twelve Spanish-American countries in Los Angeles. At 317 West Second is the Sevilla Inn, another 'Spanish' restaurant. And here—" as we turned East at First—"here we are at South Broadway. If we step across First northward, we shall be on North Broadway. On the northeast corner of North Broadway and West First is the home of *The Los Angeles Times*, founded in 1881 by the late General Harrison Gray Otis. It is an enlarged reproduction of the old *Times* building blown up by dynamite in 1910 as the result of labor troubles. A bronze tablet set in the granite wall on the Broadway side commemorates the tragic event, which shocked the whole nation and resulted in the long trial in which Clarence Darrow and other notable lawyers figured. If my wife were here with us, she and I might be tempted to wax sentimental over this none-too-beautiful gray pile, once our workshop; especially since it is slated for removal before very long, when plans for the Civic Center now approaching it from the northeast are fulfilled. A good many men and women who have become novelists, playwrights, poets, artists and editors were graduated from this newspaper."

"Come to think of it," said Mr. Jones, "I believe we came out on the train with one of them—S. S. Van Dine, who writes the 'Philo Vance' detective stories. He was headed for Hollywood to adapt some of his books to the talkies."

"Sure enough," I replied. "That's our Willard Wright of the old *Times* days. Other graduates from here whose names

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became nationally known are Charles F. Lummis, Gordon R. Young, Adela Rogers St. John, James Willard Schultz, Carl Clausen, Constance Lindsay Skinner, John Steven McGroarty and Junian Johnson.

"But we must get on," I added. "Our womenfolks will wonder where we have got to. Three blocks northward you see the Broadway tunnel under Fort Moore Hill, and above it the tall flagpole marking the site of the old defenses. Immediately behind the *Times* is the State of California Building. On the west side of North Broadway, at 233-235, is Mora's Restaurant, an Italian-French eating place celebrated for spaghetti and ravioli served with the original 'Mora' sauce, an appetizing mushroom concoction of the proprietor's, now being distributed to the world in cans. This is a favorite noon-time resort of judges, lawyers and court attachés. Farther down this way, at 127 North Broadway, is the Spanish Kitchen—probably the longest-known of the 'Spanish' restaurants in Los Angeles. When we newspaper reporters first knew Ismael Ramirez, the Spaniard who started the place, he was pushing a lunch cart peddling *tamales*, *enchiladas*, *menudo* (tripe *à la* Mexican), and, for the boys who were not yet acclimated, hamburgers. At sundown he would establish himself at the curb in this block, light his coal-oil lamps and stove, and feed hungry news-hounds and mechanics until dawn. Finally he got enough out of us to establish some tables in a little cubby-hole where now you see the enlarged Spanish Kitchen, with Ismael himself still in command. If you like your *chile* sauce good and hot and your onions strong, the Kitchen is all right; but it is hardly the place for a novice. The 'Spanish' food you see advertised in this country is, by the way, almost wholly Mexican. There are two other much frequented cafés that have adopted the name 'Spanish Kitchen,' one at 914 South Olive and one at 7373 Beverly Boulevard.

"As we cross Broadway on First, on our way to Spring, look on the west side of the block at the theater called Erlanger's Mason. That is the old-time Mason Opera House, pride of the local 'rialto' along about 1903 or 1904. It was a gala night for the local people when the Mason opened,

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with E. H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe heading the cast."

Going south on Spring Street we passed the old Hotel Nadeau on the southwest corner of First. "This was another of the well-known early hotels," I explained. "It was built by Rémi Nadeau, a French-Canadian settler of early vintage who built up a fortune freighting over the deserts and mountains ahead of the railroad. In 1882, when the hotel was opened, we had once more 'the finest hotel south of San Francisco,' our first four-story building and our first passenger elevator."

A block south, at Second on the same side of Spring, we passed another hotel relic, the Hollenbeck, built in 1884 by another pioneer as a rival to the Nadeau. I told my companion that the Hollenbeck Bar, once on Spring, and the café, once entered from Second, were both famous gathering places of leading mining men and *rancheros* of the Southwest. That headliner, Death Valley Scotty, when he was in his heyday of publicity, twenty-five years ago or so, raging across the continent in chartered trains to break speed records, used to give the reporters the latest "dope" about himself and his mystery gold-mine in a back room of the Hollenbeck Bar, over a bottle of Old Crow, while he fanned himself with the big black Stetson and stroked the celebrated red tie that always hung outside the buttoned-up frock coat reaching almost to the embroidered boot-tops."

We quickened our step while I mentioned some of the addresses along South Spring.

"The old Los Angeles Theater stands here a little south of the Hollenbeck, on the same side of Spring. It is now called the Lyceum and is a cheap movie house. This was where the big shows from New York played in the 1890's, and such robust troupers of the Shakespearean stage as Louis James, Frederick Warde, Richard Mansfield, Robert B. Mantell, and Helena Modjeska threw our best society into a flutter about the portals when they condescended to play our town. Madame Modjeska, by the way, had her home about sixty miles south of here, the beautiful 'Forest of Arden,' in the mountains of Orange County, an estate that may still be visited by driving down through Santa Ana to a turnoff on U. S. 101, leading through the village

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of El Toro to the Forest of Arden. Before her success on the America stage the great Polish actress had been one of a colony of political refugees settled in Anaheim, about twenty-five miles south of Los Angeles, and lived there in straitened circumstances while studying English in preparation for her début in San Francisco. Another of these colonists was Henry Sienkiewicz, author of 'Quo Vadis?'.

"Along between Third and Fourth we get into an area of 'kosher' restaurants, some of them quite good. There is Fradelis' Kosher Style Hungarian Restaurant at 324, and Katie Kohn's Real Hungarian Restaurant at 333. Another of Mora's spaghetti counters is in this block, at 315.

"If you are anything of a sports fan you must cross over to 326 for a moment with me and look at a couple of names set in mosaic in the entrance to that soft drink and sandwich bar."

We crossed and Mr. Jones looked down at the names "Jim and Jack" in the sidewalk.

"What Jim and what Jack?" he inquired.

"This was the old Jeffries & Kipper Saloon, in which Jim Jeffries' brother Jack was also interested," I answered. "What a rendezvous for prizefighters and ring sports it used to be! The once great heavyweight champion is still with us, ranching out by Burbank, in the San Fernando Valley, and training likely youngsters for the ring. We sometimes have the privilege of seeing gathered together at the same time at the ringside in the local fight arena, the Olympic at Grand and Eighteenth, Jim Jeffries, Jack Johnson, Jess Willard and Jack Dempsey." But here I stopped abruptly, for my companion, evidently stirred to the depths, was gazing reverently down at the mosaic circle with its names, and I caught the murmur: "How are the mighty fallen!"

"Now we are getting into what is known as the financial district," I explained as we proceeded south from Fourth on Spring. "You will note a succession of banks, bond houses, insurance and office buildings, punctuated by hotels, restaurants and parking stations. Here at 419 this handsome new thirteen-story building known as the Metropolitan Garage is devoted to the parking of automobiles. The

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next building south, in the modern style of skyscraper architecture and distinguished by mosaics over the entrance depicting western historical scenes, is the Title Insurance Building. You notice, of course, that our 'skyscrapers' are comparatively modest affairs. This is due to a city ordinance limiting the height of buildings, other than public edifices, to a height which averages about thirteen stories."

Crossing Fifth we found ourselves at the corner of the Hotel Alexandria, until a comparatively few years ago the leading downtown hostelry. "I think we ought to take time to step across to 424½ on the east side of Spring for a look at John's Pipe Shop," I suggested. "Like Ball's Big Pipe Store farther back on this street—I ought to have shown it to you as we passed—this is a mecca for smokers, with a wide reputation. The line over the door, 'The Shop That John Keeps and the Shop That Keeps John,' is a familiar one. Next door is one of the celebrated Dinty Moore's cornbeef joints. But we must be getting back, or the ladies will start without us. Across the street, at 541, is the Arcade Building, through which an arcaded pedestrain street passes to Broadway. All sorts of shops line it. We might cut through there in the direction of the Biltmore."

As we crossed to the Arcade I mentioned that on the southwest corner of Sixth, the next street south, was the Hayward Hotel, and that a little below this was our veteran Monsieur Levy's grill, opposite the new Los Angeles Stock Exchange Building, a handsome monolithic edifice with immense bas-relief figures carved into the façade depicting human activities in the realms of finance and industry. Still farther south, at 743, I said, was the Hoffman Café, a restaurant that has been a feature of Spring Street for a generation or more. And I told my companion how this street got its name.

"Haven't I mentioned Lieutenant Ord to you?" I began. "This street was named by him in a chivalrous moment, and the moment was inspired by a beautiful senorita. She was Trinidad Ortega, great-granddaughter of José Francisco Ortega, discoverer of San Francisco Bay and later commandant of the Presidio of Santa Barbara. Trinidad was so beautiful, so sweet, so sunny, that she was known

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as *La Primavera*, or 'Springtime,' and it was in her honor that the American officer, one of her ardent admirers, named his extension of this street 'Primavera' when he mapped his survey. In English it became merely 'Spring.' By following Spring we missed five or six blocks of South Broadway, and so did not see the Jacoby Brothers' Department Store, at 331, a truly pioneer outfit. The Jacoby brothers were six, to begin with, I believe, and they started business in the early '60's as post sutlers down at old Drum Barracks, in the Wilmington district of the present Los Angeles Harbor. Then they moved to the Temple Block, here in the city, where for years they ran the finest store in town. To this day some of the old families prefer to trade at Jacobys'. They tell amusing stories of merchandising customs in the Pueblo de los Angeles in early times. Regular customers settled accounts with their merchants just once a year. When a merchant took inventory and prepared to send out his bills he often found that he was long on some line of goods that had not moved well. Abe would say to his brother Nate, the bookkeeper, 'Nate, we're pretty long on bandanas—better charge a couple to everybody.' Or, 'Somebody's got a saddle that was never charged. Charge everybody with a saddle.' The affluent *rancheros* disdained to check over small items on their bills, and if they did check such expensive things as saddles, the merchant would know —by a process of eliminating the objectors—which customer had really got the missing saddle.

"Another place that we would have seen on those South Broadway blocks is Grauman's Million Dollar Theater, first of the celebrated Sid Grauman's rococco adventures in building movie palaces. The latest and best known is Grauman's Chinese in Hollywood, where the most sensational picture premieres are held. One of these premieres we must try to see, Mr. Jones, before your seven days come to an end."

"Don't mention it to my wife and daughter, or they won't think of anything else!" cautioned Mr. Jones.

"Mrs. Guia is probably planning it with them right now! Indeed, I shouldn't wonder if they had already struck out for Hollywood without us."

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Mr. Jones was attracted by the men's clothing shown in Silverwood's windows, on the northeast corner of Broadway and Sixth.

"That is one of our old standbys for men's furnishings," I told him. "Right across Sixth, on the opposite corner, is the big furnishing store of Mullen & Bluett, another example of dignity and tradition in our reputedly mushroom city. On the escutcheons flanking the entrance you will see *Established 1883.* A few doors south, at 616, there is another widely known haberdashery, Desmond's, established in 1862. Over at 637 South Hill, a block west from here, is a firm of the same class antedating all the rest. This is Harris & Frank, occupying a sparkling modern store now, but showing on its escutcheon *Established 1852.*"

Mr. Jones presently insisted on pausing a moment before the window of Bernstein's Fish Grotto, at 424 West Sixth, to exclaim over the varieties of fish on exhibition. I confirmed him in his supposition that this was a good place to visit when fish-hungry.

" 'Fresh fish with every tide' is the slogan here," I explained, "and it is literally true. Well, here we are, back at the hotel. I hope you are not tired?" For my companion was mopping his brow and murmuring, "If that's what you call a constitutional, I'd hate to go on a real hike with you!"

We found the three women in the lobby on their way to catch a Hollywood bus.

"Tomorrow you ladies can run rampant on the Boulevard and see stars, but today we finish downtown. Don't you agree, Mr. Jones?"

"Quite so, quite so," he assented hastily—though I noticed that he avoided his daughter's eye. "But how about a moment's rest and refreshment?"

So we quaffed a golden drink at a nearby "Comet" orange-juice stand, and Mr. Jones treated me to a real Havana in the London Smoke Shop, on Olive just south of the Biltmore.

Then it was decided that the ladies should start sightseeing at Bullock's, the great store at Broadway and Seventh, while we men dropped in on C. C. Parker, dean

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of Los Angeles book-dealers, at 520 West Sixth, where interesting and important people are so often met. We agreed to meet again in about half an hour at the book department of Bullock's.

On our way to "C.C.'s" we noted the handsome steamship ticket office of the French Line, which operates direct steamers from Los Angeles to Le Havre. This was at 508 West Sixth, and at 514 we saw the luxurious offices of the Dollar Steamship Company, operators of around-the-world, trans-Pacific, and intercoastal liners out of Los Angeles Harbor. Along here we found quite a nest of steamship and railroad offices, including the Rock Island Railroad at 516.

After chatting with Mr. Parker I suggested that we go two or three blocks farther westward along Sixth and pass the time of day with Jake Zeitlin, the well-known bibliophile, poet and publisher, who presides over a tiny rendezvous for book-lovers at 705½; then cast an eye over the immense bookstore of the Holmes Book Company at 814. On the way I recommended a French *table d'hôte* restaurant of the sort that is easy on one's pocketbook and quite satisfying to one's appetite. This is at 719 and is known as "René, Leon and Jean's." There is another one of these places at 3070 West Seventh.

"A street of bookstores and restaurants," commented Mr. Jones, as we passed the Dragon Café, an ornate chop-suey joint at 725.

"Yes, and of financial firms," I answered. "It is something like Spring Street in that respect."

As we reached Figueroa I pointed out St. Paul's Pro-Cathedral, a handsome Episcopal Church in Roman basilica style, on the west side of Figueroa just south of Sixth. On the right, on the northwest corner of these two streets, was the towering home of the Jonathan Club.

From here we retraced our steps, and as we crossed Hope I directed my companion's attention to the Public Library, standing handsomely on its knoll at the head of this street, and told him that the chimes we heard carolling the hour were atop the big white building with the Oriental façade called the Bible Institute, flanking the approach to the library on the east side of Hope. In the other direction, at

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645 South Hope, I pointed out the location of the Los Angeles store of Bullock & Jones, a famous old San Francisco firm of tailors and haberdashers. Since the days immediately following the Gold Rush this firm has catered to men of means and fashion on the Coast.

"A venerable pioneer recently told me a story about that firm," I said. He is a charter member of the California Club, which we see flanking the entrance to the library on the west as we look north on Hope, and he was sheriff of Santa Cruz County in the early 1870's. By preference he always carried his pistol in his right-hand coat pocket rather than strapped to his body in a holster. He designed a pocket that exactly fitted his requirements, wherein the gun rested at just the handy angle; and he left a standing order with his tailoring house, Bullock & Jones, to provide this peculiar pocket in every suit of clothes he ordered. 'They still make my clothes,' said the ex-sheriff, 'and here's that same pocket in my newest suit. I won't say whether it has a gun in it or not. You see, I never rescinded the order and the gun pocket has been in every suit I've had in the last sixty years.' "

I suggested we turn south on Grand and walk down to Seventh in order to note a collection of addresses significant to travelers. At 605 South Grand we passed the ticket office of one of the great Japanese steamship lines operating from Los Angeles Harbor to the Orient and around the world, the Nippon Yusen Kaisha; at 607 we saw the office of the Canadian National Railways and the Grand Trunk Railway System; 609 showed the sign of the Libera Line, operating large Italian liners direct from the West Coast to Europe; at 621 the windows of the Canadian Pacific Railway and allied steamship lines were full of alluring posters and ship models; at 623 the world-girdling name of Thomas Cook & Son denoted a rendezvous sought by many globe-trotters. Near the corner of Seventh, on the east side of Grand, I pointed out the Criterion Theater, one of the big first-run movie houses, and at 627 I particularly called Mr. Jones' attention to Dawson's Book Shop, an establishment with many years and traditions behind it, where the collector of rare volumes browses delightedly, especially if he be a

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Californiana fan, for here are to be found the rarest old Coast literary items. After a brief word with Mr. Dawson and Charley Yale we turned east on Seventh and hastened to our rendezvous at Bullock's.

"The fine reputation of Bullock's book department is, of course, familiar to you," I remarked to Mr. Jones as we entered on the Hill Street side and made our way back through the extensive display of volumes. "Miss June Cleveland, at the head of the department, has developed a really remarkable book store. In the big auditorium on the eleventh floor she arranges weekly book reviews and authors' afternoons—occasions that bring out large audiences from the city's best classes to hear Mrs. Jack Vallely's fine criticism and to mingle with famous writers. There are always plenty of those on tap in and about Los Angeles."

At Miss Cleveland's office we found that our womenfolk had sent down word for us to come immediately to the sports clothes department. Miss Jones, according to the message, was in urgent need of Dad's presence and would not budge until he arrived.

"I'm afraid you are in for it!" I warned him, as we sought the elevator. "The women's sports styles originating in this institution!—well, I gather that they are 'simply irresistible, my dear!' "

Sure enough, we found Daughter Jones with a whole outfit of colorful Hollywoodish sportswear laid out, and she rushed her father with affectionate entreaties for the wherewithal.

"Mind now, Annabelle, I'm not going to spend the day doing this sort of thing," her father protested. But when Mrs. Jones herself appeared from a dressing-room, clad in as youthful an outfit as her daughter's, and asked how he liked it—in that tone of finality that means "I like it and want it"—the eminent publisher simply sank on to a frail-legged chair,—laid his bowler and gloves across his knees, folded his hands over the head of his walking stick, and said resignedly: "Go ahead and get it over with, my dears."

Well, by the time the ladies were through with the sportswear raid we were ready for luncheon, and although they

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wanted to lunch in the tea room under the same roof, we managed to get them on to the street and into a place of heartier viands. This was Melody Lane, one of the Pig 'n' Whistle chain of cafés, at 744 South Hill.

"Just wait until your wife and daughter get into Robinson's, at Seventh and Grand, and some of the smart shops on Flower Street," I said in an aside to Mr. Jones. "You haint seen nothin' yit!"

"Well, I'll tell you right now that there is going to be a rearrangement of the program for the rest of the day," answered Mr. Jones with firmness. "I want you to take me somewhere in the great outdoors. Those women can follow their own devices."

"Fine!" I agreed. "You and I can scout around at Exposition Park, where the great international Olympic Games are to be held in 1932. I believe it is to be called Olympic Park henceforth, and the Coliseum 'Olympic Stadium.' The Coliseum is where we swarm for our big intercollegiate football games in the fall, you know."

"Must see the place by all means," declared the harassed husband and father, in a happier tone of voice.

So, after luncheon, Mrs. Guia took the women visitors shopping along Broadway, Seventh and Flower streets while Mr. Jones and I, without bothering the Model A, hopped a Figueroa Line bus going south on Hill and rode the five miles out to the celebrated athletic field.

Turning south from Washington on to Figueroa the bus soon passed the intersection of West Adams Boulevard, one of the handsomest crossings in the city, with the wide-spreading Spanish style home of the Automobile Club of Southern California on the southwest corner, the beautiful St. Vincent Catholic Church on the northwest corner, and at the southeast angle St. John's Episcopal Church, in Roman basilica style.

"This automobile club has the largest membership of any similar association in the world," I told Mr. Jones, "and if I had any head for statistics I could quote a lot of other 'biggest in the world' features about it. You will find the principal roads of the whole Southwest signed by this club, even as far east as the Missouri River and south into

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Mexico. Its monthly magazine, *Touring Topics*, edited by Phil Townsend Hanna, has become nationally known for the historical research material it disseminates in articles contributed by western scholars and popular writers. Every aid and courtesy is extended to visiting motorists without charge. There is a branch office in every sizable town, from San Luis Obispo on the north to the Mexican border."

"What are those places along there?" Mr. Jones asked, looking up West Adams to the west. "I get only a glimpse, but the section has a suggestion of wealth and distinction."

"Yes," I agreed, "the stretch of West Adams from Figueroa to Hoover, and another district further west, on the hill, contain many residences of conservative old-time families. Some of the newer residential sections are more picturesquely located and are built up with more elaborate houses, but few have the beautiful old grounds, the air of settled and dignified traditions that West Adams has. Just beyond the rectory grounds of St. Vincent's those great iron gates open into Chester Place, the most exclusive spot in the city, containing the residences of E. L. Doheny, the oil magnate, and a group of his associates. St. Vincent's Church, one of the most beautiful in America, was presented by Mr. Doheny to the parish. Sightseeing busses pass along West Adams, but are not admitted to Chester Place. Pedestrians and private motorists, however, may go through in daylight hours. The other ultra-exclusive district of West Adams, two miles westward on the elevation overlooking the seaward plain, is sometimes known as the Faubourg St. Germain of Los Angeles. Extending only a few blocks, it contains the homes, set back behind deep lawns and gardens, of such long-established families as the Childs, the Bartletts, the Bryants, the Ripleys, the Guastis and the Brunswigs."

"I notice a few fine old residences along Figueroa here," observed Mr. Jones.

"Yes, there are still some nice old places along this broad avenue, which extends from the hills of Elysian Park clear out onto the coastal plain, but it has become such a traffic artery that business structures are rapidly supplanting the homes. Automobile agencies, especially, are pre-

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ëmpting long stretches of it. I remember when the wide lawns and almost forest-like gardens along here were watered from the *zanja*, or open irrigation canal that ran along on the west side of the street—the same *zanja* that used to flow down through Pershing Square. Each family had a gate in the canal which they raised to flood the lawns."

Arriving at Olympic Park we left the bus and walked in by the road leading to the main entrance of the stadium, obtaining an impressive first glimpse of the great oval bowl, which has a regular seating capacity of 105,000 persons. Ten thousand more may be accommodated with auxiliary seating arrangements.

"Over this amphitheater will fly the flags of most of the nations of the earth from July 30 to August 14, 1932," I explained, "when the tenth of the modern series of Olympic Games is held. Great preparations have been made to accommodate the 2,000 or more athletes and the hundreds of thousands of visitors expected from all parts of the world. It is predicted that this will be in every respect the greatest of all Olympics and that no fewer than one million visitors will come to Los Angeles during the course of the events. Over there to the left as we face the Stadium you see the immense swimming-pool just completed for the natatory program. The pool is fifty meters long by twenty wide with a maximum depth of five meters. The great international-type diving towers are a striking feature, as you see. An area of the pool sixty by ninety feet will be set aside for water polo. Powerful overhead searchlights are mounted to illuminate the water, and the grandstands flanking the tank will accommodate 10,000 spectators. Permanent concrete construction is being used, and after the games the sixty-five dressing-rooms provided for the international swim teams will be removed, leaving space for a public recreation hall. This—one item only on the program of preparing Olympic Park for the Olympic Games of 1932—is costing $110,000. The standard track and field events will be held within the main stadium, while the rowing courses will be at Long Beach, the yacht courses off Los Angeles Harbor, and the land polo activities at Santa Monica, where Will Rogers' ranch and the Uplifters' Club

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grounds offer beautiful settings. Boxing and wrestling events are scheduled for Olympic Auditorium, present center of professional bouts, at Grand and Eighteenth, where 11,000 spectators may be accommodated. Near the main stadium will be the fencing auditorium and the hall for the fine arts competitions. The Rose Bowl at Pasadena will be the scene of team games. The chief baseball park of the city, Wrigley Field, lying east of here on Avalon Boulevard and seating 25,000 persons, will also be utilized for certain events. This is the home of the late William Wrigley, Jr.'s Pacific Coast League team, The Angels, and of the Hollywood Stars."

"How will this army of athletes be housed?" asked Mr. Jones.

"In a settlement devoted exclusively to their interests," I answered. "Olympic Village, now under construction westward of the park, toward the ocean, consists of 800 two-room houses, each accommodating four men, with a central dining and recreational hall seating 2,600, and a large administration building, the whole occupying a forty-acre tract. This is for the men. The women will be quartered in the Women's Residence Hall of the University of Southern California. Bovard Field, at the university, and the university's great new gymnasium, are to be at the disposal of the visiting athletes for practice."

"Where is this University of Southern California, which turns out football teams and athletic teams that we hear about every season?" inquired Mr. Jones.

"We will walk right over to the north side of the park, and from there you may look upon the group of buildings which is U.S.C.," I answered with some pride.

We looked across the lawns to the fine college buildings lining University Avenue. I told Mr. Jones that there is an enrollment of some 18,000 students in this university as a whole, and that we were gazing upon the alma mater of Morton Kaer, Morley Drury, Russell Saunders, Marshall Duffield, Jesse Hibbs, Francis Tappaan, Garrett Arbelbide, Orv Mohler, Gaius Shaver, Johnny Baker, and other All-Americans. Over to the north of the university, on Jefferson at Hope, I pointed out the Shrine Auditorium, where the

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grand opera season is staged and large conventions held.

"And now for the museum," I added briskly. "Let me assure you that there are some things in the Los Angeles County Museum of History and Art quite worth seeing. The room of prehistoric mammals, for instance, is unparalleled. Here is assembled what I am told is the greatest collection in the world of the complete skeletons of Imperial elephants, mammoths and dinosaurs; prehistoric camels, horses and buffaloes; and saber-toothed tigers and wolves all recovered from the *brea* pits on what is now Wilshire Boulevard. That is the identical spot where the inhabitants of the little old Pueblo de los Angeles used to dig the tar for their roofs. We shall visit the pits when we take our drive out Wilshire, 'the Fifth Avenue of the West.' The pits have yielded over 2,000 skeletons, remains of animals and birds caught in the *brea* when tempted out on to the apparently firm surface to drink from the springs of water bubbling up so deceptively through the oil. This bubbling may still be seen on the undisturbed pools. Museums all over the world have been supplied from here, but the best finds have been kept for local exhibition."

"It does sound tremendously interesting," rejoined my companion. "But first let me look at this sunken garden. Are those all roses in bloom out there?"

"That's what they are, Mr. Jones—seven acres of them, over 15,000 bushes of I don't know how many varieties. They bloom the year 'round, except when the gardeners cut them back for new growth along about February. In the spring and the fall they are at their best. We can walk through the roses when we come out. It will be cooler then."

As we entered the museum I explained that it is to be a really monumental building when completed, the plans calling for the expenditure of $9,000,000. When the new units are added, in the very near future, the older portion, where we stood to look over the rose garden, will be enclosed in a uniform scheme of architecture, the completed edifice to be faced with marble.

Once inside the building Mr. Jones found plenty to interest him until it was time to start back for our tea rendezvous with the ladies. The California section of the History

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Room, with its old Spanish family heirlooms, portraits, collections of weapons and riding paraphernalia of historical characters and the lovely shawls, lace mantillas and towering tortoise-shell combs, elicited from him the wish that his wife had come along. Particularly the Mission relics interested him; and the big hammered-copper brandy stills of the Mission San Gabriel started us on a discussion of the ethics of the padres, in which we agreed that some of their ideas must have been pretty good.

After a stroll through the extensive art galleries, viewing a current exhibition in the first room, then the William Preston Harrison permanent collection of the works of famous painters in the second gallery, and other collections continuing through a series of smaller galleries, we passed rapidly among the excellent groups of the Natural History rooms to the great exhibition of specimens from the Brea Pits. I was then ready to let Mr. Jones satisfy his desire to walk among the roses of the sunken garden. The large building on the south side of the garden, I explained, was a hall devoted to a display of the varied products of Southern California, agricultural, mineral and industrial, with splendid relief maps of the scenic wonders. Here free motion pictures of travel in California are shown daily, at frequent intervals. In answer to his inquiry about the fortress-like building on the east side, I said that this was the Armory, headquarters of a crack regiment of the California National Guard, the 160th Infantry, called "Los Angeles' Own."

"These cannon flanking the steps on the east face of the museum—the ugly old portion," I explained, as long as we were on a martial subject, "are two more of the Gillespie guns recovered from the bay at San Pedro by Benito Wilson and used as bumpers at the corners of his adobe store. You also see here a tablet on a granite block commemorating the discovery of California by Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo in 1542."

We had agreed to meet the ladies in the book department of J. W. Robinson's, the large and admirable store at Seventh and Grand, identified for many years with the best trade of the city. We seemed to run to book departments, but of course they appealed to our friend the publisher, and he had

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expressed a desire to meet Mr. Phil Kubel, the well-known bookman in charge at Robinson's. We looked over some rare volumes acquired by Mr. Kubel during his latest annual trip to Europe, while we waited for the feminine contingent to tear itself away from the fascinations of the dresses and lingerie. Later we adjourned to the Mary Louise No. 2, upstairs at 605 West Seventh, for tea, where we laid plans for the evening.

"I want you as my guests for dinner at a really fine place," announced Mr. Jones, expansively, and, as it proved, expensively. "Spanish restaurants are all right as a novelty, but I feel a hankering for such a dinner as I might order in one of the best cafés in New York or Paris. Is that possible hereabouts?"

The Missus and I glanced at each other eagerly, then burst out in duet: "The Victor Hugo, 619½ South Grand!"

Obviously, our common idea of a treat was to dine there with somebody else paying the bill. "Distinguished world-travelers have declared this to be the best restaurant in America," I assured our new friends. "All the London actors in Hollywood come over here to dine, when they have the price. Charlie Chaplin has a table reserved over in the corner of one of the divans. All the visiting Frenchmen dine here, and believe me, those boys are supposed to know—"

"We shall dine at the Victor Hugo," Mr. Jones broke in with decision. "And what," as he turned to my wife, "what did you do with your afternoon?"

"Your wife and Miss Annabelle think that Los Angeles covers entirely too much territory," laughed Mrs. Guia. "I strengthened that opinion by telling them that the actual area within the city limits is 441 square miles. I fear I dragged them around a little too much. Your daughter wanted a pair of summer shoes, so we went first to the Innes Shoe Company, 638 South Broadway. After that I called attention to our newest talking-picture theater, the Los Angeles, just across the street. It has a ballroom and a café, and if you go to the smoking and rest rooms during the performance you can continue to see and hear the picture on smaller screens. Then we walked south on Broadway, noticing Loew's State Theater and the Lankershim Hotel."

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"The Lankershim," I interjected, "on the southeast corner of Broadway and Seventh, stands on the site of the house occupied by Judge Wilson Hugh Gray when the great Chinese massacre occurred in 1871. Judge Gray, in whose court many Chinese had appeared from time to time, had their complete confidence, and on the terrible night of the lynchings many of them, escaping from Chinatown, took refuge in the cellar of the judge's home, where he kept them hidden until the excitement was over. From then until his death many years later he received priceless gifts from China every New Year's. They were always left at his door anonymously so as not to embarrass him in his judicial position. The home was way out in the country in those days and for years afterward, with a white picket fence around it and a grape arbor leading up to the door. Now it is on one of the busiest intersections in the world."

"It certainly is a lively corner," remarked Mrs. Jones. "The highway direction signs high up on the light standards at the corners read like travel directories."

"Yes," I recalled, "the sign pointing north on Broadway reads: 'Inland and Coast Routes North, Valley Boulevard, Pasadena, Transcontinental Routes East.' Pointing south: 'Harbor Boulevard to Wilmington, San Pedro, Long Beach, South Coast Cities.' Pointing east: 'San Diego Coast Route, Whittier, Santa Ana, Oceanside, La Jolla.' Pointing west: 'Wilshire Boulevard, Santa Monica Bay District, Beach Road North.' "

"Well," resumed Mrs. Guia, "after noting the time by the big sidewalk clock in front of the main downtown office of the Southern Pacific at 212 West Seventh, we continued south on Broadway, looking at more shoes at Wetherby-Kayser's at 727, and had a terrible time getting past the sumptuous offices of the Lassco-Matson steamship lines, with their alluring display of South Sea Island information, at 730." She stopped, noticing the eager look of Annabelle Jones.

"Father, we just must go on to Hawaii from here!" the girl broke in, with enthusiasm. "See the folders I picked up, with all the sailing schedules!"

"We-e-ell, I don't know about that," her father returned

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with a teasing twinkle. "Maybe Los Angeles will have to satisfy you this time. But do go on, Mrs. Guia."

"Then we stopped a moment to view the paintings of the scenic wonders of the West in the office of the Union Pacific, at 732, and crossed Broadway to pass Fowler Brothers' big bookstore at 747. From there we proceeded to the May Company's immense department store at Eighth."

"Really an impressive institution," observed Mrs. Jones. "The department of fancy imported groceries in this store is as fine as anything of the kind I have ever seen. And a thing that interested me all afternoon, as we went about, was the frequency with which the words *se habla Español* appeared on shop windows."

Mrs. Guia explained that it is necessary for the large stores to advertise "Spanish spoken here," and to provide Spanish-speaking clerks, because of the large number of well-to-do families from Mexico and Central America living in fashionable districts who seldom if ever go near the native Plaza section.

"From the Broadway entrance of May's," resumed Mrs. Guia, "I dutifully named the salient points of the thoroughfare from there south to Tenth—the old Majestic Theater immediately adjoining May's, where some of the big theatrical hits started; the beautiful bizarre Columbia-Eastern Building at Ninth, with its chime tower and its modernistic truncated form faced with shimmering blue-green and gold glazed tiling. I spoke of its being an outstanding illustration of our Californian tendency toward color even in business edifices. Then there was the Orpheum across the way, and the popular Davidson's Restaurant at 854-856, and the highly ornamented United Artists' Theater between Ninth and Tenth. Oh, yes, the Tower Theater, too, on the southeast corner of Eighth, and the Rialto Theater just south of the Tower. Of course, back in the 700 block we had noted the old Morosco Theater, now a movie house called The President, a place, like the Majestic, where theatrical history was made."

"Movie palaces everywhere," observed Mr. Jones.

"And some of the dearest little shops on Seventh, like movie wardrobes," exclaimed his daughter. "I just loved

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that one called The Jewel Box, devoted to costume jewelry. It was at 408½, I think."

"Yes," continued our lecturer, "we ambled along westward on Seventh past the jewelers, *parfumeurs*, gift shops, linen and silk stores, furriers, East Indian bazaars and then—"

"She failed to mention another big movie palace, Mr. Jones," I put in. "Warner Brothers', on the northwest corner of Hill."

"Oh, yes, I pointed that out," said the Missus, a bit acidly, I thought. "And the big RKO vaudeville-movie house at Hill and Eighth, a block south, and the handsome ticket office of the Santa Fé Railroad at 743 South Hill, where so many fine paintings of Indians are displayed. Don't worry, I didn't overlook anything."

"There is a precious-stone dealer just beyond Warner Brothers', at 413 West Seventh, that I would like to mention," I persisted, stubbornly. "The firm of A. & M. Delovage, gem experts since 1889."

"Maybe I did forget to mention some old dates," sniffed Mrs. Guia, "though I pointed out Montgomery Brothers, prominent jewelers since 1881, now at 635-639 West Seventh."

"The day was," I added, "when you were not in the social swim if you could not arrange an account at Montgomery's."

"And the Coulter Dry Goods Company at 500-514, established 1878," pronounced the Missus, dutifully.

"We thought Brock & Company's a splendid jewelry store, at 515," interjected Mrs. Jones, "and also admired Donovan & Seamans' display, back at 435, I think it was, quite irrespective of the year they were established."

"Well, they are old-time firms, too," I insisted. "So is the beautiful art and stationery store of A. E. Little at 619. That company has engraved the wedding invitations, birth announcements and death notices for the '400' of this town for years. Then there is an important address that should be mentioned on West Seventh—609, the American Express Company's Financial and Travel Bureau."

"That is an address I must visit. Glad you mentioned it," said Mr. Jones, jotting it in his notebook.

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"At 704," I continued, "you saw Sally Sterling's Costume Jewelry and Bags Exclusively, and after passing the offices of the International Mercantile Marine at 715, featuring their Panama-Pacific line of steamers to New York via the Canal, you stopped in, I hope, at the fountain of Le Parfait Café for one of the celebrated thirst quenchers, 'Piccadilly Rickey.' From 744 to the corner of Flower, on the south side of Seventh, you looked in the windows of little shops occupying a funny old two-story frame flat-building set back from the property line behind strips of lawns, and scanned the wares of French parfumeurs, French lingerie importers, French grocers, a confectioner and a gift shop or two.

"From Flower to Figueroa, occupying the entire frontage of the block on the south side and towering to the height limit—I know, Mr. Jones, these buildings don't tower for you New Yorkers at all, but we like to use the expression—you saw the varied displays of Barkers Brothers, furnishers and decorators *de luxe* since 1880. You had an ice cream at Townsend's, 416, fashionable confectioners on the Coast since their start in San Francisco right after the Gold Rush; looked in at the famed sports goods store of the B. H. Dyas Company, 420-426; commented on the gowns of the J. J. Haggarty Company, 524; crossed over in the next block to Maskey's, 629, rivals of Townsend's for old-timeness on the Coast, and there bought some of the best candy in the world, as I detect from the box under Miss Annabelle's arm; then headed straight for that so-delectable women's shopping block on South Flower, between Seventh and Eighth.

"There you looked in the windows of Parmelee-Dohrmann, 741-747, at the beautiful porcelains and dinner sets; at 729 you lingered in Ranshoff's, importer of exclusive hats and gowns; Myer, Siegel & Company, occupying a whole building with ladies' apparel, caught your fancy at 733; the frocks in Ida May's, at 726, and Antoinette Hagen's, at 730, 'intrigued' you, as the fashion editors say; some attention was given to La Mode, smart shoe shop, at 722, and to the French Slipper Shop at 720. At 721, Suzanne Martin's children's and misses' clothing shop in conjunction with McLin's Book Store and Children's Playhouse made your hearts flutter as you hung around watching for famous

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mothers from Hollywood and Beverly Hills to drop in with their young fry to do some shopping. Nor shall I omit the mention of one address in that devastatingly feminine block —713, Tartaglia Brothers, Ltd., tailors to the *caballeros* of Los Angeles since—well, never mind the date, but this their slogan is memorable: 'Six Brothers, Six Reasons.'"

"You garbled that block terribly," was Mrs. Guia's comment. "Street numbers should be given in proper sequence to be intelligible."

"Now, honestly, dear, didn't I do pretty well to remember them at all? And really, didn't you go to exactly those places?"

They all laughed as she admitted that I had guessed right, and Mr. Jones suggested that it was now dinner time.

Soon we were comfortably settled in the quite European atmosphere of the Victor Hugo. Mr. Jones ordered the dinner from a menu that he himself acknowledged offered a choice of viands that should satisfy the most exacting *bon vivant.* At its close, after we had enjoyed *café Napoléon* (how its brandy-like tang was imparted we did not inquire), we attended the world premiere of a Spanish-language talking picture at the California Theater, on Main just south of Eighth. This is where all the Hollywood productions intended for distribution in Spanish-speaking countries are launched, with much of the fanfare that accompanies an opening at the Chinese on the Boulevard; and the better class of our Latin residents turn out full force to honor their national favorites. We were lucky that the premiere had been postponed from Monday night on account of the absence "on location" of that popular Spaniard and now solid citizen of Los Angeles, Antonio Moreno, who is the favorite master of ceremonies at these premieres. "Tony," happily married to a daughter of one of our wealthy families, lives in a Spanish castle atop a lordly hill overlooking Silver Lake, a few blocks north of Sunset Boulevard on the eastern verge of Hollywood, and has the honor of having had a realty subdivision and a street named after him. The district that his castle dominates is officially known as Moreno Highlands. The Moreno hilltop is reached from

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Sunset by driving north on Micheltorena Street. The number is 1923 Micheltorena.

Besides Don Antonio we saw in person at the premiere Lupe Velez, Conchita Montenegro, Lupita Tovar and her cousin, Nancy; Rosita Moreno, Virginia Fabregas, famous Mexico City actress; Mona Maris, Lia Tora, Mercedes de Velasco, Dolores Del Rio, Luisa Espinel, José Crespo, Don Alvarado, Luis Alberni and Luis Alvarez. This last delightful little person, "sweet singer of Aragon," and the beautiful Señorita Espinel joined us during the showing of the film and then accompanied us to the studio of the Mexican painter, Francisco Cornejo, 644½ South Lucas Street. We were anxious to drop in here to show the Joneses some of "Pancho's" Mayan and Aztec treasures.

After informal refreshments in the studio we delivered our charges back to their hotel to snatch what was left of a night's rest before the jaunt out Hollywood way, which we positively assured Miss Annabelle would be our Wednesday itinerary.

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WEDNESDAY

WE WERE the guests of the Joneses for breakfast on Wednesday morning at the Biltmore Sweet Shop. That may sound a queer place to breakfast in, but its French *croissants* and its special Honey Dew melon with fresh lime-juice have a reputation unequaled elsewhere. While the others chatted I mused on the pleasure I was going to have showing our New York friends the glamour, the oddities, the idiosyncrasies of Hollywood. But when I said as much to my co-guide, I got stepped on promptly. I, the leader of today's expedition? Far from it!

"You know, they say that Paris is a woman's town. Well —so is Hollywood. Therefore I intend to be the guide today," she insisted, in a tone that I knew better than to challenge. I yielded without a struggle but was smart enough to force a bargain.

"All right—I'll play chauffeur, and you play guide; but I reserve the privilege of seating the crowd in such a way as to allow me to do really artistic driving."

And that is how I managed to get Annabelle into the front seat.

"Mrs. Guia speaking, folks, her husband having quite enough to do *and* consenting to allow her—for once—to get a word in edgewise. Hollywood! The most talked-of town of the continent, perhaps of the world. The heaven where the stars shine, where fortunes are made, where romance

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flourishes, where styles are born, where hearts are broken, where—"

Here I had to stop for breath, and of course that husband of mine had to take a mean advantage of me by handing back over his shoulder a piece of paper he had been rolling—with one hand and his knee—into the forms of a megaphone, while he droned out of the corner of his mouth: "Ladeez and gent-men, on your left you see the bee-yutiful—"

I dashed the paper from his hand and resumed my dignity, with some difficulty because the others were laughing so hard. But Annabelle had a question.

"Which way are we going out?"

"Well," I answered, "one might say that all roads lead to Hollywood. There is Beverly, Sunset, Vermont, Western—"

"Oh, let's go the quickest way!" she pleaded, all excitement. Well, I had plans for some preliminaries before tackling the Boulevard, so I simply said, "North on Vermont" to our chauffeur in my best "Home, James" manner.

"I remember," said I as we reached Vermont and rolled north on that broad thoroughfare, "when Vermont Avenue was considered the western boundary of the city. In those days it was a country lane. As a child I used to pick wildflowers along a path ankle-deep in dust, right here."

"That dates *you* pretty well, my girl!" the chauffeur murmured over his shoulder, but I paid no attention—the man was just showing off before Annabelle.

As we approached Third Street I said: "I well remember picking up the skin that a huge snake had sloughed, right there where you see El Patio Ball Room, just off Vermont, at 3440 West Third. Two thousand couples can dance in that room."

"And what is the building that seems to be over behind the ballroom?" asked Mr. Jones. "Is that perhaps where they accommodate the overflow from your little dance hall?"

"That is one of the oldest and best-known public plunges on the Coast, called Bimini Baths. The only overflow there comes from the springs that feed the pool. The warm min-

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eral waters have had a reputation from ancient Indian times of being very curative. On the other side of the street is the Belmont Theater, one of the largest of the outlying talking picture houses."

"Your 'country lane' appears to have become quite an amusement center," commented Mr. Jones. "Every block seems crowded with cafés, theaters, miniature golf links, novelty shops."

"It has," I answered, "and so has Western Avenue, the next broad thoroughfare to the westward. Each of these avenues is a sort of Main Street of a city of its own. Look to the right, just off Vermont on Melrose, and you will see one of our unique amusement places, a huge skating rink."

"But isn't roller-skating quite *passé?*" asked Miss Jones.

"Yes—but ice-skating isn't!" I answered triumphantly. "Just take a look at the name of the place—*Palais de Glace.*"

"Ice! I never thought it got that cold here!" exclaimed Mrs. Jones.

This roused my chauffeur's native loyalty. "It doesn't," he retorted. "This ice is manufactured and kept frozen artificially, but it is mighty good skating ice. Some of the finest skating exhibitions and tournaments in the country are held right in that rink."

"There is another ice rink on Melrose between Western and Vine called the Winter Garden," I added, "where the ice hockey tournaments are held."

"Well, well—will wonders never cease!" breathed Mr. Jones, solemnly.

We were rapidly approaching the intersection of Vermont and Hollywood Boulevard, the corner where "The Boulevard" proper begins, but I did not mention this, preferring to keep Annabelle calm while we looked over some scenic points before turning westward to the "village." I pointed out the Hollywood Hospital, on the east side of Vermont as we neared Sunset.

"There's where the movie maternity cases go, and where stellar insides are removed and stellar nerves and faces rejuvenated."

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"Then we really are getting into Hollywood!" cried Annabelle.

"We're on the eastern edge of it," I said, and changed the subject by pointing out the park on the corner of Vermont and Sunset, where an olive grove spreads up over a hilltop. "That is Barnsdale Park," I explained, "the former home of Miss Aileen Barnsdale, a wealthy and philanthropic woman, given by her to the city for the establishment of an art center. There is a little theater there, an art gallery and landscaped grounds."

"It looks like the Mount of Olives," commented Mrs. Jones.

"Yes, it is called Olive Hill."

Here the chauffeur so far forgot himself as to shout, "Whoopee, folks, here is famous Hollywood Boulevard!" thereby upsetting my plan to keep the fact dark for the moment. He started to turn left into the "Boul" (usually pronounced "Bull" perhaps with good reason), but I ordered firmly:

"Straight up Vermont, driver."

He scowled at me in the rear-vision mirror, but obeyed, and fell to comforting Annabelle, and no doubt insinuating to her that I was a mean old thing.

"Yes," I commented as we crossed the Boulevard, "this is it, but it can wait. After all, it is more or less disappointing at first glance. You have to live with Hollywood a while and get the feel of it before you understand the Boulevard. This continuation of the Boulevard eastward from Vermont, an unimportant-looking narrow street, is part of the original Prospect Avenue, out of which grew the 'Bull.' Prospect Avenue was the main street of the little settlement that emerged from the wilderness hillside known as 'La Nopalera.' This was back in the early 1900's."

"What does that queer name mean?" asked Mrs. Jones.

"It means 'The Cactus Patch.'"

"Interesting, and rather prophetic, isn't it?" commented Mrs. Jones, chuckling.

"Yes, it's a pretty prickly place yet," I admitted. "You can see the modern inhabitants sitting around pulling thorns from their flesh, figuratively speaking."

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"How did Hollywood acquire its present name?" inquired the knowledge-seeking publisher.

Again the driver forgot himself and spoke out of turn. "Some say," he declared, "that during one of Father Junipero Serra's pilgrimages along the Mission chain he camped here and planted a cross, about where the Boulevard and Cahuenga Avenue intersect, and the name was derived, in corrupted form, from Holy Rood."

That was pretty romance for Annabelle's ears, but I countered with cold facts. "The truth is," I said, "that Hollywood was named by a Prohibition pioneer from Kansas named Horace Henderson Wilcox, who laid out the first subdivision here. Don Eugenio Plummer, a descendant of one of the oldest Spanish families, on his mother's side, and now an old man, still lives down on Santa Monica Boulevard on a remnant of the old rancho which once included the site of the movie capital; and he has told us of driving Mr. Wilcox, in an old buckboard, through the hills here, showing him the ranch when he was contemplating laying out a town. The hills were covered with California holly, bearing a red berry much like the eastern holly. Wilcox remarked on the resemblance, and the name took form. Hollywood was at first a separate little municipality, but has since been absorbed by the city of Los Angeles."

We were now at Vermont and Los Feliz Boulevard, the latter a broad and handsome thoroughfare with beautiful residences, leading from Western Avenue, in Hollywood, to the city of Glendale and skirting the southern boundary of Rancho los Feliz, a Spanish grant which included the present Griffith Park. My driver looked inquiringly at me. I motioned him to go straight ahead across Los Feliz and up the fine cañon that leads into the hills, following auto club signs reading "Greek Theater."

"Now, my good man," I condescended, seeing that my husband was dying to talk, "do your stuff about Griffith Park."

"Yes, ma'am. It is said to be the largest municipal park in the United States. The 3751 acres were donated by the late Colonel Griffith J. Griffith, who years ago acquired the Rancho los Feliz. Most of the area has been left in its

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original wild state, improved only with roadways, bridle trails, and certain tracts used for public picnic grounds, tennis courts, golf links, archery fields, horseshoe-pitching grounds, a zoo, and so forth. It is largely wooded with oaks, sycamores and laurels through which wind forty miles of bridle trails. Riding horses are available at several stables maintained on the edges of the park."

"What is this we are coming to?" interrupted Miss Annabelle. "Is it a movie set?"

"That," I answered, "is the Greek Theater, municipally owned and built with money left for the purpose by Colonel Griffith. Operas, plays and pageants are produced here from time to time, and it is available for large outdoor banquets. Madame Schumann-Heink heads the Greek Theater Advisory Board, and professionals who have put on performances here say that it is a wonderful theater. The acoustics are fine. There is a sliding roof over the orchestra pit, and an elevator for the console; there are dressing rooms with automatic announcers in every one, an elaborate flood-lighting system, a kitchen equipped to feed a multitude, an emergency hospital, even foot-baths for the chorus girls."

"Foot-baths for chorus girls!" exclaimed Mr. Jones. "That is the height of something or other."

"We will now leave foot-baths for bird-baths," I said, as we wheeled away from the immense free parking area beside the theater, with its beautiful Greek façade shadowed by graceful trees and flowering shrubs. A few hundred yards farther we stopped before a granite boulder bearing an inscribed tablet dedicating the upper portion of the cañon as a bird sanctuary. Stepping through the gates into a wooded dell we listened to the cries and carolings of the birds. In the trees were tiny bungalows for the feathered visitors and their families. There was a tree-fringed pool for waterfowl.

"Is it raining?" exclaimed Mrs. Jones in dismay.

"No, that is only the overhead sprinkling system you hear, pattering water down on trees and shrubs and giving the birds a shower to play through."

As we came out of this area the Joneses commented on the rustic picnic tables, rock stoves and piles of firewood all

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cut and ready for campers. At a fork in the road was a sign pointing up Mount Hollywood.

"It seems to me that I have read something of a great new planetarium under construction on Mount Hollywood," said Mr. Jones.

"What is a planetarium?" queried Miss Annabelle.

"Where you observe the stars," I said.

"What stars? Garbo, Gilbert, Clara Bow?"

"A planetarium," my husband replied didactically, "is a theater in which the majestic drama of the firmament is unfolded."

Annabelle subsided with an "Oh!" and we followed the rather rough road up Mount Hollywood while the men discussed the planetarium.

"The wonderful mechanism of the dome, which will simulate the dome of heaven and through which the light of the actual stars will be projected on to a mirror," said Mr. Guia, "is now being manufactured in Jena, Germany, by the Carl Zeiss Works. The donor of Griffith Park provided $750,000 for this purpose. The city is preparing to extend Western Avenue and Vermont Avenue directly to the top of the mountain, to provide adequate access. Five major features will distinguish the great rectangular structure now under construction on the summit of Mount Hollywood—the Zeiss Planetarium, a large telescope, a scientific museum, a lecture hall, and a technical library."

We were winding around the mountain and at one point stopped to admire the view spread below us. At our feet lay Hollywood and adjacent Beverly Hills; spreading toward the sea gleamed the main portion of the metropolitan area; then the ocean, and in the ocean lovely Santa Catalina. To the north, on the other side of the range from which we looked down, stretched the fertile San Fernando Valley, rimmed beyond by the high blue mountains. The road was crisscrossed with bridle paths, and the mountainous country we were in seemed as wild and inaccessible as the Sierras; yet here we were looking down on the roofs of the movie studios of Hollywood.

Suddenly a sign caught Annabelle's eye.

"Mack Sennett's Holly Woods!" she exclaimed.

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"Yes," I said, "some of the studios maintain ranches around the edges of the park, or have concessions within the boundaries. The earliest horse operas were 'shot' in this park, and many of them are still made here. And here they shoot South African scenes, South American mountain-sides, ranches in the Rockies."

"What are horse operas?" queried the movie fan.

"'Westerns,' or cowboy plays," I heard our driver explain patiently.

At the foot of Mount Hollywood Drive we passed the boys' Camp maintained by the Los Angeles Playground and Recreation Department, where we saw scores of boys enjoying a free vacation, playing on the athletic fields and sporting in the swimming pool. I was about to explain that there was a camp for girls on the other side of the hill, when the car stopped and Mr. Guia, again forgetting that he was to be only chauffeur today, began speaking in the fervent tones he reserves for explaining points of local history.

"This queer reddish pit near the side of the road, running up through the hillside like a shaft with one side laid open, is an original Spanish lime kiln, as the sign there tells you. The padres of Mission San Fernando found lime here, directed to it probably by the Indians. They burned it here in this crude kiln and carried it across the valley to use in building their establishment. The pit is almost one hundred and fifty years old."

I looked hastily around for a counter-attraction.

"Those enormous pipes," I interrupted, "that seem to burst out of the ground only to writhe in again, are part of the great aqueduct system supplying Los Angeles with water. The water is brought through them over mountains and deserts for two hundred and fifty miles, from the Sierra Nevada. The High Sierras, we call them."

We passed around the lower edge of the park on the northeast side and saw the Airport Country Club, Ltd., a gay little spot with a colorful clubhouse in Spanish style, patronized by professional flyers from the aviation fields all about. The chief airports lie along the flats edging the river bottom, between Griffith Park, Glendale and Burbank.

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Right below us was the military landing field of the 40th Division Air Corps, California National Guard.

I pointed these out hastily, for we were nearing the justly famed Griffith Park Municipal Golf Links and I knew Mr. Jones would be interested. But I had time to say "Farther along Riverside Drive, beyond Los Feliz Boulevard and the turquoise blue swimming-pool, where you see the redwood palisades like a pioneer stockade—"

"Is it a movie set?" hopefully inquired Annabelle.

"No, my dear! It is the Los Angeles Breakfast Club, famed in song and story. It is internationally known because of the celebrities entertained there and the 'stunts' through which they are put. Scions of European nobility, statesmen, Presidents, great artists—no matter who they are, they are put through the early morning ham-and-egg frolics in most democratic fashion. Why, even Calvin Coolidge—imagine!—rode old 'Ham 'n' Eggs,' the sawhorse mascot, one morning, thereby becoming an honorary member. There are now many 'breakfast clubs' in Los Angeles, but this is the original. It is quite exclusive, and its guests and speakers are so interesting and important—among them great writers, explorers and aviators—that its breakfast programs are broadcast, often over a national hookup. It is called the Shrine of Friendship and is at 3213 Riverside Drive, in case you are ever invited. There is another club over there, too. See the sign?"

"'The Saddle and Sirloin,'" read Mr. Jones. "Well," he laughed, "I've eaten some sirloins that would have made good saddles. I take it that that is a riding club."

"But Riverside Drive, you said. Where is the river?" asked Mrs. Jones.

I saw our chauffeur fidget nervously, and then he broke out in a defensive tone: "I know you have finer rivers back East, but that's an historic watercourse just the same, even if it is all course and no water most of the year. But those green willows and cottonwoods are pretty, you will admit, and to us they are symbols of a river—they mark the descent to the sea of the Rio Porciuncula of the early Spanish explorers. You see, city wells drain off what summer flow

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there is farther up toward the source. But say, in a wet winter, how that riverbed can flood!"

The velvety green golf course now lay before us.

"Ah!" exclaimed Mr. Jones, who I had already learned was a golfing fan. He gripped his cane with both hands and again exclaimed, "Ah!"

"Forty-seven holes!" I pronounced, proudly. "Thirty-six grass greens, nine sand courses. Very sporty, all sorts of hazards. Grass like a carpet."

"Marvelous!" gasped the golf bug. He thrust his cane out of the open window, still gripped in both hands, and swung it foolishly, murmuring, "I wonder—I wonder what I could—"

A bit alarmed by his condition, I broke in with: "The links open at 6 A. M., and before daybreak there is a traffic jam of autos lined up waiting to get in."

"I can understand that," said Mr. Jones, scanning the grounds as we rolled past them.

"And there is the clubhouse," I pointed out.

"Why, it's like an exclusive country club—quite a social atmosphere," exclaimed Mrs. Jones as she saw the people chatting on the terrace and taking refreshments under the gay umbrellas.

"So it is," said I. "But it is all open to the public, for a small greens fee. There are twenty-four private courses, and many other public ones, in and around Los Angeles, but this is the most popular."

Mr. Jones looked at the line-up of cars behind the clubhouse. "How do people who have no cars—if they are any such in Los Angeles—get here? I see no street cars."

"Busses leave Melrose and Heliotrope Drive on the hour and half-hour for the Golf Links entrance, which is at Los Feliz and Riverside Drive. For the other attractions of the park, they leave from the same point. All street cars and busses in the district connect with this transportation."

Another turn of the road brought us on to busy, bustling Los Feliz Boulevard, the southern boundary of the park. There were beautiful houses, and bright flower stands kept by picturesque Japanese gardeners, aided by their butterfly-like children.

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"There at the southwest corner of Los Feliz and Hillhurst Drive," I said as we made a boulevard stop, "is one of Willard's famous Chicken and Steak houses. A lot of movie people eat there," I added, for Miss Annabelle's sake. She was looking at the mansions on the north side of the street as we passed them.

"Don't some of the stars live here?" she asked plaintively.

"Well," I hesitated, "one of these palaces was the home of Jack Dempsey and Estelle Taylor. And that very lovely one, 4751 Los Feliz, is the home of Rupert Hughes."

"An actor?" she asked.

Her father snorted. "My dear! Really! Don't you know he is a writer? An authority on George Washington? Tut, tut, tut!"

I really felt sorry for her, and I'm sure the chauffeur patted her hand sympathetically in the front seat.

"But he's written lots of stories for the screen, too," I said. "And he is the uncle of Howard Hughes, you know, the millionaire boy director, who did 'Hell's Angels'." She brightened, and craned her neck so far out of the window that she nearly fell out as we made a right-hand turn.

Swinging along Los Feliz to the Western Avenue entrance to the park, we reëntered the reservation and parked the car under some overarching plane trees.

"We will stretch our legs here a moment while we view one of the loveliest bits of parking in the city," I announced, and conducted the party toward a verdant little cañon whence came the sound of running water. Before following the path along the fern-lined stream we stopped to read this sign:

FERN DELL
or
MOCOHUENGA CANYON. THIS CANYON IS NAMED FOR "MOCO," MEANING THE POST AND COUNCIL GROUNDS. AND "CAHUENGA," THE CHIEF OF THE INDIANS OF THAT TRIBE. THE "MOCO" IS THE MOUND LOCATED BETWEEN HARVARD AND WESTERN, FRANKLIN AND LOS FELIZ.

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"Very interesting," commented Mr. Jones as we pointed out the mound, now covered with houses and gardens, but plainly distinguishable, being bounded by the streets named.

"But there is another derivation for the word Cahuenga, so much used hereabouts," put in Mr. Guia. "We have it on the authority of a very old man still living in the valley across Cahuenga Pass, the son of Miguel Leonis, the famed 'Big Basque, King of Calabasas,' who ruled by force of arms the whole country from here to Ventura County in the 'Fighting Fifties,' that there never was a 'Chief Cahuenga.' As our informant's father had married into the tribe, and the traditions of the tribe had been handed down through the mother, we suppose he knows what he is talking about. 'Cahuenga,' he says, is an Indian word, from the Cahuilla language, meaning 'Hold the arrow! Beware!' In the early days the Indians of the coast were constantly on the alert to guard the pass from the San Fernando Valley against marauding savages from the interior. With the whites, however, they usually remained on peaceful terms, and when a white party, or a friendly Indian, was spied by the scouts, they would call back to their fellow-warriors in ambush, 'Cahuenga! Hold the arrow!' It became the habit of the whites, when seeing Indians on the defensive in the pass, to call out 'Cahuenga!' And so they began to refer to the pass itself as 'The Cahuenga.' Thus we have today the Cahuenga Pass, over which U. S. Highway 101 climbs out of Hollywood, and Cahuenga Boulevard, the approach to the pass from the heart of the movie capital."

"Very good, Mr. Historian," smiled the great New York publisher. "Two versions are always better than one because they provide opportunity for argument."

A woodsy breeze from Fern Dell—that good English name suits me—whispered that we had had history enough for the moment, so I led them all down the mossy stone steps into the cañon, and we strolled among the great tree ferns and the banks of maidenhair and the blooming flowers with their feet in the stream. In the pools under the great exposed roots of the plane trees goldfish gleamed, while a dozen varieties of lilies that love sedgy banks spread their blooms in the mottled shade.

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"Is it real, or is it a setting for one of Sid Grauman's prologues?" asked Mr. Jones.

"You are getting to be as bad as your daughter," I laughed. "It's real, of course—a spring-fed glade that was a famous resort of the Indians, a green oasis on tawny hillsides under white sunlight. It has simply been dressed up a little by our Park Department."

Back in the car, we went south on Western, heading this time, I told Miss Annabelle, really for the Boulevard. At the northwest corner of Western and Franklin Mrs. Jones noticed the gardens and buildings of the Convent of the Immaculate Conception, which tempted our historian to say:

"This seminary was founded back in the early days at Mission San Juan Bautista, not far from Monterey. Many of the daughters of the best Spanish families, and of pioneer American families of the Catholic faith, were educated there. Then the old buildings burned down, and after a period in makeshift quarters the college was removed to this site and handsomely housed. It is still very exclusive, and señoritas of old families follow the traditions of their mothers by studying here."

A block farther south our driver made a right turn and I heard him say importantly: "Now, Miss Annabelle, we are entering Hollywood Boulevard."

Miss Jones pulled out her vanity case and began to touch up her face.

Does she really expect anybody to look at *her* in Hollywood?—I thought to myself, as I looked into my own vanity mirror and powdered my nose. Out of the corner of my eye I could see the matronly Mrs. Jones doing the same, while her more or less dignified husband settled his iron hat at an angle and straightened his tie.

Thus prepared to face the ordeal, the Joneses looked about curiously. Frankly, I could see they were a little disappointed.

"Why, it looks like any ordinary small town!" pouted Miss Annabelle.

"Oh, no, I wouldn't say that, Annabelle," corrected her mother. "I can see that it has something different that is

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going to take hold of us by and by. Now look at that market there—isn't it just too quaint!"

Mrs. Jones was referring to a big drive-in market called El Adobe, 5201 Hollywood Boulevard, and I had to acknowledge that it was a beautiful adaptation of the best in the old Spanish style of architecture to modern utilitarian purposes, even if it was a bit Hollywoodesque in the extent to which they had striven for effect. The signing, for instance, is all in Spanish, and I explained to the admiring Mrs. Jones, after instructing the chauffeur to pull in for a closer view, that the *Farmacia* was the drug store, and that *Refrescos* meant refreshments; that *Tienda de Flores* was the flower shop, *Tienda de Abarrotes* the grocery; that *Verduras* signified fresh vegetables, *Frutas* fruits, *Panadería* a bakery, and *Carnecería* a butcher shop.

"That quaint conveyance in the forecourt is an old Spanish *carreta*, or ox cart such as we used to have in California. I don't know where the ox is today."

"Probably in the oxtería," chuckled Mr. Jones. Hollywood seemed to arouse levity in him. It does that to people.

"Don't be downhearted," I said to Annabelle as we drove on. "The Boulevard sort of grows on you as you go westward toward Vine Street, and from there on you are likely to see a good deal that will interest you. Though mind you, it is never spectacular in the daytime, except on fiesta days. At night it takes on more glamour, though there is always a variety of interesting types on the street. Celebrities going about quite informally, hatless and coatless, among the small fry and the down-and-outs; others riding luxuriously in their sport cars or their chauffeured town cars; freaks who earn their living before the camera because of their freakishness; famous trained pets, precocious studio children—these you can pick out in the flow of traffic, or seated at sidewalk refreshment counters or in drugstores. And when such sights as these begin to appear on this otherwise rather tame thoroughfare—which looks at first glance like an ordinary Main Street—it is like getting the first interesting images on a photographic plate as they emerge under the developer. Your anticipations are aroused, you

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see the possibilities under the surface, you are soon enthralled and think the Boulevard is great."

When we were opposite the Music Box Theater, on the south side of the Boulevard at 6126, I said:

"Here is about where the real Boulevard that I am talking of begins. There are over three busy miles of the street, but the mile or so from here westward is the most intimate part. The Music Box is a lovely little theater, equipped with refreshment roof-garden where, during the height of the season, dancing is enjoyed between acts and after the show. Many of the famous players of Hollywood act in the casts here in addition to their film work, and for a certain season of the year it is the home of the Civic Repertory Theater. A few doors away is the Hotel Regent, and a little farther along is McHuron's Toad-in-the-Hole Restaurant, specializing in the typical dish which gives the place its name. So many of the Repertory players are Britishers that the café often seems a bit of Old England."

By the time we reached the wide, busy intersection of Vine, our sightseers were trying to look everywhere at once.

"That funny wise-cracking theatrical journal of New York, *Variety*, has its western office in the big Taft Building, on the southeast corner. The Tafts were one of the pioneer families of the Hollywood region, and this metropolitan office building is owned by a large family of Taft sons and daughters, native Hollywooders. Across the Boulevard is the new Pantages Theater."

"There is a very handsome store," said Mrs. Jones, pointing to the southwest corner of Vine. "Really, this 'Main Street' begins to look quite metropolitan when you get a close-up of it."

" 'Close-up' is quite a camera-wise expression," I laughed. "Glad you are getting into the atmosphere. The store is the Hollywood Broadway, occupying that entire modern building, with a fine roof garden tearoom from which a fine view of the region may be had." I noticed the Joneses craning their necks to look south on Vine at several interesting signs as we pulled past the intersection, and I assured them that we would do that block later on.

"Now look to your right and you will see the famous

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Henry's Café, at 6321. They say Charlie Chaplin really owns it. Anyway, it is tremendously popular with the profession. See those roast turkeys in the window! It's full of people all day long, but in the evening after the theater there is a line stretching out on to the Boulevard waiting to get in. Oh, many a movie plot has been hatched at the quiet wall tables, and many a star's or picture's fate been decided there."

"And the waitresses!" said our chauffeur enthusiastically. "Whew! Some of them are stunning girls who have come out here to make their fortunes in the movies, couldn't make the grade, and have to live somehow."

"How about lunching there?" Mr. Jones suggested, a little too promptly.

"I'm sure our guides will direct us to a nice luncheon place," said his wife, equally promptly.

"On one side of Henry's is a sort of laboratory where they make tests of various sorts to indicate the state of your health," said I.

"And on the other is a swell florist, 'The House of Flowers'," said my co-guide. "So you can eat at Henry's, get analyzed next door, then run around to the florist's and order flowers for yourself if the worst comes to the worst. Upstairs is the Chinese Garden, specializing in Chinese foods and entertainment."

I was afraid he would add something about puppy-dog chop suey and ancient eggs, so I hastily pointed out Mullen and Bluett's on the other side of the street, at 6316, an old Los Angeles firm with a swanky men's store, and Roos Brothers, an old San Francisco firm, with a swankier.

Mr. Jones was commenting on the very smart men's shop known as Schwab's as we neared Cosmo, a funny little alley-like street running south from the Boulevard.

"A few doors down on Cosmo," I said, "is The Cellar, a cute little cabaret frequented by the Bohemian element. Humberto Pedretti, the Italian sculptor, has his studio a little way down the same byway."

"Robert Gail, Jeweler," Miss Annabelle read aloud, "and Nancy's Frocks. I should like to look in those places."

"Yes, at 6368 and 6378, respectively. Very smart. And

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across on the north side, at Ivar, is the Hollywood branch of the Los Angeles Public Library, an attractive building donated to Hollywood when it was a separate municipality by the widow of the local pioneer, Wilcox, who named the place. You see many writers and studio research workers there poring over historical volumes. In the rear is a patio garden where story-reading circles are conducted for the children."

"Now we are crossing that Cahuenga Boulevard I was telling about," interposed my husband. "It is the great artery to all up-coast points and the route of the Pacific Greyhound stages to San Francisco, Portland, and Seattle. At this intersection local busses may be boarded for Warner Brothers' First National Studios in Burbank, reached via the Pass and Dark Cañon, and Universal City Studios, on the other side of the Pass. In the old days—"

"Cahuenga! Hold the arrow!" cried Mr. Jones as our historian, engrossed in talk, almost smashed into another car.

"Warner Brothers' fine theater is right there, at 6425," I said, trying to keep calm. "You can see the doormen in their stunning maroon and cream livery."

"My goodness!" exclaimed Miss Annabelle as she read aloud the sign over a smart-looking shop: "Stanley's Five-Dollar Frocks—No More, No Less."

"Yes," I said, "one can shop well for little money in movietown if one knows where to go." I then called attention to Godissart's perfume shop on the northwest corner of Cahuenga.

"It seems quite fitting to have a perfume shop there," I explained, "for it was the site of the Paul De Longpré home and flower gardens. He was the man who first made Hollywood famous in pictures."

"Actor, or director, or what?" asked our blonde passenger.

"He was a famous French painter," I replied. "His Moorish-style home, amid beautiful gardens on this spot, was for years the mecca of sightseers. He painted the flowers of California so that lovers of that naturalistic school of painting would rave that they could actually smell their

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perfume. Thus a perfume shop is a very natural successor to the rose garden. There is an avenue in Hollywood named De Longpré, in memory of the artist."

One place interested Mrs. Jones particularly. This was Carque's Dried Fruits Store, 6411½, well known to the dieting and reducing cohorts of feminine Hollywood for its various non-fattening "nature foods." Next, at 6413, a delightful odor wafted from Weiss' Viennese Café and Rotisserie, and Mr. Jones admitted that his mouth watered as he viewed the array of roast fowls in the window.

"Oh, look!" cried Annabelle. "More frock shops!"

And so there were, frock shops for every pocket-book along two solid blocks, interspersed with milliners, knitted-goods shops, shoes and hosiery, men's sports goods and costume jewelers.

"Frocks!" snorted Mr. Jones. "Don't women ever buy *dresses* any more, just honest dresses from a dress store? It's all *frock* shops and *frock* shoppes!"

And so on down to the 6500 block, with much the same procession of 'shoppes'. One of the novelties was Grace Kay's Happy Oven, a smart bakeshop patronized by the *élite* of moviedom. The rich pastries in the window brought a wistful look to Mrs. Jones' face, and a chiding "No, no, Henrietta, those are fattening!" from her spouse.

By the time we got along in the 6600 block I could see that our tourists were growing anxious to get out and browse. At 6627 Mr. Jones stepped into the Esme Howard Book Shop. Farther along I pointed to the southwest corner of Las Palmas, where an array of news-racks filled with publications were strung down Las Palmas for a quarter of a long block under an awning. "There is a famous news-stand, a resort for homesick job-seekers lured far from home by Hollywood. The sign, you see, reads, 'Your Home Town Paper.' See the folks there looking for the Podunk News and the Oskaloosa Times. Would you like to stop for your home-town paper, Mr. Jones?"

"No, I'm not lonesome yet," he laughed, "but I should like to stop for some cigars."

We did, at 6646, where the sign said, "A. Clubb & Sons, Tobacconists." "A well-known store," I said, "established

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in Los Angeles in 1893. Correct, Mr. Historian? Here some of the celebrated players deal exclusively. By the way, there comes George Arliss out of the shop now. He gets a special brand of cigars through Clubb's, in fabulous quantities, according to rumor, and at a fabulous price. Now that the way seems to be clear of celebrities for the moment, maybe you can get waited on."

Our two men soon returned to us, puffing vigorously on Havanas, and Mr. Jones had the thoughtfulness to present me with a very special pack of Russian cigarettes blended by the formula of some exotic European actress just then a sensation in Hollywood. We women had stepped over, in the meantime, to Buddy Squirrel's Nut Shop and were munching an assortment of nut-goodies from Buddy's remarkable collection. As we came out of the Nut Shop, a corner store caught the attention of Annabelle Jones and she insisted on looking in. It was The Knit Shop, at 6648½, where there was a stunning display of swim suits and sweaters. I told her that it was here that many of the swim-suit styles originated, and that here suits were knitted for actresses from their own designs. The "Flying Fish" suit, I added, has its home here.

The ladies wanted to explore farther afoot, but Mr. Jones, as he joined us, called out: "No more frockies from the 'shoppies'," and we resumed our wheeled pilgrimage.

Musso-Frank's French-Italian Grill across the street caught the eye of the epicurean Mr. Jones, after he had ceased marveling at the antics of two or three automobilists who were jockeying to get into the place we had occupied at the curb. We told him Musso-Frank's was an eating place popular with the good livers of filmdom, and doubly popular for the free parking space provided in the rear for patrons.

I called Mr. Jones' attention to Otto the Tailor, at 6679, and told him that was the source of many of the stunning suits seen on the male stars of screen, and as a consequence Otto's styles were copied all over the world. Mr. Jones craned his neck interestedly, and so did his daughter, as an immaculately clad male figure, all in some sort of sum-

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mer gray, stalked majestically forth, followed by a chauffeur carrying a suit box.

"Who is that?" demanded Annabelle, excitedly. I had not recognized him, I was ashamed to say, but passed it off by replying:

"Oh, it was probably Ronald Colman, or maybe Richard Dix, or Dick Barthelmess, or John Boles."

"Oh, dear, why weren't we parked there where I could have had a close-up!" complained Mr. Guia's seat-mate. But he only remarked in an offhand manner: "Oh, shucks, those are just make-believe people. You wouldn't care for them *personally*."

Well, so we went, on and on up the Boulevard, past celebrated cosmetic shops, slipper shops, costume jewelers, cafés, until we slid into a vacant spot at the curb in front of the Outpost Arcade, where I wanted the ladies to see a shop at 6727 called simply "Extremes." They were delighted with the weird glass and china objects filling the place. When assured that the articles could all be safely packed they ordered some for Eastern friends.

At 6711 we noted Sally's Candy Shop, a well-known institution and one of the most inviting sugarplum stores in existence. Then we crossed the court of the Arcade and went into Pat Hunt's Book Shop, at 6731, opposite the Hotel Christie. We knew Mr. Jones would want to meet that firm of clever girls, Patricia herself and her partner, Sally Gallishaw. The snug little shop was full of books, old and new, for sale and for rent, and Pat and Sally delayed operations with a storeful of customers in order to visit with us. They pointed out several celebrities browsing at the shelves; you're likely to meet almost anyone at Pat Hunt's.

Continuing our stroll along the Boulevard we paused to look into the Western Art Shop, a curio store full of Indian and Californian oddities; then crossed the street for a look at the famous old Egyptian Theater—ten years is old for Hollywood—with its huge forecourt lined by shops and covered with gay sliding awnings.

"This is the theater where the 'premiere' first started in a big way under Sid Grauman's capable showmanship," I

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explained. "The laying of the cornerstone of the building was a gala affair in the days when Hollywood was just beginning to bulk large. Sir Gilbert Parker, the celebrated British novelist, was a speaker, and he delighted all by declaring proudly that he considered himself nearly a native Californian, having visited the site of Hollywood thirty-six years earlier, when it was a pristine wilderness."

"Frankly, I still can't understand it all," insisted Miss Annabelle, a bit ruefully. "I see people walking around in their shirt sleeves, hatless, leaning against telephone poles and corner buildings, talking and laughing just like townsfolk anywhere. It looks funny against the background of such fine shops, cafés, theaters and hotels. I just can't understand it."

I was on the defensive and spoke up: "Of course, at this time of day the atmosphere of the Boul is quiet and casual. But you must remember that the movie people have to work while the sun shines. Toward evening, after five o'clock, they come down here and parade a bit, and shop, and put on more dog. Yet these very people you see standing around here now in négligé sport clothes are mostly connected with the 'art' in some form or other. Much of the business of the place is conducted at these roadside meetings, so to speak, or over tables in the various cafés."

We were passing a lovely market and I stopped to point out someone to movie-mad Annabelle.

"See that jaunty young man in there, hatless, with open-necked shirt and golf knickers?"

She looked the person over eagerly. "The one poking the pork chops?" she asked, wrinkling her nose.

"Yes," I answered, and led her up to the butcher's counter. "Now listen a moment."

"Are you sure the chops are tender?" asked the young man shopper.

"Absolutely, Mr. Oakie, absolutely."

"Oakie! You don't mean Jack Oakie?" whispered Annabelle in my ear.

"Yes, but listen."

"Well, wrap them up, Bob," said the shopper. "And give me a nice fat piece of salt pork for the bean pot."

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"Yes, sir. Shall I send it, or have you your car?"

"I'm walking today, but I'll take the meat along with me. So long, Bob."

Miss Annabelle gasped as the rollicking hero of comedy drama lounged out with the pork under his arm.

"You see, it is just as I was telling you. Never can tell when the little old street is going to develop a thrilling surprise. Look at that couple just strolling by, like a couple of high-school kids."

"And holding hands, like a couple of yokels? Yes."

"Sue Carol and Nick Stuart. You see, most of these people do their own shopping. Even the subtle, mysterious Marlene Dietrich shops at these markets. That's why so many of them are all-night markets—many stars work too late to shop in the daytime. Marlene always shops after midnight with her funny German maid. She even likes to cook, too."

"Well, well, well. It's all so different from what I imagined."

"I know what you imagined. But the days of Mae Murray and her champagne baths, of Pola Negri with her white limousine and ermine robe, are largely past, and the movies are getting normal. I'm sorry to disappoint you, but it's true."

As we passed the Egyptian again my husband pointed out the Hotel Christie, and the funny little Oriental café in the basement next door, at 6728. In the big, handsome Pig 'n' Whistle close by, shoppers of all classes were beginning to crowd for luncheon, and that brought lunch to the minds of our party. But we deferred the discussion to stroll across Highland Avenue and into the Hollywood Bookshop at 6812, where the erudite O. B. Stade, proprietor, bibliophile, writer and critic, and his artist wife Marie showed us the charming place, full of gifts and art objects as well as books of all varieties from best sellers to fine bindings.

Next to the bookstore, Miss Annabelle and her mother paused to look at the shop of I. Miller, *bottier,* 6818. "It is the swankiest of booteries," I explained. "They import the beautiful Perugia slippers from Italy, and are the orig-

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inators of a distinctively Californian sandal, the 'Sevilla'.

"This is El Capitan Theater," I pointed out. "And next is the famous Barker Brothers of Hollywood. They are furnishers of most of the stars' abodes. Just look in their windows and you will understand why. Next is the Masonic Temple—and here is another Pig 'n' Whistle." I hustled them by the eating place and showed Mr. Jones a shop at 6906 famous for made-to-order shirts, then showed the ladies the establishment of Bess Sclank 6908-6910, who dresses so many of the stars, and even costumes whole pictures.

"Upstairs here at 6912 is the photographic studio of Benedict, and of Russell Romain. They make you look gorgeous even if you really look like Polly Moran. And here is a lovely shop, the Persian Art Center, rare rugs and Oriental *objets d'art.* And the French bottier—come along, Miss Annabelle!—and Garwood's Haberdashery—come along, Mr. Jones!"

Next the visitors lingered in front of the American Indian Art Shop, 6930, owned and operated by American Indians, where the famous White Bird coats are sold, as well as Navajo blankets and jewelry.

"Right here at Orange Drive is the Roosevelt Hotel, but we are not going there yet," I said. "And across the street you see Grauman's Chinese Theater, but we are not going there yet, either. We have other plans. But we are going to cross the Boulevard and stroll past the really historic old Hollywood Hotel as we return toward our car. This rambling, quaint Mission style inn with its deep verandas and encircling flower gardens was the first bid Hollywood made for itself as a tourist resort back in about 1906. It was all surrounded by orange and lemon groves then, and was a favorite winter resort for elderly or ailing people who wanted a quiet place to sun themselves. If they excited themselves at all it was by way of going down to see Paul DeLongpré's rose garden and gallery of flower paintings. Then the movies moved in, and it was 'the thing' for the real celebrities of the early silents to live at 'The Hollywood.' There romances that were heralded to the gaping world flourished and died; there famous film-folk marriages

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were made and broken. Old-timers of note still live there, clinging to the place with a sentimental affection, and tourists come and go a bit; but it is no longer so 'hot' as a fashion center, and the old place is decidedly showing signs of wear and tear. We fear that it will soon give way to a height-limit office building, for it occupies one of the most important sites in Hollywood."

We strolled through the grounds and into the old-fashioned garden in the rear, admired the wide-spreading date palms, looked into the spacious lobby, once such a center of gaiety, and rocked a moment in the deep chairs on the veranda, watching, through the tall-growing poinsettias bordering the railing, famous for their blazing blooms in November and December, the traffic flow along the Boul and the "types" gathering on the palm-shaded sidewalk to exchange prospects and disappointments.

The old hotel is on the northwest corner of the Boulevard and Highland Avenue, so that as we left it going eastward to pick up the car we immediately crossed Highland. Looking north up the latter street Mr. Jones caught sight of some of the tall new apartment houses clinging to the abrupt hillsides, and expressed amusement at some of their names.

"The Amor Arms!" he exclaimed.

"Yes, Mr. Jones, *amor* is the Spanish word for love. Giving the name to an apartment house is just another Hollywood—shall we say 'boner,' or 'touch'? Figure it out for yourself. There is another called La Toro. Now, *toro* is the Spanish word for bull, but *la* is the feminine prefix. The combination makes something that is, well, just Hollywood. Another thing typical is the Hollywood Marriage Chapel, 1927 North Highland. A place for movie folks to get married."

We met a strange figure crossing the street.

"Ah, good morning, Peter!" we called. The Joneses stopped in amazement as we stopped to chat with this old man, an odd figure in a clean white jumper and trousers that had been washed and mended times innumerable. His white hair hung to his shoulders, and his white beard framed a face from whose rosy cheeks sparkled eyes as blue

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as the sea and as lively. His bare feet were shod in open sandals, and he looked as happy as a king striding along with his staff.

"Who is that?" whispered Miss Annabelle. "Is he a movie?"

I introduced him to my party. "This is Peter the Hermit," I said, "one of the oldest and most respected residents of Hollywood, and one of the most photographed. Peter, these are friends of ours from the East."

"I thought they were," he said gravely. "I am glad to have met you." He turned to me. "Do your work well, my daughter," he said, "and love God!" With a bow he left us.

The Joneses gasped. "Isn't he the nicest, cleanest old man you ever saw!" said Mrs. Jones. "Who is he?"

"He is quite a figure in Hollywood. No one knows how long he has been here, but he lives in a simple camp up in the hills. Everyone knows and loves Peter, and he has played in many films."

We were now in front of the exclusive Embassy Club and, as we stopped, a bored flunkey in gorgeous livery stared at us. I told the Joneses what it was—a club with limited membership, where the *élite* of filmdom dined and danced.

"And quarrel," added Mr. Guia.

"Yes, it seems to me I have read of some famous *rencontres* in the Embassy, and the Montmartre, in my home-town paper," chuckled Mr. Jones.

"Brandstatter's Montmartre Café is next door, upstairs, like the Embassy. It was until recently *the* place, but—well, it may be again soon, styles change so fast on the Boulevard. Off the entrance way to the Embassy," I added, "at 6773, notice Alice Lloyd's English Confection Shop."

"Is that the Alice Lloyd of English music-hall fame?" inquired Mrs. Jones.

"Many think so, but I'm sorry to say she is not. But I don't suppose this Alice is sorry at all, because she gets along famously in her own line. Her shop is another rendezvous for the British players. Englishmen say her Eccles cakes—rich, sugar-coated currant-filled pastries—are better than those made in Eccles, England.

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"Here, below the Montmartre, is Weaver Jackson's, a famous beauty parlor where tired movie faces are massaged and movie heads shampooed, marcelled and colored."

"My face will need lifting, and so will my arches, if we don't stop somewhere soon and rest," sighed Mrs. Jones.

"And if I don't feed my stomach soon something awful will happen to it," groaned the head of the family.

So we hurriedly trailed past Embassy Modes, a swell dress shop at 6765, and Gould's, Ltd., at 6767, another men's store patronized by the movies, and found the Model A. Piling in, we discussed luncheon plans.

Mr. Jones wanted Henry's—those waitresses! The Pig 'n' Whistle looked good to Madame Jones, who was inclined to be conservative, and Annabelle was torn between a lot of places. Mr. Guia was boosting for Al Levy's, and I was rather too tired to care.

So we just cruised, trying to make up our minds. It was shortly after noon. The streets were growing pretty lively with the lunch crowds, and groups of actors could be seen at lunch counters in make-up, all ready to go to the studios for afternoon work.

Going south on Highland toward Sunset I pointed out an address here and there. "On your left, at 1666 Highland, is Max Factor's celebrated paint foundry. There he manufactures all kinds of make-up, for both the profession and the laity. A friend of mine, a European girl who had lived in Hollywood several years, wrote me from her home in Czecho-Slovakia and smeared a page with lipstick. I wondered why, until I read her wail that this was the last bit of Factor's she had left and she couldn't get any European product to equal it. Would I slip her some from Hollywood, as the Hollywood product was exorbitant in her part of the world?"

"Maybe I had better stop—" began Annabelle, but her parents said no to the idea of further delay before luncheon, so we rolled along.

"On your right," I continued, "is one of the famous Chapman's ice cream places. It's quite the thing for celebrities to buy the immense double-decker, double-flavor ice

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cream cones in the Chapman stores and walk down the Boulevard, or drive along, munching them.

"Across, covering the rest of the block to Sunset, are the buildings of the Hollywood High School. Many promising film players graduate from there into the studios, and directors keep a close watch on the talent displayed in the school dramatic productions. The study of dramatics is a great feature of the curriculum, and the plays put on in the big school auditorium are famously well done. Hollywood High is also a shining light in the athletic field.

"At 1608 is Jim the Hair Dresser. This is another beauty 'studio' frequented by the umpty-umps."

Turning east on Sunset Boulevard we made our way back in the direction of Vine, in a stream of through beach traffic and big double-decked yellow buses. My husband began to point out features he thought would be interesting, while I lapsed into silence, trying to settle on a luncheon place that would suit everybody. I heard him call attention proudly to the Hollywood Tonsil and Sinus Hospital at 6751. My first thought was that this was a foolish thing to mention—it might make these Easterners think that our climate is hard on the nose and throat; but then I realized that this institution is really an important one, an integral part of the great talking-film industry, for there the catarrhal actors from the East are prepared to meet the microphone.

Half-hidden under the great pepper trees that still line whole blocks of broad Sunset, a sign caught my eye that meant food. 'Blender's Steakery.' Such a good little place! Such luscious meats, and such quaint decorations all over the walls, and such a collection of actors' pictures. But I decided against it as perhaps a bit too offhand and Bohemian. How about the Russian Art Club and its Russian menus, at 5525 Harold Way, or Betty and Hattie's really famous little Come On Inn at 1648 Gower, a spot noted among writers and actors for good cheap food? Through my deep concentration I could hear my co-guide saying:

"That big old-fashioned house, with the deep verandas, on the south side of the street at 6700, set back behind trees and green lawns, is the Writers' Club. Every writer of any reputation is supposed to be a member, along with celebri-

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ties of allied arts, and the list of famous names is staggering. The club is particularly distinguished for the original plays produced each month. The number of professional playwrights available, and the fine casts, make these events really memorable."

"Across the street, at 6521," I announced, "is the Hollywood Athletic Club. Some of the bachelor movie stars live there, where they can swim, play tennis and handball, box and fence, and generally keep themselves in condition, without being bothered by having women fans follow them around and try to meet them. And on the other side, at 6520, is the Hollywood Chamber of Commerce."

"What a beautiful building!" exclaimed Mrs. Jones with real enthusiasm. The white Spanish-style edifice rambles around a big central patio and splashing fountain, and is entered through a Moorish archway. It certainly did look too exotic for the prosaic purposes of a Chamber of Commerce.

"In the same building," I said, "is Greer, Inc. Greer makes gowns for the absolute ultra-élite of stage and screen. Some of them come from New York to have their costumes designed here. The building also contains a beautiful tea-room off the garden, the 'Mary Helen,' said to be kept by a sister-in-law of Carrie Jacobs Bond, the song-writer."

Reaching Vine, we turned north and my hunger left me just strength enough to point out the Filmarte Theater, down Vine at 1228, where "arty" films are shown, many of the European importations; and farther down Vine, at 1334, the drive-in market owned by Jess Willard, ex-champion heavyweight. Then I had an inspiration.

"There's the Brown Derby. Let's lunch there."

"Levy's is only across the street," my husband muttered.

"Not going to Henry's?" ventured Mr. Jones.

"I'm sure the Montmartre must still be interesting," his daughter murmured.

"I'm ready to go to *any* place where they serve food!" —from Mrs. Jones.

I decided to bring pressure to bear on the front seat and settle the matter.

"Miss Annabelle," I said, in an excited half-whisper,

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leaning forward to her ear, "the Brown Derby is where Jack Gilbert and Jim Tully had their famous fight that night before all the dinner guests."

So into the Brown Derby we went, which is exactly at 1228 North Vine. Passing through the handsome black-enameled and glass-paneled lobby and leaving our impedimenta with the page, we were seated by an impressive head-waiter. After ordering, Annabelle cast her eyes about in a hunt for celebrities. There proved to be quite a group of these, and more arriving all the time at the curb in swank cars with nonchalant chauffeurs and dignified police dogs in the front seats.

Mrs. Jones was more interested in a critical inspection of the dining-room.

"Look at the odd lighting fixtures," she exclaimed.

"Yes, brown derbies. Hollywood goes in for unusual things."

"But the place isn't in the form of a derby," Mrs. Jones protested. "Their slogan is, 'Eat in the Hat.'"

"The original Brown Derby is on Wilshire," I explained, "and the building is an enormous brown derby. We shall see it when we pass that way. Henry Somneborn, formerly a husband of Gloria Swanson, is owner of the Brown Derby cafés."

When we strolled out from luncheon Mr. Jones remarked that we could not have gone hungry long in that block, and he was right, with Paul's Ship Ahoy Café at 1634, where seafood of every kind is served by jaunty waiters in the uniforms of ship's stewards, even to the caps, and the decorations are maritime; Bell's Dinner Bell, a popular "quickie" at 1640½, the Sea Food Grotto nearby, Al Levy's Tavern, and the café of the Hollywood Plaza Hotel across the street. Interspersed were examples of the loftier forms of trade, such as the Braxton Gallery, displaying rare etchings, paintings and *objets d'art,* next door to the Derby, and the Satyr Book Shop, at 1622.

Crossing Vine, we strolled through the public rooms of the Plaza, where a fine collection of paintings hangs, and into the shady palm court in the rear. Then we passed Al Levy's.

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"Wait a minute!" exclaimed Mr. Guia. "There's Al himself, and Goldie Lichtenberg. Let's go in and say hello."

Goldie Lichtenberg proved to be the locally renowned ice-sculptor, who for years has done the great images in ice that decorate the show windows of Levy's café, and he was at this moment all buttoned up in his long official rubber coat just as he had come from his refrigerated studio, superintending some flunkeys who were shoving down the aisle on a sort of trundle-wagon a big eagle with outspread wings, all in glistening ice, destined for the show window. My husband introduced us all around, making the obvious "crack", of course, that Mr. Lichtenberg ought to be Mr. Iceberg.

The short, smiling little Al Levy showed us interesting souvenirs of his career as a *restaurateur*, including the big linen napkin that hangs in a frame on the fireplace to the right as you enter the Tavern. It is a relic of the famous old café at Main and Third, in downtown Los Angeles, and dates from 1904. One night Al threw a party for the Weber and Fields Company, then playing Los Angeles, and in the wee sma' hours found himself possessed of a piece of linen bearing, in the center, a cartoon of himself, and all over the rest of it the autographs of his guests, including Lew Fields, Lillian Russell, Louis Mann, Nat D. Mann, Mrs. Peter Dailey and Gus Miller. Leaving Al's we noted the Mirror Theater, formerly the Vine Street Playhouse, and next door the antique shop of Edwin H. Clark. At 1625 Mr. Jones stepped into the bookshop of Stanley Rose.

Resorting to our automobile again we drove north on Vine, passing the Hollywood Playhouse, just after crossing the Boulevard.

"This is a legitimate theater that puts on quite famous productions with notable casts from the colony. Until recently it had a row of grand old pepper trees in front, hung at night with colored lanterns. But these have succumbed to the march of so-called progress, which so often means the sacrifice of natural charm and beauty in order to add two feet or four to the width of a street—strips of concrete in place of trees that represent a generation of growth."

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"Still, I am surprised at how beautifully full of trees Hollywood is," remarked Mr. Jones. "The varied and often exotic foliage certainly gives the place charm."

Diagonally across the street, at the southeast corner of Vine and Yucca, I pointed out the snappy modernistic new building recently erected for Jean Swartz, famous designer and importer of gowns and intimate apparel for ladies.

"Take us past Sessue Hayakawa's old castle at Argyle and Franklin," I told the driver. There stood the famous gray stucco, a sort of Scotch castle—incongruous in association with an Oriental person—where so many exotic affairs had taken place in the old days when the Japanese star was a favorite of the silent films. Surely, you wouldn't know the old place now, though Sessue himself has just come back to Hollywood and is training for the talkies. The stucco was all peeling off the Castle of Argyle, the vines were dying, the two couchant lions guarding the entrance looked dejected, and a huge sign in black and white stretched across the corner of the yellowing lawn. We read it in chorus:

THE CHURCH OF THE DIVINE SCIENCE OF JOSHUA
Branch of the
HEADSTONE OF THE CORNER

"Good Lord!" ejaculated Mr. Jones, "what is that?"

"Maybe it's a movie set," purred Miss Annabelle.

"Probably," said her mother. "But I see so many churches, some so handsome, with soaring spires. Don't tell me they are all movie sets!"

"No, indeed," I answered. "They are real, just as these people here think they have something real. There are forty-three churches in Hollywood, some with very large congregations. You must remember that the founding of the place is credited variously to two very pious gentlemen, Fray Junipero Serra and Mr. Wilcox, the Prohibitionist. Hollywood was always an exceedingly moral community."

"Until the movies came?" queried Miss Jones, hopefully.

"Always was and always will be, my dear child," I replied, firmly and loyally.

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"Sessue Hayakawa and his charming little wife, Tsuru Aoki," offered our driver, "are now living at the Ambassador Hotel on Wilshire Boulevard. I plan to take you out that way tomorrow. And by the way, another interesting Oriental personality of the screen, a friend of Sessue's, though she is a native daughter of California, is Anna May Wong. She has just returned from triumphs on stage and screen in Germany. Anna May's father is a prominent citizen of our Chinatown, in the laundry business, and the exotic little actress herself is a graduate of Los Angeles High. Since her return from Europe she has been living in the Castle Argyle Apartments up yonder at 1919 North Argyle.

We went west on Franklin over the winding curves and rolling grades of the tree-lined avenue, in some blocks arched over completely by the foliage of the pepper. When we reached Orange Drive I directed the driver to the Yamashiro Gardens, the beautiful bit of Japan landscaped on the hilltop above us. As we drove up the very steep road the guests exclaimed over the picturesque hills that rose in every direction, covered with gardens and colorful stucco villas; gardens half-concealing, half-revealing fish ponds, swimming-pools, roof gardens with gaily striped awnings, and terraces built up the sheer declivities and dotted with bright sunshades.

"Yamashiro Japanese Gardens were inaugurated by the Bernheimer brothers, a wealthy family well known in the earlier picture days of Hollywood," I told them. "The Bernheimers were great collectors of Oriental art and admirers of Japanese things. They built their home on this eminence, and the once barren hilltop was transformed into an exquisite bit of Japan under the direction of the landscape artist, A. C. Orum, and A. L. Bernheimer. Approximately $2,000,000 is said to have been spent in transforming the hilltop and furnishing the home and gardens with Oriental bronze statuary, imported pagodas, and the 30,000 trees and shrubs, many of them oddities of great age transplanted from their Asiatic soil. The gardens with their ponds, stream, waterfalls and bridges cover fifteen acres, and the house is a fourteen-room structure built around a court, with walls of cedar adorned with hand-

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carved scrolls, lacquered work and goldleaf. The fountain in the court is Korean, of bronze, and is over three hundred years old.

"The gardens are now open to the public every day from 9 A. M. to 6 P. M., and the admission fee is 25 cents. Driver, pay the gateman. I will settle with you later."

"Yes, you will," I heard him mutter as he fumbled. He successfully outfumbled Mr. Jones, who quickly produced the coin, and we swept around the beautiful drive to the front of the great, exotic-looking house. For a few minutes we admired the magnificent view over Hollywood, the hills and the seaward plain, then walked down the winding steps and paths through the lovely gardens, past great bronze bells and shrines and Buddhas and pagodas; past goldfish streams and lotus ponds and still pools where rare black swans floated as if painted on an Oriental screen.

I could have stayed here for hours; but I noticed that Annabelle's gaze was turned much of the time out over Hollywood and Beverly Hills below and that there was a far-away look in her eyes. I saw very plainly that it was incumbent upon me to get down to business and show her the homes of some of her favorite stars. So back we went down the hill to Franklin and turned into pretty Sycamore Street toward the Boulevard again.

"Some of these are movie homes, aren't they?" asked the girl as we came down to earth again.

"Oh, yes, a number of the picture people live in Hollywood proper, but we shall see more of their homes, and grander, in Beverly Hills. However, I will take you past 1930 Outpost Drive, where Dolores Del Rio lives. She is one who has not wandered so far."

We swung around to Outpost Drive. "There are three interesting places to your right," I said. "At 1765 Sycamore is the Maskers' Club, an organization of prominent men stars of the screen. And the second house south from there, 1791, is the Dominoes Club, feminine counterpart of the Maskers'.

"And the house in between?" Annabelle asked. "The W.C.T.U.?"

"Ah, no. Behind that thick hedge and lovely red gate

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dwells Mrs. Leslie Carter—surely chaperone enough to keep the Maskers and the Dominoes apart."

"Mrs. Leslie Carter!" exclaimed the old New Yorkers in one breath. Mr. Jones leaned out for a long look. "Well, well, well! And she still treads the boards?"

"Yes, indeed. You should have seen her Mother Goddam in 'The Shanghai Gesture' at the little Music Box Theater. Marvelous!"

"They tell a swell story on La Carter," offered the chauffeur, as we idled before the house. No one stopped him, so he went on talking. "It seems that at her first party in Hollywood a most upstage butler met her at the entrance. After looking her over carefully he escorted her to the reception rooms where the party was going on, and said in a ringing voice: 'Announcing America's greatest, grandest actress—Minnie Maddern Fiske!'"

"Not really!" exclaimed Mrs. Jones with an appreciative giggle.

"Yes, really. Mrs. Carter tells it on herself."

We were again on the Boulevard, and as we passed the palatial Garden Court apartments on the northeast corner I told Annabelle that she might see some actors playing tennis on the courts, as some of the stars lived there. Then I noticed an eating place we had forgotten. It was The Gotham, on the northwest corner of Sycamore and the Boulevard.

"Quite a famous place," I said for Mr. Jones' benefit. "Here you can buy or order in the café any kind of imported delicacy that is made in the universe. Caviar from the Caspian Sea; *yerba maté* from the Pampas, an ilex tea that the Gauchos drink; *pâté de foie gras* from France; a million kinds of sausages from Germany; chocolate from Holland; tea cakes and pickled walnuts from England—oh, they have everything!"

"And *blintzes* and *bortsch* and cheese cakes, and duck with wild rice," added my husband. "When Emil Jannings is in Hollywood that is his favorite hangout. They say he ran a monthly bill of almost $200 there. Other robust eaters among the players like the place, too, Joseph Schild-

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kraut among them. The interior has a decidedly Teutonic atmosphere.

"Notice the contrast with the place next door—that Italian Art Gallery, with lovely marbles in every size from miniatures to life-size; and another contrast, next to that, is the Holly-Ho Chop Suey, with its black, gold and red entrance."

There was another fine gallery close by, The Hollywood, at 7062, and a swell importer in a modernistic setting, Wershon's, at 7066. Miss Annabelle was interested to know that some of the smart riding habits she saw on the screen came from the latter. Next to that was the studio of Mojonier, one of the oldest photographers of the élite in Los Angeles still in business. Mrs. Jones was interested in the lovely Hollywood Woman's Club building at 7078, and we slowed up for her to look at it. Then we put on full steam ahead for Beverly Hills, abode *de luxe* of the stars.

"We have other celebrities here besides film stars," I said. "Did you ever hear of Cheiro?"

"Certainly," asserted Mrs. Jones. "Cheiro's Book of Palmistry, Cheiro's Book of Phrenology, Cheiro's Prophecies. Don't tell me he lives here."

"Yes, he does. That is his house there at 7415 Hollywood Boulevard. His name is Count Louis Hamon. He is an Irishman with a French title."

We turned down to Sunset again and followed it westward toward Beverly Hills. This end of Sunset has some well-known addresses, such as the Ruth St. Denis Asia Bazaar, at 8512, where Oriental fabrics seem to spill out of the shop in a flow of color, and La Bohème, that French-type cottage, at 8614, where you can eat chicken or steak and dance to good music at quite moderate cost. At 8624 the Film Fan Foto Shop caught Annabelle's eye, where pictures of every known film player may be purchased.

On an English-type cottage on a hillside off the road, numbered 9131, was a sign proclaiming "Fred Esmelton, Caterer." I explained that Fred Esmelton is a big, genial man who was, and still is, a fine English actor. But he found his knowledge of cookery to be more steadily remunerative than his histrionic ability, and he turned to

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catering, drawing large patronage to his door with such British specialties as beefsteak pie, kidney pie, chicken pie and English trifle.

Soon we were among the celebrated homes of Beverly Hills proper, a separate municipality; and Sunset broadened to include a hedge-lined bridle path in its center. On our right, winding roads led off into the hills and cañons that have become the favorite nesting places of the affluent.

At the corner of Sunset and Beverly Drive, where stands the Mission-type Beverly Hills Hotel deep behind the palms of its garden, I asked my co-guide to halt the car.

"Right here," I said, "we shall take on another pilot. There are so many homes of movie stars in this part, scattered here and there, that it is an expert's job to locate them. You see how these roads wind around in every direction, doubling and redoubling. And though we," I admitted modestly, "have been guests in some of the homes, I doubt whether we could find them all again. You know, some of the residents have little road maps on the reverse sides of their cards, the very personal cards, so that their invited guests may locate them. So I am going to turn the party over to a guide who really knows, through daily practice."

"There he is, with Dick, parked over there awaiting victims," said Mr. Guia. "Those two boys, Barton Tyler and Dick Maddox, live in Beverly Hills, and every summer for five years they have taken parties around the city. In winter they go to school—Dick to the Southwest College of Law and Barton to Yale. But they know their Beverly Hills."

We pulled up in front of the boys' car, and Barton agreed to conduct the party for a dollar. He squeezed into the front seat of our car, taking the wheel himself, and away we started. I could see that Annabelle's ears were pink with excitement.

We regarded nobility first. The Spanish mansion of the Marquise de la Falaise de la Coudray, otherwise Gloria Swanson, we saw at 904 Crescent Drive. Gloria has recently been divorced, but the house is known as "the Marquise's," anyway. Some say that she does not live here now, but at 1735 Angelo Drive. Up Crescent Drive at 906

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we were shown the home of Virginia Valli, English-cottage type. Then we circled the former home of Will Rogers, surrounded by a high wall.

"Will moved away from here to Santa Monica when he discovered that Beverly Hills was a city of the sixth class," explained Barton.

"Wasn't that rather snooty of him?" asked Miss Annabelle.

"Oh, no, Will just couldn't be snooty. You see, he was Mayor at the time, and when we became a sixth-class city, we had to have a mayor who was on the job all the time, and not flying around the country. Will used to wander around the streets in an old slouch hat, just taking a walk, and a great many hicks—sightseers, I mean—would stop him and inquire for Pickfair, the home of Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks. He pointed it out so many times that he said when he died it would be appropriate to have a statue of himself on his grave with a lifted arm pointing to Pickfair."

"Well, we are going there, aren't we?" asked Miss Annabelle.

"Oh, yes, indeed."

"Oh, look," I cried as we went down North Crescent Drive. "There is an interesting home, and not a movie home, either. There at 810 is where Don Marquis has rented a place."

"Well, he lives right next door to Patsy Ruth Miller and Tay Garnett, then," said Barton. "They are in that white house with the big red chimney at 808."

"Does anyone important live in that old house across the street, at 807?" asked Annabelle.

"Eddie Cantor. Someone asked him what type of architecture it is and he said, 'nondescript, like most of the houses here'."

The pilot pointed out Anna Q. Nilsson's little Spanish house, rather Latin for a Swedish star, with its Moorish awnings and red tile roof. This was at 620 Crescent Drive, and across the street, at 615, we identified Owen Moore's red brick English-type house. We—that is, the Guias—recognized the home of Rob Wagner at 608 North Crescent.

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Rob, while not a movie actor, is intimately associated with the ins and outs of movie society as editor of the nationally known *Beverly Hills Script*, a frank little journal with a waspish sting. Paul Muni, the European actor, lives at 202 North Crescent, we learned.

At 602 Cañon Drive, corner of Carmelita, we saw a pleasing Spanish-Colonial house with those simple, straight lines that make this type so normal and restful when set in tropical greenery.

"That is Ben Turpin's," announced Pilot Barton.

"Why, there's nothing cockeyed about it," commented Miss Jones, so naïvely that our young cicerone was convulsed with laughter and got out his anecdotes book to jot it down so that the line would not be lost to future generations of tourists.

At 523 Beverly Drive was one of the loveliest of the homes, a perfect example of the Monterey type, where Lita Grey Chaplin lives with her two little boys. Passing this we were soon at the corner of Rodeo Drive, and saw, at 602 Rodeo, the dignified English home of Jean Hersholt, the great Danish character-actor.

"In that house Mr. Hersholt has one of the finest private collections of first editions in existence," said Barton to Mr. Jones, whose identity as the publisher he had learned. "And at 732 Rodeo Drive, just ahead of us, is the beautiful Mexican *hacienda* type of home belonging to the pretty *actriz* from the land of Montezuma, Lupe Velez."

All craned their necks excitedly, and lo and behold, if we didn't get a sight of the cute thing just tripping out in some sort of ravishing Spanish-American costume and being handed into her sedan by her dark-skinned chauffeur.

"Now, around to Bedford Drive," said Barton, swinging the car at the next corner. "Right there where you see the two dogs and the flivver at the curb, No. 718 North Bedford, is where Stan Laurel lives."

"And I suppose Oliver Hardy lives next door?" queried Miss Annabelle.

"Nope. He lives 'way over at 621 Alta Drive, and his neighbors are none other than Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg, who are nearby at 604 Arden, as well as Carmel

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Myers at 621, and William Boyd at 525. But Stan Laurel has a jolly neighbor across the street in that great big red brick house, with the rose trees leading up to the entrance. Who do you suppose lives there?"

"Tell me, I can't bear it!" gasped the girl.

"Marie Dressler!"

"Oh, bless her old heart! How I'd love to meet her."

"You might at that, she's very meety—I mean meetable. But we must go on. Here's Buddy Rogers' place—the one with the three flivvers parked in the driveway—606 North Bedford Drive. Now we'll go around this way to Camden. That rather plain, colorless house at 526 Camden, on the corner, was the home of Lew Cody and Mabel Normand. It was auctioned off some time ago to settle her estate, and I don't know who owns it now. By the way," said Barton turning around to us, "I must warn you that the houses I have pointed out are the residences *today* of the people I have mentioned. Tomorrow they may not be, for the stars have a sudden way of changing their residences, their jobs, and their husbands."

Swinging around onto Santa Monica Boulevard at Bedford Drive we paused in front of the pretty Mission-like Church of the Good Shepherd, the church from which Rudolph Valentino was buried and which is attended by practically all the Catholic members of the colony.

"Santa Monica Boulevard," observed Mr. Guia, "is a part of U. S. Highway 66, a continuation of the old Santa Fé Trail that ended in Los Angeles, now known as the 'Ocean to Ocean Highway.' Valentino's obsequies were performed here, and he is entombed in Hollywood Cemetery, on this same transcontinental thoroughfare, often spoken of as the 'Main Street of America.' Rather fitting, isn't it, that America's greatest screen idol should lie beside it?"

I got the impression that our professional guide didn't relish having his thunder stolen by one of his victims, preferring like all guides to do the talking himself, so I eased the ensuing silence by saying, cheerily: "Well, take us around by Clara Bow's house now."

So we drove around and stared at the rambling one-story stucco at 512 North Bedford Drive.

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"Well, it has a red roof, just like the flaming Clara," observed Annabelle, apparently pleased that it bore more resemblance to its owner than did Ben Turpin's house. "And whew! notice the orange and black trimmings and the orange-and-black-striped garage door!"

"I'll take you to a funny place," said the young Barton, steering to 516 Waldon Drive. "This is known as the Witch House, and was moved over here bodily from Culver City. Look at those steep, peaked gables, the moat in front and the well behind, the higgledy-piggledy fence. It belongs to Ward Lascelle."

"Ugh! And it's so dark! It looks like a haunted house."

"It isn't half so haunted as some of these gay Spanish and cheerful English cottages you have seen," replied Barton, turning into Linden. "For instance, here is Lon Chaney's former home, at 604 Linden. Look at those small leaded panes, and that drooping maple tree. Don't tell me some of Lon's famous faces don't haunt that place!"

"Here is another drooping tree that almost hides a house, at 718 Linden. But what a cheerful yellow door, and what a gorgeous blue vase!" observed Mrs. Jones.

"Ah, that is the very domestic establishment of that screen chicken-chaser Sergeant Quirk, or, I should say, Edmund Lowe, and his actress wife, Lilyan Tashman. He does his chasing only on the screen, believe me. Now we'll go over here on Roxbury, where Lionel Barrymore lives in the white-and-blue-trimmed Mediterranean house at 802."

On the way to Lionel Barrymore's the young man showed us Lois Wilson's pretty home at 711 North Roxbury, and then, after our look at Lionel's abode, where his sister Ethel was just then being entertained while playing at the Biltmore Theater in Los Angeles, the guide said: "And surely, here is another place you want to see."

Whereupon we drove up to a large square modernistic house at 822 North Roxbury Drive. It had dashes of silver around the door and very cubistic awnings over the porches. Its principal color was pink.

"This did belong to Charley Mack, of the team of Murray and Mack, the 'Two Black Crows'."

"But now it belongs to Marlene Dietrich!" I exclaimed.

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"See, there is her blue Rolls-Royce roadster parked in the driveway."

By this time Miss Annabelle was dumb as an oyster. She couldn't even breathe "marvelous!" any more. But she did manage a gasp when Barton pointed out the lovely white house of Constance Bennett across the street, at 903 North Roxbury, with its interesting orange and green shutters. At 907 is the house of Dick Barthelmess, a rather sombre adobe-colored house, and a little farther along, at 921, we saw Wallace Beery's brown and white setter dog in front of his white stucco house at 921.

We swung back to Sunset, and stared with wonder at Marion Davies' huge establishment, rising from a little orange grove that fills the space between Sunset Boulevard and Beverly Drive, above the Beverly Hills Hotel. The address is 1700 Lexington Road. At 503 Sunset stands Pauline Frederick's lovely home.

Up the hill above the Davies place, Buster Keaton's magnificent white palace rises, at 1004 Hartford Way, with white steps leading to a beautiful swimming-pool. And above that is the estate of Tom Mix, at 1010 Summit Drive. Its tennis court, bordered with Roman pylons, caught the Joneses' attention. Barton leaned out and looked up at the flagpole, surmounted by a pony-weathervane.

"Tom isn't home," he said. "If he were, the flag would be flying."

"Just like the White House, or Buckingham Palace," commented Mr. Jones.

"And here is Charlie Chaplin's house, at Cove Way and Summit."

"Oh, what a dreary, colorless house for a famous comedian!" said Mrs. Jones. "It looks positively forbidding."

"Yes," said Barton, "it's quite a contrast to the cheerful modest Pickfair we are approaching now at the head of Cove Way."

"Is this it?" inquired Miss Annabelle, in hushed tones, as we wound up the steep hill. She looked at the large but simple stucco and beamed house, surrounded by a lovely lawn, dark pine trees and flowers, with a swimming-pool at the foot of the lawn.

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"Why, it's lovely, and not ostentatious at all!" she said. "It's so homey. And is this the garage? Yes? Oh, look the men are washing a car."

Barton winked at me through the rear vision mirror. "Yes," he said wearily, "they are actually washing Douglas Fairbanks' actual Rolls Royce. All the hicks—I mean interested Eastern visitors—get a kick out of that."

Cove Road circles Pickfair, and as we followed its curves to the other side of the estate we noticed the vegetable gardens and the hot-houses.

"Just a nice, comfortable estate," said Mrs. Jones appreciatively.

"Indeed it is. Such as anybody might be proud of," added Mr. Jones.

"Oh, it's hardly an 'estate' compared with some we are going to see," said Barton, turning the Model A down the hill. "Look out!" he called as a stout elderly figure crossed in front of us. "Don't you see who that is? That's Burr MacIntosh." We waved our hands. MacIntosh, that old actor, writer and philosopher, waved back and went on his way, all unconscious of the thrills his appearance had caused.

"Now this," went on Barton, turning down Benedict Cañon Road, "is a real estate. Not just real estate, but *a* real estate. This belongs to Harold Lloyd and his wife, the former Mildred Davis—1225 Benedict Cañon Road."

There it spread, behind a wall that didn't conceal it. Forests, waterfalls, swimming-pool and a beautiful house crowning it all, high above the trees. "See that stretch of green?" My husband spoke to Mr. Jones. "That is part of Harold Lloyd's private golf links. It's not a miniature course, either."

"Ah-h-h!" sighed Mr. Jones, smacking his lips. "I believe I'd give up the publishing business and hang by my eyebrows from thirty-story buildings if I could have a private course like that!"

"And a swimming-pool, too," said his daughter.

"Do you know there are over two hundred private swimming-pools in Hollywood and Beverly Hills?" asked Barton, driving us by the great gates of the Lloyd estate.

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"Oh, look!" I cried. "Mrs. Harold Lloyd has ants!"

"What *do* you mean?" asked my husband in alarm.

"See that little truck parked there, where those men are going into the grounds? It says 'The Ant Control Company.' Well, it does me good to know that an estate that cost over three million dollars has ants in it just like my six rooms, bath and breakfast nook!"

"Perhaps this place has, too," said Barton, driving up Benedict Cañon Road to the next estate. "Perhaps Harold Lloyd's ants crawl over the fence and mingle with the ants on Carl Laemmle's estate, *Dias Dorados*—Golden Days, that means."

"Happy days are here again!" caroled Miss Annabelle. "Oh, look!" There beside the gate to the Laemmle estate stood a little figure that looked like a stumpy Mexican with a serape over his shoulder and a big sombrero on his head.

"No, he isn't real," said the pilot, "but he is a good imitation, at least at night. I've seen happy home-going guests from the places up the hill stop and try to make him talk. But he never has."

"He's just wooden," I explained. "Some people say he is Carl Laemmle's confidential advisor."

Our Easterners were busy looking up the hill at several apparently inaccessible houses.

"One of those is the Falcon's Nest, Rudolph Valentino's old home, now owned by Harry Carey." He indicated a gleaming red-roofed villa clinging perilously to the cliffs on Bella Drive. "The one not far away, on Tower Road, is Jack Gilbert's. The other one, with all the overhanging balconies, is John Barrymore's. The number is 6 Tower Road. The one just below the water tank, I mean. John Boles lives 'way up at 2265 Cañon Drive."

"May I see Corinne Griffith's house?" pleaded Annabelle.

So we drove over to 912 Rexford and looked at the beautiful Mediterranean-type home in its tropical garden. Unfortunately, we could not see through into the bathroom, with its solid gold fittings and its orchid taffeta upholstery. Then we drove to the English-type Tibbett mansion at 953 North Rexford.

"Lawrence Tibbett," said Mr. Guia, "is one of our native

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sons who have made good. Another is Edmund Lowe, whose house we passed awhile ago. Now, Mr. Jones, what other movie home would *you* like especially to see?"

The publisher hesitated a moment, then said with a slightly embarrassed laugh; "Well, I would like to see Theda Bara's house. You know, I can remember back to those vampire pictures."

So our Beverly pilot drove around to the Charles Brabin address, 632 North Alpine Drive.

"And please go by the house of those nice Jimmy Gleasons," I suggested.

Soon we saw the funny little iron figures representing the Gleasons—James, Lucile, and Jimmy, Jr.—standing outside the front entrance at 807 North Alpine. Then, as we stopped before the Brabin place (Brabin being Theda Bara's married name), Mr. Jones' eager look faded to one of disappointment.

"In excellent taste, isn't it?" I asked, trying to sound his mood.

"Yes, it is, I'm sorry to say," he smiled. "You know, I believe I feel a little as my daughter felt about Ben Turpin's house. She was disappointed that it wasn't cockeyed, and I'm disappointed that Theda Bara's isn't bizarre—you know, shocking."

The question now arose whether we should go on seeing movie homes up and down the scenic drives of Beverly Hills, or mind the time and return to Hollywood for tea somewhere along the Boul. Annabelle Jones was torn between the alternatives, but the majority voted finally for the tea. We dropped our pilot at his business corner and he recommended himself with the usual "I hope you'll send your friends around."

"Now for a refreshing cup of tea at the Hotel Roosevelt roof garden," I suggested.

Parking on the Boulevard as near as we could get to the Roosevelt, we were in another nest of attractive "shoppes" of all sorts, the block being that between Sycamore and Orange Drive. I walked ahead with Mr. Jones and tried to keep him entertained so that he would not get worked up again over the "frockies." He brightened up at the sight

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of a bookstore, Patton's, at 7032 Hollywood Boulevard, and at 7030—we were going east now, with the door numbers diminishing—he stopped interestedly before the windows signed "Robertson, Canine Specialist."

"Here the women of Hollywood get their pets and pet food," I said, as Mrs. and Miss Jones joined us and stood looking in at the fancy collars, harnesses, dog statuary and paintings, silver prize cups, and the foods and remedies for patrician poodles, and pugs. "Notice those grand cars parked in front?" I added. "See the little faces at the windows of the limousines, some wan and worried, others pert and nonchalant, as their owners arrive at Robertson's to consult about their health and morals. Listen!"

There was a yapping from the limousines and a yipping from the specialist's shop as we walked on toward other shops. We women lingered before Rose Schwartzman's Vanity Shop, 7018, whose gowns and hats are famous, and looked at more of these in the Roosevelt Gown Shop, 7012; while the men strolled on to see the London Pipe Shop, 7010, and the fancy shirtings in the shirt-tailoring shop of Machin, 7008. In among these "shoppes", at 7014, still in the hotel building, was the luxurious ground-floor studio of Melbourne Spurr, photographer to many of filmdom's élite.

Then we entered the cool lobby of the Roosevelt, keeping an eye out to right and to left for celebrities, and ascended in the elevator to the roof garden to enjoy tea and the soft refreshing trade-winds off the Pacific.

I was telling our guests about the gorgeous Gold Room downstairs, where, on certain designated nights of the week, dinner dances with lively programs are given, alternately for the young collegiate set and for the motion picture "stardom" set, when Miss Jones asked me: "Why are you keeping us from the Chinese Theater? I want to see it close up."

"I don't know whether I can stand a closeup of it," smiled her father. "Looks something like a monstrosity to me. Didn't I hear that they shot the architect recently?"

"It is generally considered a famous adornment to Hollywood," spoke up Mr. Guia, and he fished an envelope from

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his packet. "Here," he said proudly, "are the reasons—four of them—why we have not taken you to a closeup of the 'Chinese' yet. These are tickets for the premiere, tonight, of what promises to be one of the big pictures of the year. Maybe you think tickets to a world premiere at Grauman's Chinese are easy to get! Huh, down at Gittelson's Ticket Agency, 6770 Hollywood Boulevard, the best place to order tickets, they told me—"

But Annabelle interrupted him—"Oh, I just can't believe we are to have such luck!"

"I take it all back!" apologized Mr. Jones. "Under such circumstances I shall delight in a closeup of the 'Chinese.'" Mrs. Jones was almost as excited as her daughter.

"Now then," went on Mr. Jones, "I want you all to dine with me somewhere here in Hollywood."

It was a tempting invitation, but I explained that we ought to dress for the premiere and that Mr. Guia and I would have to hurry home to get ready.

"Then don't bother to take us clear downtown to our hotel. I would just love to ride on the top of one of those yellow busses."

"Of course, that will be an experience," I said. "In that way you will see some things we missed. For instance, the site of the first motion picture studio in Hollywood, at Sunset and Vine. The first interiors were made in the old Blondeau barn on that corner, by the Horsley brothers of New Jersey. Then Jesse L. Lasky and his associates bought the corner, along with additional land running several blocks eastward from Vine. Here they built the first real studio in Hollywood proper. Recently most of the old buildings were torn down when the Lasky organization, Paramount, moved to the splendid new studios on Marathon at Melrose. On one part of the lot—numbered, I believe, 1560 Vine—next to the Otto K. Olesen electrical supply house, you will see a part of the original building that was devoted to stars' dressing-rooms. In fact, it is an annex of the Olesen Building, and the rooms are rented out as studios to writers and artists. It is quite a warren of these queer people, and the corridors are named after stars who once traversed them on the way to put on their make-up. For

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instance, I have a friend whose studio is in Gloria Swanson Alley, and another who had Dustin Farnum's old dressing-room on the alley of the same name.

"Farther east on Sunset, at 5600, near the old Fox studios at Western, are the studios of Fanchon & Marco, where all those big prologue and stage review ideas have their origin. Look for it on the south side of Sunset."

"Will we pass the Pilgrimage Play?" asked Mrs. Jones. "They say that is a unique spot."

"No, the Pilgrimage Play Theater is out on Highland near the junction with Cahuenga, almost opposite the entrance to the Bowl. It is indeed a unique and beautiful spot, a natural amphitheater in the hills into which the charming Greek-type theater, newly rebuilt and improved this year, is fitted. The stage is not a stage in the sense of being an artificial structure, but is the natural higher end of the little cañon, and the backdrop is the towering hillside, overgrown with shrubs and cactus. It is a practical backdrop, up and down which the actors come and go, on foot or on donkeys, as naturally as if the audience were actually looking at a bit of the Palestine of our Saviour. It has been a feature of the Hollywood summer season for eleven years, starting the first week in July and playing until the end of August, Sundays excepted. The sacred subject with which the play deals is beautifully and reverently treated, with a cast of one hundred people and the part of the *Christus* is always taken by some distinguished actor. This year it is Ian MacLaren. The Pilgrimage Play was written and first produced by Christine Wetherell Stevenson. The production is now sponsored by a non-commercial association of citizens. The Hollywood Bowl, a much greater natural amphitheater in the hills on the opposite side of Cahuenga Cañon is the scene of the famous 'Symphonies under the Stars,' during July and August. Here come great directors, like Walter Damrosch and Pierre Monteux, from the musical centers of the world to lead the Los Angeles Symphony Orchestra. Masterly musical programs are rendered in the impressive quiet of a great circular cañon, where 20,000 people may sit listening, amid the sweet warm odors of mountain sage and sumach, the

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blue-tinged California night sky overhead, the billowy shadows of the hills completely 'round about, and the crickets and the nightbirds audibly interpolating their own musical witchery in the moments when the human musicians are playing softly. We had first planned to end your Hollywood day there, but remembered that there is no performance on Wednesday nights, only on Tuesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday nights."

"Oh, by all means we must come back over here some night for a Bowl concert," insisted Mrs. Jones.

"Very well, we shall bear it in mind," I answered. "Now then, here we are on Sunset once more. You can board any double-decker bound toward the city and it will land you at Pershing Square."

"We will return in a taxi and meet you in the lobby of the Roosevelt in time for the show," said Mr. Jones.

"Remember to start early," urged Mr. Guia, "for the traffic jam on the Boul is terrific the night of a premiere. So long!"

When we hailed the Joneses in front of the Roosevelt that evening, they had paused, after leaving their taxi, to press their noses against the plateglass windows of Chryson's smart shop in the hotel building, on the Orange Drive corner, stationers, engravers and dealers in gift jewelry. The glazed black, white and yellow tiles of the Chryson façade reflected the red, gold and black gleams of the flood-lighted 'Chinese,' and the block was simply drenched in white light in which a jam of traffic, vehicular and pedestrian, struggled toward the theater.

We had buried the Model A in a parking lot blocks away and slipped through on foot, and now we undertook to guide the Joneses across the Boulevard toward the theater entrance, plunging into an eager, well-dressed throng. The stars were arriving in their big cars, parties of them in the smartest turnouts, wraps of shining metal cloth and fur, gorgeous flowered shawls, and rich fabrics in black, white and all the colors of the rainbow. The men, when they had on hats at all, wore opera hats, and all the women wore flowers; camelias, gardenias, rosebuds. There

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were shoals of flowers on their shoulders and at their bosoms and waists. Miss Annabelle fairly gasped at the display.

As car after car rolled up a loud speaker in the forecourt announced the arrivals by name, and the throng of sightseers, roped off from the entrance and from the curb in front, surged forward and yelled for their favorites. Some broke through the police barrier and surged around the big cars edging up to the entrance, peering in at the windows.

We manoeuvered our way into the great open forecourt, unnoticed and unheralded, and stood back under the shadows of the tall palms, where gay-plumaged macaws shrieked in excitement, and watched the stars descend from their palanquins, like royalty of old, bowing and smiling to their subjects. The announcer would say in a jolly, surprised voice—every word was being broadcast over the nation, of course—"Well, well, here's a pleasure indeed, folks! Here's a treat for you, the beautiful Miss Vera Verla. Won't you be kind enough, Miss Vera Verla, to step up here and say a few words to the folks?" And the beautiful Miss Verla, who had no idea that she was going to be noticed at all and was trying to slip in unbeknownst, timidly steps into the plateglass booth in the center of the forecourt, where stands the master of ceremonies—Lew Cody or Conrad Nagel or some other past master of the art of "putting over" a first night—flanked by a microphone and talkie cameras.

"My, but I'm excited!" squealed Annabelle Jones. "Listen, let's hear what these wonderful people say."

"Hello, everybody!" blares a self-confident voice from the glass booth. "I'm so happy to be here, and I know I'm just going to LOVE So-and-So in 'Hot Hearts.' G'bye, folks."

"Oh, isn't that marvelous!" exclaimed Annabelle. "There's another one. Listen!"

"Hello, everybody! I'm so happy to be here, and I know I'm just going to LOVE So-and-So in 'Hot Hearts.' G'by!"

We tried to tear Miss Annabelle away to view some other sights, but just then another radiant star stepped before the

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mike. The cameras ground. Out in the night tens of thousands of radio and film fans, scattered over the nation, flopped their ears closer toward their receiving sets as they waited in breathless excitement for another great pronouncement.

"Hello, everybody! I'm so happy to be here this evening. I know I'm just going to LOVE So-and-So in 'Hot Hearts.' Thank you!" The falling inflection on the "you" and the musical way in which it trailed off were perfectly fascinating.

"Well, let's edge along." exclaimed Mr. Guia impatiently.

"Just a minute!" breathed Annabelle.

"Hello, everybody! I'm so happy to be—"

"Aw, come on!" my husband insisted. "Look here, Miss Annabelle, I want to show you the footprints of famous stars, and the imprints of their hands, made in the paving of the court when it was soft."

So we edged around among feet and legs to see what we could of the famous "autographs" immortally inscribed in the cement of the forecourt. Miss Annabelle excitedly slipped her foot into the footprints, and sometimes even bent down and placed her hands in the handprints, of Norma Talmadge, Mary Pickford, Constance Talmadge, Marion Davies, Bebe Daniels, Janet Gaynor, Pola Negri, Ann Harding, Gloria Swanson, Colleen Moore, Joan Crawford and Norma Shearer.

Mrs. Jones was strangely thrilled to see Tom Mix's handprints and footprints alongside the hoofprints of Tom's horse, Tony.

"And here are Bill Hart's prints, and Douglas Fairbanks', and Raoul Walsh's," exclaimed Mr. Jones, yielding to the excitement of the hunt along the floor.

"Yes, and look here. It says, 'America's Newest Sweethearts, Marie Dressler and Wallace Beery'!" cried Annabelle.

"That's the latest addition," I said. "They recently relaid a square in the pavement so as to register 'Min and Bill' on the tablets of the Judgment Book."

Again there was great excitement around the entrance; a wild cheer went up and the crowd surged dangerously.

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We fought our way to where we could see the riot, and hung on the words of the master of ceremonies. Ah, another exquisite Miss So-and-So was arriving, leaning on the arm of her director, who patted her hand to allay her emotion as the acclaim all but overcame her. The gentleman in plateglass pleaded with her to step to the microphone, and with the permission of her director she did so. The cameras ground. The radio world hung expectant.

"Listen!" breathed Miss Jones.

"Hello, everybody! I'm so happy to be here, and I DO hope you're just going to LOVE 'Hot Hearts.' G'night!"

"Ah, this one is big-hearted," observed Mr. Jones. "She hopes *we* are going to enjoy the picture."

"Come on," insisted Mr. Guia again, and we made our way into the theater.

The Joneses stared at the bizarre glories of the foyer as their feet sank in the luxurious carpets. Attendants in gorgeous mandarin robes were directing the crowds here and there, and over everything drifted the sound of music, the odor of incense. The men parted from us at the men's lounge, and we went into the women's parlors. Annabelle and I were so busy fixing our faces that Mrs. Jones got bored and left us, saying she would enjoy standing in the foyer and waiting for the men. When Annabelle and I joined her, she was standing with a chagrined air beside a tall yellow man in full Chinese regalia.

"Look," she gasped, "isn't that Douglas Fairbanks over there in his gaucho costume? And you didn't tell me Colonel Lindbergh was to be here! That is surely he in the aviator costume. I've asked this heathen ten times to tell me who they are, and all he does is stare. I'm afraid of him. Let's get away from here!"

I couldn't help laughing. "Oh, Mrs. Jones! That Chinaman you were speaking to is just a dummy! And the figures of Douglas Fairbanks and of Lindbergh are just dummies, too."

She was astonished. "*Don't* tell me that all those stars we saw coming into the theater and saying, 'Hello, everybody,' are dummies too?"

"Who knows?" I answered.

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Just then the men reappeared and said they thought we ought to get seated. As we settled back in our chairs Miss Annabelle sighed: "I really AM so happy to be here tonight, and I know I'm going to just LOVE So-and-So in 'Hot Hearts.'"

She wasn't joking, either; she was just under the spell—that's all.

Well, "Hot Hearts" was another picture, but we elders enjoyed the Grauman prologue, which was a splendid stage show, and got a lot of fun out of the master of ceremonies. For there were further introductions, and further intimate greetings were delivered by players. The visiting back and forth of celebrated actors and actresses in the audience was most interesting. These premieres are great moments in the social life of Hollywood, and it is a tactical error for the professional not to be seen there hobnobbing with the top-notchers.

Between prologue and feature there is an intermission, and we took advantage of it to do more strolling around the really fascinating court, watching the plumage of the macaws gleam, and listening to the cascade tumbling down the east wall. The sky was still swept by the beams of powerful searchlights operated from all around the building, and the good-looking audience was astir again. Mr. Jones was interested in a tobacconist's shop opening off the court, and we went into the place, known as Lickter's.

"It is an interesting store," said Mr. Guia. "Many of the stars, both men and women, have their monogrammed cigarettes made to order here. And there are several brands of fancy packs that go out from here to the smart tobacco shops of the world. See that man over there at the table in the window, rolling tiny cigarettes? They are a special brand that are packed in cunning little fancy boxes marked 'A Puff From Hollywood,' and are favorite souvenirs among the tourists. I'm going to make you a present of a box, Miss Jones." And with a gallant gesture he bought her a little box of "Puffs," to the evident disapproval of her mother. A deep-toned Chinese gong warned us that the performance was about to be resumed, so we returned to our seats, brushing shoulders with world-famous So-and-

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So's while threading our way—and even knowing one here and there well enough to thrill Miss Jones with an introduction.

It was midnight when we came out, and the Boul was as bright and gay as ever. The calling of auto numbers, the honking of auto horns, the clanging of streetcar bells, and the calls from the crowd waiting to see the stars set for the night made a stimulating clamor, which the mike was still faithfully recording.

"Well, now," said Mr. Jones, breezily, "how about a little supper?"

Mrs. Jones looked dubious. "It's getting pretty late, Thornton, and there's a lot to do tomorrow, isn't there, Mrs. Guia?"

"We thought we would do the Santa Monica Bay beaches tomorrow. We ought to get a good early start."

"Do any of the motion picture people live along the beaches?" asked Annabelle, who had shadows under her blue eyes and was tottering with fatigue and excitement.

"Yes, lots of them. Greta Garbo and—"

"Oh, goody, that's what we will do then!" she exclaimed with finality. "Of course, I'd like to go to one of these gay places to supper, but if I don't get Mother home to bed she may not want to start out tomorrow. How about it, Dad?"

Mr. Jones looked wistful but shrugged his shoulders resignedly. "I did rather want to go to Henry's," he said, "but of course we mustn't overdo this sort of thing."

"Never mind, Mr. Jones," spoke up Mr. Guia," tomorrow the bathing beauties will make you forget that you missed Henry's waitresses."

Miss Annabelle turned to both of us and gave us each a hand. "It's all been marvelous!" she exclaimed, with what remaining strength she could muster. "I'm in such a daze that I don't know whether what I've seen is all just a movie set, or whether the people are dummies walking around. If this is Hollywood, it must be real, and if it's real it can't be Hollywood. I can't figure it all out."

"No one else can," I answered. "Probably the only one who really knows the answer to Hollywood is—"

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"Is who?" she queried eagerly as she climbed into the taxi her father had summoned.

"—is Carl Laemmle's confidential advisor!" I called as she drove away.

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THURSDAY

"*UNMISTAKABLY*," remarked my Missus as she stepped out on the terrace early the next morning, "unmistakably—absolutely—certainly, it's going to be a hot day!"

Well, I had known that myself when I had been waked at daylight by the mocking-bird's whistling, singing and quarreling through the *encinal* around our hillside cabin. They like to get their daily stint of noise over with in a hurry before the heat of the day comes to hush them.

"Yes, hotter than Tophet," she went on. "We shall have to get started early—you know I simply can't stand a hot day."

"That's just another disadvantage of not being a native," I retorted as I got up to dress. "But see here, we're not going to acknowledge to these New Yorkers that it's hot today. Remember, my dear—it is *never* uncomfortably hot in Los Angeles."

"Officially speaking," she agreed, "it is not; just as in Alaska, where I came from, it is never uncomfortably cold—officially speaking."

I went off to telephone the Joneses that we should be getting down from our mountain fastness *muy pronto*. Then the two of us began to discuss our route for the day—a discussion that took us all the way downtown. It had already been agreed that Thursday should be dedicated to picture studios of Culver City and through the night-club zone to Venice and Ocean Park? Or via Pico Boulevard,

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or Venice Boulevard, or Wilshire—or how? I stood out for the roadhouse route direct to Venice and its Coney Island whoopee, with movie lots to be seen on the way. But the Missus argued that this was a forlorn-looking route by day, all the joints showing tawdry and deserted under the merciless sunlight, *and the studios being closed to visitors anyway*; and she held out for Wilshire Boulevard.

"It's so beautiful," she urged, "with that noble approach to the ocean through the gardens of Santa Monica and lovely Palisades Park."

"Oh, when you invoke the beauties of Nature," I shot back, "you really mean the Wilshire shops!"

"Well, what'll you bet that the Joneses won't ask to see Wilshire the minute we reach the hotel?" she challenged.

And sure enough, the first thing Mrs. Jones said when our party got together that morning was: "Where is this Wilshire Boulevard I've heard about? Annabelle is determined to buy something in a certain shop on that avenue that a friend raved about when she came back from California."

"We were intending to take you right out that way,"I spoke up, avoiding my wife's eye. "It's the best way to go to the beach."

I headed out Seventh Street, getting through the traffic as fast as I dared so that the ladies would not be enticed by the interesting shops that dot this street even beyond Westlake Park. They did notice, at 917 West Seventh, the Mexican Arts and Crafts Shop, where, Mrs. Guia told them, people who do not care to go to the Mexican end of town can pick up interesting curios; and at 1256 the large modern Mayfair Hotel was pointed out.

"The Rainbow Isle of the Mayfair is frequently the scene of gala social events, and was for a while much in vogue with the movie set," Mrs. Guia explained. "It is a bizarre ballroom, with rainbow glass dancing floor and unbelievably futuristic effects in glass and crystal decorations."

The great white building towering on the hill to the right was the Good Samaritan Hospital, we said, occupying the grounds formerly devoted to the homes of two wealthy old-time families, the Johnsons and the Shattos. "Shattos once

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owned Catalina Island," I added; "and by the way, right near that hospital, at the corner of Shatto Place and Lucas Street, is a little restaurant that many of us think is as enjoyable as anything of its kind in Los Angeles. It is called Emile's Château and is housed in the somewhat château-like building that was once the stable of the old Shatto home. Quaintly Bohemian in atmosphere and furnishings and serving good food very moderately, it is a cozy spot. Especially to be recommended is a table amid the greenery of the walled garden in the rear, or out under a colored umbrella on the lawn."

At the corner of Union my wife pointed out one of her favorite institutions, a store that seems to represent an ideal to all local housewives. This was Young's Market, occupying a distinctive four-story granite building. It is called the finest grocery store on the Pacific Coast and enjoys the trade of the "Four Hundred."

"Over there is a place that always gives my husband a great kick," she laughed, pointing to the Merry-Go-Round Café, 1901 West Seventh. "You go in, pay 50 cents, order a meat course from a waiter, then sit down in front of a revolving showcase full of all sorts of food and eat all you can. Just keeping right on grabbing this and that, as long as you can last. Your four-bits covers it all, and the attendant will bring you as much coffee as you want. There are several of these places."

By this time we were at Westlake Park and I drew up to the curb near the Seventh and Alvarado entrance.

"What a pretty spot!" exclaimed Annabelle. "I should like to be out on the lake in one of those canoes, paddling along the bank in the shade of the palms." The little lake did look mighty pretty, with canoes, rowboats and outboard motor-craft skimming the surface, and the green lawns sloping down from under Canary Island date palms, banana clumps and red-blossomed hibiscus hedges. Children from surrounding apartment houses, accompanied by mothers or nurses, rolled on the grass or fed the ducks and swans at the water's edge, and at one end of the lake a boy's toy sailboat regatta was in progress.

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"We came out Seventh Street," I explained, "because Wilshire is narrow and uninteresting as far west as Alvarado. Here the park lies across its course. West of the park, at Park View Street, the true boulevard—often spoken of as the Fifth Avenue of the West—stretches its broad length to the sea, eight traffic lanes wide. The work of extending the boulevard from its eastern terminus at Grand Avenue straight through the heart of the downtown district is now in progress, and the existing narrow portion will be widened. Plans are in preparation for an ornate arched bridge on which the great thoroughfare will be carried across Westlake Park. The bridge design was drawn by Lincoln Rogers of New York. At present the park is best reached by the R, S or H yellow or green cars west on Seventh, and the D Line starting west on Fifth and passing the park on Sixth; or by the Wilshire bus, which comes out Eighth."

"Not a natural lake, is it?" asked Mr. Jones.

"No, this is a man-made beauty spot replacing an ugly gash in the earth once known as the Arroyo de los Reyes. In early times the old Camino—in fact, the true Camino Real, despite modern markers along Sunset Boulevard—wound around the lower end of this arroyo and then headed off across Rancho la Brea for the Cahuenga Pass back of Hollywood. A branch ran over to the *brea* or asphaltum pits, which we shall soon visit. In later years this became a fashionable residence area. Now it is given over largely to apartment houses and family hotels, though many fine old homes are still maintained. The lake is a favorite place for night water carnivals and moonlight canoeing parties. With the orchestra barge floating in mid-lake festooned with gay lanterns, and the illuminated flotillas skimming about, it is a pretty sight."

"There seem to be some smart shops around here," remarked Miss Annabelle, glancing along Seventh.

"Yes," my wife said. "This is quite a shopping center. There are well-known cafés and studios, too. Suppose we drive along very slowly and I will name some of them. Their names might interest you because they are frequented by celebrities from Hollywood and Beverly Hills. There, at 2118 West Seventh, is Switzer's, an exclusive women's ap-

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parel shop, and at 2122 is Hook, the tailor for men and women. S. Aprile, *Bottier de Paris*, has the smart women's shoe shop at 2124, featuring French models, and at 2200 is the Mary Louise Tea Room, occupying two floors, a favorite luncheon and tea rendezvous for smart shoppers. At 2206-2208 are the studios of Charles S. Lane, interior decorator and furnisher, and at 2214 is Rose Darragh's Cosmetic Shop. At 2218 is Alderic E. Ethier, the French furrier; at 2224 is the hat and gown display of Madeleine; Oriental rugs are exhibited at 2302 by John S. Kerhishyan; Nellie Watkin's Sportswear is next door at 2304, and that really striking red, black and gold futuristic store front at 2308 marks Dode's Oriental Shop. The crystalware, silverware and porcelains of A. Schmidt and Son, New York, Boston and Washington dealers, are to be seen at 2320, and at 2322 is the linen importing house, Grande Maison de Blanc. Ray Huff, maker of distinguished camera portraits, has his studio at 2324, and at 2508½ is the entrance to the Hewson Handcraft Studio, an interesting place where all sorts of handweaving is done. The Dalzell Hatfield Galleries, where exhibitions and sales of paintings and *objets d'art* are held, is at 2509. Back on Alvarado, too, facing the park on its eastern side, there are shops and refreshment places, including the large popular-priced Italian restaurant of Bravo & Frank. But we must let the rest of Seventh go while we turn off here on Park View to reach Wilshire."

"What is the splendid modernistic tall building facing the park at that corner?" asked Mr. Jones, indicating the Southwest corner of Park View and Sixth.

"That is the Elks' Temple, home of Lodge No. 99, B.P.O.E. It is reputed to be one of the finest club buildings in America."

"And this fine old home on our right, with the funny little stone model of a building on the front lawn?" inquired Mrs. Jones as we turned west into broad Wilshire.

We explained that this Moorish-type home set back behind green lawns and feathery cocos plumosa palms was the residence of the late Gen. Harrison Gray Otis, proprietor of the *Los Angeles Times*, and that the little granite reproduction of the old *Times* building was erected there by

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him after the destruction of the newspaper plant by dynamite and fire in 1910. Gen. Otis bequeathed the beautiful home to an association devoted to the teaching of art, and here is now located the Otis Art Institute, one of the country's foremost schools of drawing, painting and sculpture.

We passed Martini's Grill, at 2511, a snappy French and Italian café, and in rapid succession such fashionable apartment hotels as the Arcady, the Hershey Arms and the Bryson. This brought us to Lafayette Park, a pretty public garden, and we told our visitors that on Lafayette Park Place was La Casa Granada, a large building in Spanish-Moorish style surrounding a patio and containing smart shops, artists' and musicians' studios, and a good restaurant with open-air service. Just beyond the park we passed the Town House, considered the last word in apartment houses.

"Oh, there is the store I must visit!" exclaimed Miss Annabelle. "That beautiful building with the symbolic tower, on the left-hand side of Wilshire. I recognize it by the descriptions I have heard."

She pointed to Bullock's Wilshire, extending along the south side of the boulevard from Wilshire Place to Westmoreland Street. The building is a striking feature of the Los Angeles landscape when the city is viewed from any eminence.

"Yes, we must stroll through the store," said the Missus. "There is a spacious parking place in the rear where we can tether Model A."

We entered what is reputed to be the most beautiful store in the world. The modernistic decorations are—well, you must see for yourself. There is a delightful tea-room on the fifth floor, serving luncheon from 11 A.M. to 2:30 P.M., and tea from 2:30 to 5 o'clock. It is the custom to give a fashion show during luncheon. The store caters to the *crême de la crême*, which I suppose means the tiptop of wealth and fashion. And before we got out, Annabelle had bought a dinner gown that set her father back a pretty sum; and she insisted that it be delivered to her hotel in time to be worn that evening.

"I don't know where we are going tonight, but we're going somewhere—maybe to Hollywood again."

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This announcement set the Missus and me to thinking fast. I realized that it was doubtless my turn to be host, and my wife fell to considering her wardrobe. Obviously, the sane thing for me to do at the moment was to get them all out of there before my wife should start shopping, and do my figuring on the evening's entertainment as we drove along. And I managed so that we did not stop again until we reached Hancock Park, a mile or so farther on, where the famed Brea Pits are located.

But while we were rolling along westward on Wilshire I could hear a constant chatter from Mrs. Guia about places we were passing.

"Now, as we cross Vermont," went on Mrs. Guia, "look to your right and you will see, at 635 South Vermont, a unique eating place called A Bit o'Sweden. It occupies an old gabled residence and is a favorite place with our movie players of Scandinavian origin. There are several popular restaurants on Vermont in the blocks both north and south of Wilshire. One of them is El Rancho, 273 South Vermont, a good place to go for Mexican dishes, where more attention is given to service and refinements than in the Mexican restaurants of Sonoratown. It is open until 1:30 A.M.

"That Oriental art store at 3273 Wilshire is a treasure house of Chinese wares conducted by the F. Sui One Company. Just beyond is Barker Brothers' Wilshire store, famous for its corps of interior decorators who design the homes of motion picture celebrities; at 3278 stands the Talmadge Apartments, a fashionable dwelling place representing one of Norma Talmadge's investments; Chanel, Inc., famous for gowns, is at 3285, and then we come to the splendid edifice of the Immanuel Presbyterian Church at Berendo Street."

"Then right away more and more smart shops!" I heard Mrs. Jones exclaim. "Everybody ought to be well dressed at that church!"

"Yes," went on the Missus, "more shops, and then some. The Ming Oriental Art Store at 3281; D. Bonoff, furs, at 3283; Leon's Gowns at 3287, and—"

"Oh, there's another one of those funny hat restaurants!" exclaimed Mrs. Jones.

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"Yes, another Brown Derby, and a popular one, where late merrymakers may be seen dropping in for a final snack in the wee sma' hours."

"Oh, there's Ruth St Denis' Shop!" spoke up Miss Annabelle, who always thrilled to a name from the theatrical world.

"And 3278," Mrs. Guia resumed, "is where Barbara Kent lives."

"Do motion picture people live along here, too?" inquired Miss Annabelle.

"Goodness, yes," replied Mrs. Guia. "At 3335 we shall pass Dorothy Mackaill's address, and at 3355 Mary Nolan's. Farther on out, at 4121, Jane Novak lives. But right now we are opposite 3305½, which is quite a famous place. It is Count Enrico Luserna's Italian Art Studio. He supplies European statuary and *objets d'art* to the villas. And here is another church, the beautiful St. James, Episcopal."

"And there is Sadye Nathan's Beauty Shop," I remember saying at this point, "where a lot of plastic art is sought by the unfortunates whose faces are slipping."

"Now notice the big gates on the left," went on the lecturer. "The number above them is 3400. Beyond them you see the Ambassador Hotel majestically poised on a knoll in the center of twenty-two acres of lawns, gardens and palm trees. The Ambassador is a great social center for the movie crowd. You have probably heard of the Cocoanut Grove café and ballroom. It is a scene of colorful gaiety almost every night of the week. Most of the celebrated writers and European directors brought west by the studios settle down first at the Ambassador, while they get the lay of the land. They occupy exclusive bungalows scattered through the grounds, where they enjoy great luxury and complete privacy if they want. Many famous stars have made these bungalows their homes from time to time. Jetta Goudal lives in one now. Sessue Hayakawa and his wife settled here on their recent return to California. Vicki Baum, Viennese author of 'Grand Hotel,' was living in one of these bungalows during her visit to the city. In the hotel and grounds are thirty-five smart shops, a large talking picture theater and a convention auditorium seating 7,000 people. It is a community

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all to itself. Fashionable horse-shows are held annually in the auditorium. In the park are children's playgrounds, tennis courts, miniature golf courses, archery fields and a magnificent outdoor plunge where internationally known swimmers and divers compete from time to time. The hotel has a stable of riding horses available to guests. When Prince Takamatsu and his bride were in Los Angeles recently, an entire floor was set aside for the use of their party. The suite occupied by the royal couple had been last occupied by the present King of Siam when he was here as Crown Prince, and before that it had sheltered Prince George of England and others of royal blood. The Japanese couple were served entirely by Japanese of the hotel staff, and a special staff of Japanese chefs was assembled from the Los Angeles colony, headed by no less an expert than a former head chef to His Imperial Highness Prince Chichibu."

"My word, this is a place to remember!" exclaimed Mr. Jones.

"Now, there is the handsome Wilshire Boulevard Christian Church; then we come to Estrada's, 3520, a well-known Spanish-Mexican restaurant occupying a spacious old residence. At Harvard Street is the fine Wilshire store of the old firm of men's furnishers, Mullen & Bluett, and at Hobart we see the splendid new temple of Congregation B'nai B'rith, the first synagogue organized in Los Angeles, dating from 1862. Sam Holland's Food Corner is just beyond, at 3697. The Pellissier Building, extending along the south side of Wilshire from Oxford Street to Western Avenue, is a striking example of the brilliantly colored glazed-tile edifices so popular in southern California. Notice how the graceful tower radiates color in the sunshine. The building contains one of the newest Fox Theaters. The name 'Pellissier' takes us back to one of our early French settlers who acquired titles here in what was then wild pasture land and held on, to the final enormous enrichment of his descendants. The intersection of Wilshire and Western is said to be, by actual check, the busiest intersection in the world for vehicular traffic, at the peak hours. Both these great arteries, though running at right angles, reach the sea,

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and Western taps Hollywood proper. While we are crossing Western I must not forget to mention Mrs. Crow's Crow's Nest at 627 South Western, up the block to our right. It is really a celebrated place for Hungarian cooking, and the service is in the comfortable, home-like rooms of an old-fashioned residence."

At 3729 I ventured to interrupt Mrs. Guia's talk long enough to point out the studio of Lansing Brown, celebrated portrait photographer.

"When I talked with Mr. Brown recently," I said, "he was finishing some magnificent portraits of Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks, posed for by these stars especially for presentation to the King of Siam, at the royal request."

"Here's another beautiful church," remarked Mr. Jones. "You people seem to have maintained a pretty good balance between the spiritual and the material, at least along Wilshire."

"The churches do occupy very fine edifices. The one you just referred to is the Wilshire Methodist Episcopal, at Plymouth. At the corner of the next street you see the magnificent home of an institution that has long been a feature of the more intellectual feminine world of Los Angeles. This is the Ebell Club. It has the largest membership of any woman's club in the world, and this building and property represent an outlay of $1,000,000. The club was founded in 1894 with sixty-four charter members, and has now an enrolment of 2650. The auditorium seats 1300 persons, and the kitchen is equipped to serve 1000 persons at a time. The club is cultural and educational in purpose and is much devoted to philanthropy. There are nineteen study and lecture departments; twenty-five scholarships are maintained in colleges as well as a rest cottage equipped to care for fourteen convalescent women patients. A very fine permanent art collection is to be found in the magnificent reception rooms, and it is planned to have the clubhouse open to inspection by visitors from other clubs throughout the world during the season of the Olympic Games."

Crossing Highland Avenue we pointed to the right toward Hollywood and explained that this broad artery, parked down the center with lawns and palms, is a direct

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entry to the film capital from this populous western portion of the city.

"Now we are entering what is known as the 'Miracle Mile,' " I said, claiming a chance to do some of the talking. "The wide thoroughfare we just crossed is La Brea Boulevard, another way to Hollywood. The fine theater at the corner is the Fox Ritz. On the northwest corner is a well-known café, the Dyas-Carlton, occupying a Spanish-style building of its own. It is popular with the picture crowd. Right around here is a nest of dining places, including the Club Royal, a dancing place on the night-club order. Here, too, is one of the White Spot chain of cafés. Farther on, at 5500, is the modernistic towered building housing Desmond's, another of the old-time haberdashery firms with a smart Wilshire branch, occupying a block-long frontage. The Dominguez-Wilshire Building, over there at the junction of Wilshire, Cloverdale and Cochrane, is one of the newest of the 'Miracle Mile' additions and takes us back to one of the oldest Spanish families, first owners of the Spanish grant known as Rancho San Pedro, a region that we shall traverse tomorrow on our way to Los Angeles Harbor. This was one of the few old native families that did not lose their landed fortunes to the invading Americans, and the wealthy Dominguez estate erected this building as an expression of the modernism of the *hidalgo* of today. It is occupied by smart shops and offices of fashionable professional practitioners."

As there is nothing for sale at the Brea Pits, the only block on Wilshire of which this may be said, I stopped the car and took the party for a stroll through the twenty-four acre plot, deeded to the city as a public monument by G. Allan Hancock, modern owner of the tract once known as Rancho la Brea.

"Here," I said as we viewed the oil-scummed pools where warm water from springs beneath still bubbles up through the blackened surfaces, "was where the first colonists of Nuestra Señor la Reina de los Angeles skimmed off *brea* to roof their houses. Over here, where other pools have long since dried up, you see where scientists discovered, in 1906, the sensational deposits of prehistoric animal bones and

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pitted the surface in their burrowings after museum pieces. Ages ago this plain was a lush tropical swamp. As the country grew drier these pools became the chief water holes. Even though they were polluted by oil seepage, animals struggled to break through the crust to drink, and such unwieldy creatures as the mammoth, the Imperial elephant, the great ground sloth, the prehistoric buffalo and camel, became mired. Then later, lusting for the flesh of these herbivora, those carnivorous terrors, the saber-tooth tiger and the giant prehistoric wolf, stole down from the Cahuenga hills and the slopes of Hollywood to feast. Time and again they were engulfed along with their prey. Their skeletons were marvelously preserved in the asphalt deposits."

"This oily ground is awfully hard on shoes," complained Mrs. Jones, wiping her soles on a tuft of grass. "And isn't it getting warm. Whew!"

"Why, the weather is delightful, Mrs. Jones," I assured her. "Better, I am sure, than it is on the Atlantic Coast today. When we drive on over the next rise the air off the Pacific will invigorate you unbelievably."

As we continued our journey seaward I pointed out, not far from Hancock Park, the Carthay Circle Theater, a block the other side of Wilshire at the head of Crescent Heights Boulevard. The Carthay, I explained, was perhaps second only to Grauman's Chinese as a favorite place to launch great feature films with personal appearances of stars, and I went on to say that in the foyer and lounges of this gleaming white building with the tiled tower—from whose lighthouse-like pinnacle a brilliant shaft of red light is visible over half of the city at night—is an historical collection of California relics, including a rare portrait from life of the lovely, wild Lola Montez of the Gold Rush days and other souvenirs of her meteoric career. The theater was built by the native son of a pioneer and the decorative motive throughout was inspired by the days of '49.

A block farther on the Missus pointed out Jackie Coogan's miniature golf course.

"You mean Jackie Coogan of the screen?" asked Miss Annabelle.

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"The very same. This public course is one of his investments, and a popular course it is with pasture-pool addicts."

After passing the handsome Fox Wilshire Theater, Mrs. Guia again brought a gasp from Miss Jones by announcing: "Mary Pickford's Wilshire Links."

"You mean—this place is run by Mary Pickford?"

"Well, it belongs to her. Isn't it crazy-looking, with all those grotesque artificial trees and toadstools, and the gigantic colored umbrellas—everything twisted and tortured into futuristic hobgoblinism? Is it popular? I should say so! That is, as miniature golf goes nowadays. When it first opened it was a riot. The place is at Wilshire and La Cienega Boulevards, if you want to remember to tell your friends."

"What else have the movies boys and girls done along here to increase their incomes?" asked Mr. Jones.

"Well, over there is Kathleen Clifford's Lovadera Beauty Shop, at 9442 Wilshire. It's famous. You see, we're entering the city limits of Beverly Hills now, skirting the business district, while yesterday we were up nearer the hills cruising the residence section."

"Kathleen Clifford is one of the old-timers, isn't she?" asked Annabelle.

"Yes, one of those who saw a steadier future in business than in acting. There are a number of others. Ruth Roland, for instance. She has been one of the big bugs of the realty world around here for several years. One evening not so long ago we walked into La Casa Golondrina, that café down on the Paseo where we took you, and saw Ruth Roland, Theda Bara and Elsie Janis with their heads together over black coffee. When we rushed up to join what we thought might be a party, we found that we were interrupting a real estate discussion. That's how a lot of the pioneer Hollywood girls dissipate—talking subdivisions."

Passing the imposing Beverly-Wilshire apartment hotel at Wilshire and Rodeo Drive I told our guests that quite a notable group make their homes here, and social functions *de luxe* keep the society reporters and movie news writers buzzing around. I named Lowell Sherman, Lillian Gish and William Boyd as having or having had apartments here.

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"Many motion picture celebrities sit for their oil portraits in the studio of Dario Rappaport, in the Beverly-Wilshire Hotel," I said. "This artist is widely known for his paintings of such notables as Coolidge, Mussolini, Pope Pius and Clemenceau."

Next we noted Bullock's Beverly, devoted largely to the affairs of interior house decoration. We commented on the Florentine Gardens, a popular European restaurant, and had a glimpse of some ravishing boat models in the show windows of Garwood Speed Boats.

"The principal motion picture stars are great yachting enthusiasts," I said. "There is great competition among them in the matter of having the speediest motorboats and the most luxurious cruisers, so boat salesmen are as active as auto salesmen around here. You ought to see some of the movie yachts down at Los Angeles Harbor, and watch the week-end get-away for Catalina, Santa Barbara or Ensenada."

By this time we were some twelve miles from our starting point at Pershing Square, and the Joneses agreed that it was remarkable that there should have been something to claim the attention all the way.

"Now, Mrs. Jones," I said, drawing in a great draught of the cool sea air as we bowled over a rise, "you certainly don't think this is hot weather! Do you wonder that they called this delightful rolling country we are now traversing the Rancho de los Buenos Aires—'Ranch of the Good Airs—' in the days of the dons?"

"I retract," laughed the kindly matron.

"You know," I persisted, "there is a famous remark by some western historian—perhaps made facetiously but nevertheless enthusiastically quoted by Californians—that if the Pacific Coast had been settled first, the Atlantic Coast never would have been settled at all. This observation was prompted by the results of the voyage of the Spanish captain, Sebastian Vizcaíno, along the Californian coast in 1602, when he discovered Monterey Bay. He recommended to the King that he be allowed to return to California with colonists and effect a permanent settlement. This he was authorized to do in 1606, a year before the founding of

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Jamestown, Virginia, by the English. Only Vizcaíno's death prevented the consummation of this plan. One hundred and sixty years rolled around before Spain was again reminded of the importance of California and despatched Captain Gaspar de Portolá and Fray Junipero Serra to establish the first missions and presidios."

"As a matter of fact," spoke up the Missus, "Sir Francis Drake landed just above San Francisco, at the bay still called by his name, in 1579, and claimed the land for England, naming it New Albion. So, you see, New England really should have been out here."

"The spacious white colonial clubhouse set back on the knoll behind the gardens on our right is the home of the Los Angeles Country Club," said Mrs. Guia as we topped a hill and dipped down into a cañon. "There are twenty-four country clubs in Los Angeles County, in addition to the twenty-three municipal golf courses. This one is the oldest and most celebrated of the exclusive clubs, occupying a property that is now tremendously valuable. Memberships are said to be worth $10,000 each in normal times. On this course famous international golf tournaments are held in the winter."

We were approaching Westwood Village, and I turned off to circle through this picturesque college settlement. Here is located the southern branch of the state university, officially known as the University of California at Los Angeles, commonly abbreviated into 'U.C.L.A.' This is not to be confused with the University of Southern California, a privately endowed institution and a fierce rival, athletically, of the University of California. Westwood Village is a settlement planned exclusively as a university community and is a whole city in itself, with separate business and residential districts and with all buildings in a Mediterranean type of architecture. The large Los Angeles stores are represented here by branch shops; there are handsome theaters, cafés and other recreational features of a full-grown modern city, catering to the 6000 students in the imposing halls of learning just north of the village. The avenues of fraternity houses and of professors' residences winding over the undulating hills, all in Spanish or Italian-

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villa style, make an attractive picture, and the air is dynamic with the spirit of youth. Westwood Village is reached from Pershing Square by Wilshire line busses marked "University," and by bus from the end of the Pico Boulevard trolley line.

Circling back to Wilshire and westward again we were soon passing through the extensive grounds of the National Military Reservation, the location, since 1880, of the Old Soldiers' Home. This was the site of Fort Latham, a military camp of Civil War days. Avenue after avenue of barracks and houses of frame, with the elaborate millwork typical of a bygone period of American architecture, stretch away under pine, eucalyptus and magnolia trees, and old soldiers in various stages of decrepitude sit on benches or hobble along sidewalks with the aid of canes.

"To me it is always a sad sight," I commented, "to see Westwood Village and its colleges, created solely to serve youth, ambition and the future, looking directly down from the hilltops to the east, where the sun rises, on this refuge over against the sunset, created solely to ease away age, futility, memories of the past. It is a cruel juxaposition."

"When shall we ever get to the ocean?" sighed Miss Annabelle. "Just think, I've never seen the Pacific."

"Our eighteen miles are almost over right now," I assured her. "At the foot of Wilshire lies the sea."

In a few minutes we were in lovely Santa Monica, with Palisades Park, along the high cliffs, already in view at the foot of the boulevard, and the Pacific sparkling beyond the palms and giant cannas blazing with red and yellow blooms.

"This is our favorite mainland seaside community," declared the Missus with some enthusiasm. "Here you have mountains and cañons coming right down to the sea, and a handsome high bluff lifting the town to a sightly position above the direct inset of sea dampness. That pretty municipal playground we just passed at Lincoln Avenue, where all those young people were busy on the tennis courts, reminds one that Santa Monica has produced a number of tennis champions. May Sutton Bundy, for instance, and Tom Bundy; Johnny Doeg, Maurice McLoughlin, Mar-

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garet Ryan and Midge Gladman Van Ryn. And the sports-wise say that the little Bundys are coming along in a style that promises to bring them as great fame as their mother gained. Just the other day we were talking with a son of the original 'Bundys of Santa Monica' and in a reminiscent mood he told how his father used to return to the old ranch house after a day's hunting around the lagoons that then spread all the way from here to Playa del Rey, driving a high-sided wagon filled to overflowing with wild geese. From the breasts of these his mother would pick the down to stuff her pillows and mattresses, and discard the rest. The folks were just too fed-up on waterfowl to eat any more of them."

"This must have been a grand old residence once," exclaimed Mrs. Jones, scanning the grounds of the Miramar Hotel, where lawns under wide-spreading trees and the cool depths of old-fashioned verandas were enlivened by colored awnings and sunshades.

"Yes, this once nationally famed mansion was built in the early 1880's by U. S. Senator John P. Jones of Nevada, one of the celebrated old crowd of silver-miners who made fortunes in the days of the Comstock. Here there was always lavish entertainment to be had, and notables from all over the world were guests. Senator Jones and Col. R. S. Baker—the same one who built the old Baker Block in Los Angeles—founded the modern city of Santa Monica in 1875. These two had acquired large portions of the two Mexican land grants on which the city stands, Rancho Boca de Santa Monica and Rancho San Vicente de Santa Monica, and subdivided, building at the same time the Santa Monica and Independence Railroad to bring ore to tidewater shipment from the Cerro Gordo mines in Inyo County. Senator Jones set aside for park purposes the strip of land in front of us, bordering the edge of the Palisades, and there is a monument over there in his honor. The Miramar Hotel now occupies the old home and the extensive modern buildings since added. This is an attractive place to lunch, dine or have tea. The enormous India-rubber tree that overshadows the dining-room is one of the largest in the state and was planted by the old Nevada senator personally, who

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maintained in these grounds one of the outstanding botanical collections of his time in the United States."

"I'm hungry," Miss Jones broke in plaintively.

"By Jove, it is almost noon!" exclaimed her father.

"Well, we can lunch right here," said Mrs. Guia, "but wouldn't a dash in the surf feel good first?"

"Oh, yes, that would be fun!" cried Annabelle, forgetting her hunger for the moment.

That minute I could have choked the Missus, because it was going to be a little embarrassing to conduct the Joneses to a public bath house when undoubtedly they took for granted that we held membership in one of the beach clubs.

"Well," I bluffed, boldly, "the best thing to do would be to get a quick swim right down here on the public beach. It would take too long to run up to the club and go through all the social formalities. Would you people mind the public bath house?"

They were good sports and said they didn't mind, so we drove west on Ocean Front Boulevard, the broad thoroughfare paralleling the top of the Palisades, until we had gone far enough to give our visitors the really beautiful view from the end of Palisades Park up the whole sweep of the rugged coastline to Point Dume, with Santa Monica Cañon and its forest of sycamores opening on to the sea straight below and the rugged mountains of the Malibu coming sheer down to the waves. Tawny cliffs and beaches varying from buff to dazzling white contrasted vividly with turquoise sky and cobalt sea.

"This is the Boca de Santa Monica," I said, pointing into the cañon below us. "Literally, 'Mouth of Santa Monica,' after which the old Rancho was named. A goodly mountain stream debouched from the cañon into the sea, in the old days. Here early residents of Los Angeles would come to camp by the sea during the summer before there was any modern Santa Monica up here on the Palisades. Bears would often be seen coming down to feed on a stranded whale or dead sea-lion. The recreational ranch of the Uplifters' Club, a branch of the Los Angeles Athletic Club specializing in polo, lies up this cañon now, and still farther up, at the head of a branch cañon, Will Rogers maintains

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his ranch and polo field. Both of these ranches will be centers of polo activities during the Olympic competitions."

Turning back we hurried down to the municipal beach for a swim in the Pacific; then lunched at the Miramar.

As we reëntered our faithful little chariot after luncheon I said to the Joneses: "The perfectly logical thing to do to symbolize the completion of your transcontinental journey here on the brink of the Pacific would have been to arrive at Ocean Front over Santa Monica Boulevard, for the junction of these two thoroughfares is actually the end of the trail. It is the western terminus of the highway officially known from Albuquerque westward as U. S. 66, and under certain other numbers from Albuquerque eastward to its junction with the Boston Post Road in New York. We chose to come down Wilshire instead because we considered it a more attractive approach. Santa Monica Boulevard traverses the heart of the business section of this seaside city, and while the town is brisk and up-to-date, with a population of 40,000 and some fine business buildings, we imagine that you would be more interested in the other features. However, I suggest that we park the car as near the 'end of the trail' as practicable while we explore along Ocean Front Walk."

As we drove down the incline toward the beach I mentioned that I thought the most interesting feature of the business section of Santa Monica, which we had so far neglected, was the inscription on the cornerstone of the new building erected by the newspaper, *The Evening Outlook*, recording that the paper was founded in 1875, the year the modern community was born. Other features that I mentioned were two fashionable apartment hotels, the Sovereign, at Washington and Second, and the Embassy, at Washington and Third. "The Sovereign maintains an excellent public dining room," I said. "For a fish dinner Laue's Café, 117 Santa Monica Boulevard, is recommended. Industrially there is one institution in Santa Monica of world-wide fame. This is the Douglas Airplane Factory on National Boulevard, next to Clover Field, the municipal airport. Here normally 1200 employees are at work on Government contracts for fighting planes of various classes.

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From Clover Field, in Douglas planes, the around-the-world flight of army aviators started several years ago, and here the flight was completed. Adjoining the airport are the municipal golf links."

"Now then," said Mrs. Guia. "I believe the best thing to do is to ride to Ocean Park, and then on to Venice, on one of the little electric trams operating along the broadwalk. It will give our guests an idea of the several miles of solidly built-up beach frontage lined with amusement concessions, pleasure piers, apartment houses and cottages, saltwater plunges, beach clubs and cafés. We can get the Coney Island atmosphere—though perhaps some of it is rather of the Atlantic City type— by taking the ride along the front. It is true that we shall have to retrace our steps to pick up the automobile again, but the sights along the way may be worth it."

So we were soon jogging along on the funny little tram, meandering through the thick pedestrian traffic of the broad concrete walk, past miles of beach crowded with brilliant-hued sunshades sheltering bathers in next-to-nothing swimsuits; past hotels and apartments and imposing beach clubs with walled-off private sands; past piers extending far into the ocean and loaded with every sort of jazz attractions from monkey farms to loop-the-loops, dip-the-dips, ride-the-clouds and go-crazy-in-the-funny-houses. Our visitors noted especially the gambling galleries conducted by Japanese, some of them on a very large scale, where merchandise rather than money was the stake. Speedboats dashed out from pier landings taking passengers—bundled in waterproofs—on thrilling spray-drenched rides in the ocean; while tenders plied to old sailing ships anchored offshore as fishing barges. I related that one of the barges carries the motto, "Where fish and fishermen meet," and from its decks amateur anglers make famous hauls of giant jewfish, sea-bass, halibut, yellowtail, barracuda, Spanish mackerel and bonita. There is good angling from the piers, as well.

I explained that Ocean Park is the chief amusement zone of Santa Monica and is included in the corporate limits of the town. Just beyond is Venice, in the corporate limits of Los Angeles; but to the observer there is no line of

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demarcation. In fact, the built-up ocean frontage extends straight on down the coast for miles and miles, with few breaks, through three counties. From Santa Monica through Venice, Playa del Rey, El Segundo, Manhattan Beach, Hermosa Beach and Redondo the front has the appearance of a single resort. Below Redondo and the Palos Verdes Hills, Point Vicente thrusts seaward to interrupt the procession of sea beaches, but immediately on the other side begins the procession again from San Pedro south to the Mexican border. This length of coastline as far down as lower Orange County is served by the big red trains of the Pacific Electric. For the Santa Monica and Redondo region they depart from the Subway Terminal on Hill Street, Los Angeles; for the south coast beaches from the Sixth and Main terminal. From Redondo a beautiful ride may be enjoyed, by bus or private auto, over some twenty miles of the scenic Palos Verdes Estates, along Paseo del Mar, to the great harbor at San Pedro, including a view of the picturesque Point Vicente lighthouse, a superb panorama of the Catalina Channel and an opportunity to stop, halfway, at a delightful little inn called La Venta.

"*Venta* colloquially means 'inn,'" I explained, "but a poor little inn by the roadside, according to the Spanish interpretation. The primary meaning of *venta* is 'sale,' and as poor little inns are chronically for sale because they are not doing so well, the word became expressive of this type of shelter. I have always wondered why they chose the name for this charming place."

Presently we were on our way back to Santa Monica proper, after viewing the proletariat sporting at Ocean Park and Venice. When we regained the Model A, Miss Annabelle put in a plea to be shown some of the seaside homes of the motion picture celebrities.

"Well, now, my dear Miss Annabelle, that is quite a serious order you have given me," I said, frowning in apparent perplexity. "While some of the addresses are known to the general public, there is considerable mystery about who actually owns or occupies a lot of the beach villas. While the stars crave most kinds of publicity, they become awfully clannish when it comes to their private retreats,

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and even have private telephone numbers so as to keep their names out of the directories. They wall their villas off from the road behind the sands and face their own fenced beach plots. They cluster together in colonies and never let the public know which person built which house."

Poor Miss Annabelle began to look so disappointed that I hastened to add: "However, anticipating your desire, I have secured some addresses right hot off the iron, from a source which cannot be questioned. At least, it is correct today. If the cards are shuffled tomorrow, it won't matter to you. Come on, we will drive along the Roosevelt Highway, locally known as Beach Road, to see what we can find. Some of the great ones have their permanent homes at Santa Monica, others their seaside resort cottages."

The first one we came to on Beach Road was an imposing white colonial mansion at 415, the Marion Davies establishment. Spacious wings extend back from the main portion of the house, and these, with the high fence in the rear, enclose a garden. They are devoted, it is said, to guest rooms. Here Miss Davies entertains house parties of prominent people. There are said to be sixteen telephone trunk-lines connecting the *ménage* with the outside world for the convenience of busy guests having nation-wide affairs.

Miss Annabelle gasped and craned her neck to look back at the fairy palace, and we continued on to 625, where we pointed out the beach home of Louis B. Mayer, of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios.

"At 703 we see the home of another great producer, Myron Selznick," I said. "And now we shall have to swing around up on to the Palisades again and follow Ocean Front Boulevard for movie homes before we continue up the coast to the more distant colony on the Balibu."

Beginning at 443 Ocean Front we looked in through the gardens of the Harold Lloyd seaside home; then drove past 609, belonging to Jesse L. Lasky, one of the pioneer producers of the industry and founder of the first permanent studio in Hollywood proper; then on to 702, where the alluring Carmel Myers presides; then gazed on the Mary Pickford-Douglas Fairbanks place at 705. At 966, we said, lives the glorious Pola Negri, preparing herself for a new

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campaign in the American talkies after a long sojourn in Europe. Next came the Bebe Daniels-Ben Lyon residence at 972, and Mack Sennett's retreat at 978.

"The big and forceful George Bancroft, over whom you have probably thrilled, Miss Jones, calls 1024 his own. The imposing Norman-style chateau at 1039 is the home of Norma Talmadge Schenck. With the exception of that one, you will have noticed that all the houses mentioned on Ocean Front are of Mediterranean style.

"Zasu Pitts, that delightful character actress, lives at 244 North Bristol, and the old-time favorite, Bessie Barriscale, at 403 Twentieth. Joe Savoldi, lately a Notre Dame football hero and now a professional wrestler, lives at 821 Georgina Avenue. No, he's not in the movies yet, but he will be—don't worry."

Turning off on to a street called Amalfi Drive we pointed out the Santa Monica address of Matt Moore, at 471, and on Adelaide Drive, at 722, Aileen Pringle's home.

"Now," I said, watching Miss Jones closely for the thrill I knew she would get, "I am going to drive along beautiful San Vicente Boulevard and show you Greta Garbo's villa, set deep in gardens that cling to the rim of Santa Monica Cañon, with a view up the blue-and-gold coast that is ravishing. This is her favorite home."

"O-oh!" breathed Annabelle. "She is *my* favorite."

"Here it is, at 1717," said the Missus, as I almost ran past hedge-hidden gates; and sure enough, there was the name of the great Garbo painted on the commonplace tin mailbox of the rural-delivery type set up on a weather-beaten post by the curb.

"Well, apparently the Garbo doesn't mind if common people know where she lives," remarked Mrs. Jones, who seemed quite as interested as her daughter. "Maybe she wouldn't mind if we stuck our heads in at the open gates." Which the ladies did; and then we followed San Vicente toward the sea again to run up the highway at the base of the cliffs to the Malibu.

"You will notice that on San Vicente Boulevard are some of the most beautiful houses of the Spanish type, and the most extensive gardens, that we have seen around Los

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Angeles. Many wealthy Eastern people, and millionaires from the Northwest and Canada, maintain homes here. There are also literary workers and members of distinguished old native families resident along this rim of the cañon. For instance, in this quaint, rambling adobe built around a patio and half-hidden behind thick hedges, at 537, lives Margaret Gaffey Mel, translator of well-known French books, including the recent and much-discussed 'A New Slant on America,' by the Frenchman, Paul Achard. Mrs. Mel is a daughter of the celebrated Bandini belles and of John P. Gaffey, the venerable ex-sheriff of Santa Cruz whose tailoring house still builds gun pockets in his suits."

"That is one of my esteemed partner's favorite haunts," remarked Mrs. Guia. "When he goes into a huddle there with John P., and the Spanish relatives, listening to old-timers spin yarns, one never knows when he will regain his right mind."

I changed the subject promptly. "I wish we had time to explore that plateau on the other side of the cañon, called the California Riviera. But we can't see everything, though we shall cut through it as we follow Beverly Boulevard homeward. Probably the most extensive and celebrated place on the plateau is the McCormick estate, at Alma Real Drive and La Cumbre. It belongs to the wealthy Chicago family of harvester manufacturers. 'Alma Real,' by the way, is the name of the Mexican operatic star, a famous soprano, who lives in Hollywood."

"There is one more address on San Vicente we should mention before leaving the boulevard," suggested Mrs. Guia. "That is 606, the Thistle Cottage, a place well known to discriminating travelers with a penchant for good eating. It differs architecturally from most of the types along here by being quaintly English. The luncheons and dinners are highly recommended and the place is rather exclusive."

Winding down the declivity to the mouth of Santa Monica Cañon we mentioned that Leo Carillo, the popular stage and screen actor, who is descended from one of the Spanish families formerly owning great tracts of land in the Santa Monica region, owns a small ranch in this wooded cañon where celebrated Hollywood folk gather from time to time

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on his invitation to enjoy old-fashioned Californian barbecues and fiestas with this native son.

Then we followed Roosevelt Highway just above the level of the waves, passing Castellamare Inn, near Castle Rock, where people were enjoying refreshments on the long upper balcony overlooking the dashing surf. This, we explained, is considered a good place to lunch or dine.

After crossing the mouth of Topanga Cañon we finally approached the exclusive beach movie colony commonly referred to as "The Malibu," or "Malibu Beach," although there are several adjoining beaches with separate designations where screen stars also have their warm-weather habitat. The coast here, and for miles northward into Ventura County, is part of the old Mexican land grant of Rancho Malibu y Sequis.

"Topanga Cañon, which we passed back there," I said, "is a very picturesque gorge and offers a good automobile road to follow from the seashore across the mountains to U. S. Highway 101, locally called Ventura Boulevard, and so into Los Angeles via Cahuenga Pass and Hollywood. The views from the summit, out over the San Fernando Valley, are grand. Another picturesque way of swinging back to Los Angeles is by Mulholland Drive, along the crest of the range and so into Hollywood; but of course we can't take time for mere scenery when we have movie colonies to see!"

Then, crossing the bridge over Malibu Creek, I drew the car to the side of the road and pointed toward the rear of the mile or more of beach villas, some imposing, some jazzy, some grotesque, some elegant with the beauty of simplicity and good taste. The whole colony was fenced off from the highway, and entrance was by one big gate guarded by a watchman.

"There you are," I said. "There's The Malibu. Make whatever you can out of it. If we had a boat we might see more. It is said that a cruise along their front yards would reveal coming styles in swimsuits. You might see even clear into season after next, when there may not be any bathing suits at all!"

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Our guests were delighted with this really beautiful setting —the deep inset in the coast caused by Malibu Cañon, its picturesque lagoon, stream and sycamore trees, all backed by the sheer Sierra de Santa Monica and protected from northwest winds and currents by out-thrust Point Dume (originally Dumetz, for the Franciscan padre of that name), with its head shaped like that of the mythical sea-serpent.

"From the time we left the group of common, ordinary folks' beach-cottages at the mouth of Las Flores Cañon," I said, "we have been running through the old Mexican grant know as Malibu y Sequis, one of the wildest, most mountainous tracts ever granted in California. These mountains, between the coast and the San Fernando Valley, are still haunted by deer, black bear and other wild game. The great rancho is held practically intact by one woman, whose interests are organized under a corporate name. The beach lots along the strip of the rancho called La Costa, or The Coast, are the only part of the property that the owner has relinquished, and the wild highland pastures are roamed by cattle, as in days of old."

"How romantic!" mused Mr. Jones. "And here the exotic luminaries of the silver screen have flown to glow along this lonely strand like fireflies at play, true to their instincts for the unusual setting."

"But I want to know who lives along here," his daughter cried. "I suppose some of my favorites are right over there on the beach now."

"Well," I said, "the numbers on the backs of the houses are practically indistinguishable from the highway, but I can name over most of the notables whose houses you are looking at here at Malibu Beach. They are Wesley Ruggles, Dorothy Lee, B. P. Schulberg and J. W. Considine, Jr.—the last two are producers; John Gilbert, Joan and Constance Bennett, Lilyan Tashman and Edmund Lowe, Marie Prevost, Vivian Duncan, Alfred Santell, Allan Dwan, Robert Z. Leonard, J. Neil Hamilton, Louise Fazenda, Warner Baxter, Alice Joyce, Herbert Brenon, H. B. Warner, John Boles, Ralph Ince, George Lewis, Dolores Del Rio, Ronald Colman, Richard Barthelmess and Clara Bow. Polly Moran's cottage is at 99 Las Tunas Beach, farther on; Conrad Nagel

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is at Amarillo Beach, near by, and William Boyd at 56 Carbon Beach. Richard Dix has a place near the mouth of Topanga Cañon. Of course, most of the time these places are full of house guests from the profession in Hollywood and Beverly Hills, so there is a large movie population playing up and down this jealously guarded strand."

"Where would this ocean-bordering highway take us if we continued on?" inquired Mr. Jones.

"To a junction with U. S. 101 at El Rio, just beyond Oxnard, some sixty miles up the coast. Much of the travel to San Francisco goes this way. It is a very scenic ride, much of the road having been blasted from the face of rocky cliffs overhanging the waves."

"Now, suppose we have some tea," broke in the Missus, "and talk over our plans for this evening. No doubt Mr. Guia will have a proposal to make."

"That's a good idea," I answered. "There's a nice café that we passed back there just before reaching Malibu Beach, called Las Olas Grandes Inn, or the 'Inn of the Big Waves,' but I suggest we climb up to the Mentone Café, on the brink of Santa Inez Cañon, where we can look out over the whole coastline we have traversed."

Retracing our course to the entrance to Santa Inez Cañon, where Beverly Boulevard ends its miles of winding from the heart of Los Angeles to the sea, we turned inland and in a few moments were ascending the Paseo Miramar to the Mentone. I told the visitors that the mouth of the cañon where we had turned inland was the site of old Inceville, the self-sufficient moving picture village that Thomas H. Ince established in the earlier days of pictures. Here he made a long list of famous films, especially the series of "westerns" that established William S. (Bill) Hart in popularity.

"That weather-worn little church building of the English village type still standing over there on the point by the edge of the sea is a survival of the sets used in producing 'The Little Minister,' with Billie Burke and William Desmond," I explained. "On the plateau above, most of the spectacle, 'Civilization,' was made, in the early period of the World War. This was the first great 'war film,' with peace propaganda as its basis."

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The vast sweep of Santa Monica Bay and the coastline clear from Point Dume to Point Vicente, with all the beach communities clear to Redondo strung along the tawny strand presented a magnificent sight as we sipped tea on the terrace of the Mentone. A gray dirigible, like some great waterbug just risen from the flat blue surface of the ocean, droned lazily in from seaward and headed over the hills for Los Angeles. This was the blimp *Volunteer*, with sightseeing tourists. A bevy of seaplanes in military formation sped with much more direct and determined flight down the coastline, homing to the Battle Fleet at San Pedro. Pleasant breezes tempered the sunshine and swayed the creamy-white bouquets of yucca flowers held aloft on their tall stalks above the cactus and the sage on the wild hillside, each spiked plant in isolated majesty. From June to August these banners of the desert wave in the very face of the sea.

My plan for the evening was now decided: I had made up my mind to invite the bunch to be my guests at George Olsen's Night Club for dinner-dance and revue. I looked at my watch, and came out with the invitation, explaining that if we started back to the city now via Beverly Boulevard we should have time to drop the Joneses at the hotel and run out home to slip into dinner clothes, then back to the hotel to pick them up and ho! for Culver City and a stylishly late dinner.

Miss Annabelle clapped her hands and exclaimed: "That will be just grand—and I've got a new frock to wear!" Her elders seemed equally pleased by the suggestion, though I saw on my wife's face the familiar "What shall *I* wear" expression.

Forthwith we took to the car once more and, on regaining Beverly Boulevard, continued inland, pausing a moment to look at the Oriental gateway of the Japanese Gardens, an elaborately landscaped hilltop overhanging the sea, where privately owned gardens similar to the Bernheimer Gardens in Hollywood are open to visitors for an admission fee. We did not take the time to go in but continued through the beautiful residential sections known as California Riviera, Pacific Palisades, Huntington Palisades and Bel-Air Estates.

Where the boulevard dips down through the upper reaches

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of Santa Monica Cañon, at its junction with Rustic Cañon, we looked down-cañon on the four polo fields of the Uplifters' Ranch, and up-cañon to Will Rogers' polo field and ranch home, a lovely slope of greensward and liveoaks comprising several thousand acres.

"Here, on Sundays when polo games are in progress," I said, "the slopes along the boulevard are crowded with motorists stopping to look down on the animated scene below. Will Rogers' house, up among the oaks, is of typical Spanish-California ranch-house design, and an adjacent home of the same type is occupied by the ranch foreman and his family. In the corrals and stables Mr. Rogers keeps more than fifty head of polo ponies and saddle horses. It is often possible to drive up here and see the famous humorist practising vehemently with his own boys; or maybe they will be below, on the Uplifters' field, undertaking a practice game with their neighbors. Often when inter-club games are scheduled on the Rogers field the owner throws his property open free of charge to the public.

"By the way, look across at that spectacular rock on the opposite brink of the cañon, overhanging the polo field at our feet. It is not real; it was built for a motion-picture production to provide a leap for one of the actors through a waterfall which was artificially created. This district is served from Los Angeles by the Castellamare bus from Pershing Square via Beverly Boulevard."

Passing along the broad slope back of Santa Monica I pointed out several widely known country clubs, especially the Brentwood which commands a splendid view of the bay cities.

"There are ten golf courses within ten minutes' ride of Santa Monica," I said. "It is a golfer's paradise, all the year 'round."

Farther on, within the boundaries of Los Angeles, at Beverly and Rossmore, on the edge of Hollywood, we passed the Wilshire Country Club. This is one of those close-in clubs whose property has become highly valuable through the spread of the city, and the value of Wilshire memberships is said to be practically on a par with that of the older Los Angeles Country Club memberships.

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As Beverly led up deeper into Los Angeles our visitors were struck with some of the immense fruit markets that blaze with color along many blocks, where the products of the tree and vine are so deftly displayed as to create the effect of prize exhibits at a county fair. While these drive-in or curbstone markets are featured over a large part of the city, the Joneses thought that the Green Market, on Beverly just east of Vermont presented the most striking effect they had seen, and insisted that we find a place at the curb from which to study the displays. All along Beverly we passed cafés, each known for some specialty, such as the Red Onion, at 3126, sought for its onion dishes, especially onion soup, and The Cliff Dwellers, at 3591, famous for fried chicken dinners eaten without "tools," following the suggestion of the adage that "fingers were made before forks." This café is built in Pueblo Indian style and clings to the face of a bluff above the boulevard. As long as so much comment was being made on cafés along here I took occasion, as we crossed Western, to mention that a few blocks south on Western, at the corner of Fifth, was a very well-known all-night restaurant, Marchetti's, much frequented by certain elements of the Hollywood crowd; for here we were on the edge of the Hollywood bailiwick.

Well, the blow-out I gave the crowd at Olsen's passed off most successfully and I felt that I had done myself proud. The Joneses were duly impressed with the spot-lighted front of Southern colonial style—for Olsen's was first called "The Plantation"—as we drove up around the splashing fountain. A man took our humble Model A to a niche among a haughty company of Rolls Royces, Duesenbergs, Cadillacs and Packards and we were ushered in to a table I had had the luck to secure over the telephone through a steward I had known back in the days of Al Levy's glory when I used to "do" the cafés as a part of my newspaper routine. My Missus had resolved her what-to-wear troubles very cleverly, as she usually does, and did us both credit—though I must admit that the real star of the party was our young New York friend in her new "frockie."

On our way down to Culver City that evening, by way of Washington Boulevard, the Joneses were interested in the many brightly lighted cafés and night clubs that dot this after-

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dark entertainment belt. Beyond the junction of Washington with Adams we passed The Cherry Tree, an attractive Japanese place behind exotic foliage, specializing in the great Nipponese dish, *sukiyaki;* Mammy's Shack and Dinah's Shack, fried-chicken joints; Sam Meyers' Ham Tree; The King's Inn, The Tropical Inn, The Red Lion Inn, and Frank Sebastian's Cotton Club, an immense resort featuring, as we read in the electric signs, "Creole Review and Brown Skin Tramps."

At the head of a line of establishments back at Washington and Adams Mr. Jones had noticed with amusement the Culver City Monkey Farm, and, next door, the sign, "Lions and wildcats trained."

"We must be entering a movie belt," he had commented.

"Even so," I answered, and pointed out, on the left of the boulevard as we approached the center of Culver City, three large picture studios in quick succession. They were the Hal E. Roach comedy plant, the RKO-Pathé administration building—of beautiful Southern colonial mansion type—and the immense classical façade behind which the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer companies work. They were brightly lighted and there was apparently a lot of night "shooting" going on within. The last-mentioned plant, I explained, was built by Thomas H. Ince and his associates of the old New York Motion Picture Company at the time they moved up from Inceville, and here many famous names of the "Middle Ages" of the silents first began to scintillate. Among them were Frank Keenan, Robert McKim, Barney Sherry, John Gilbert, Jack Pickford, Bessie Barriscale, Howard Hickman, Olive Thomas, Louise Glaum, Dorothy Dalton, Enid Markey, Enid Bennett and Clara Williams. Here Bill Hart carried on with his series of two-gun westerns and here, after the plant became the producing center for the Triangle Film Corporation, Gloria Swanson, Jean Hersholt, Roy Stewart, Harvey Clark and others gained their first serious screen recognition. Later Samuel Goldwyn brought to it his galaxy of eastern stars—Geraldine Farrar, Lou Tellegen, Elsie Ferguson and other stage favorites, and a bevy of Broadway playwrights and authors—in all, a dazzling array. Here one might see Maurice Maeterlinck and Gouverneur Morris and Rupert Hughes having their midday snack in the same

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cafeteria as Will Rogers and Lon Chaney or Jim Tully watching Premier Venizelos of Greece watching the "shooting" of Colleen Moore.

"It is one of the truly historic studios," I added. "The present RKO-Pathé Studio was built by Tom Ince when he vacated the present Metro-Goldwyn, and was later occupied by Cecil B. DeMille during the height of his career as a producer of sensations such as 'The Ten Commandments' and 'The King of Kings.'"

I went on to explain that Culver City, though a little municipality "on its own hook," located toward the sea on the old Rancho la Ballona of the Machados, is essentially a part of the Hollywood scene. It is as much "Hollywood" as Hollywood is. A bus line connects the settlement with Hollywood proper and continues on through Cahuenga Pass to the studios lying on the edge of the San Fernando Valley, such as Universal City and Warner Brothers-First National. The busses of this line may be boarded at Hollywood Boulevard and Cahuenga Avenue, for either direction. Culver City may also be reached from downtown Los Angeles by the Venice Short Line and the Redondo Line of the Pacific Electric.

When we pulled up to the curb in front of the Biltmore to deliver our guests into their own keeping again for what was left of a night's sleep, Mrs. Jones sighed:

"I suppose you will allow us to lie abed a bit in the morning, won't you?"

"No loafing!" I replied firmly. "Tomorrow we go to Los Angeles Harbor and Long Beach, which will keep us stepping right along."

"Do any of the movies live down there?" queried Miss Annabelle, faintly, through a stifled yawn.

"Well," I laughed, "a lot of the stars and directors have their yachts at the Harbor. And perhaps we'll get a sight of some of the old sailing ships that have been remodeled to represent famous craft of different periods and nations. There's sure to be a touch of the movies somewhere."

"Oh, all right then—I'll be up!"

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FRIDAY

ROUTING our visitors out by nine o'clock on Friday morning, we drove east on Fifth to Central Avenue and turned south on the latter in front of Central Station so as to pass through the heart of the populous Negro district. The term "Central Avenue" means to Los Angeles what "Harlem" means to New York. It designates the largest Negro urban colony in the West and in some ways the liveliest in the whole country because of the large number of the clever types—actors and actresses, musicians, singers and dancers of all shades—drawn here by the proximity of the movie studios. Besides the trained professionals many hundreds of "extras" are recruited from Central Avenue for mass scenes in films requiring African types. Also, numerous smart-appearing Negro men and women are employed throughout the film capital and residential environs as chauffeurs, butlers, valets, maids and manicurists.

"We are now driving south along what is commonly called the African Central," I explained, indicating the car line that runs along the Avenue. "Farther along, at 4017, we shall see the Apex Nite Club, a notorious cabaret frequented by well-to-do white people of the class that enjoys 'slumming,' and by film writers, players and directors seeking 'atmosphere.' It is also said to be the headquarters of certain wealthy Negro politicians who wield a real influence in our municipal politics. Jack Johnson, famous Negro ex-heavyweight champion, has opened a

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bizarre 'black and tan' night club called 'The Showboat' at the corner of Forty-Second Street."

"Notice the expensive cars some of these Negroes are driving!" exclaimed Miss Jones. "Look at those young women all dolled up in that straight-eight sport phaeton!"

"Yes," I answered, "there is a well-to-do class of actors, doctors and lawyers who provide their families with the best of everything. But some of the big cars you notice are driven by chauffeurs from Hollywood and Beverly Hills who slip down here to strut a bit after delivering their employers somewhere about the city."

The vast Terminal Wholesale Public Market, stretching along the east side of Central from Ninth for two blocks, we pointed out as a real sight in the early morning, when the produce dealers are crowding the enormous quadrangle, and the tons of every conceivable sort of fruit, berry, melon and vegetable are piled in colorful array. Some of the produce is fresh from Lower California and mainland Mexico, hauled up in trucks from little Mexican coasters at the Harbor during the night: other great truckloads have sped through the night across desert and mountain from the hot, lush Imperial Valley. The Missus waxed especially enthusiastic about the wonders to be discovered in the market as she related her experiences on the morning when she rose at four o'clock and drove down to the wholesale stalls to buy crates of *feijoas*, or tropical guavas, for jelly-making.

She was still naming exotic fruits that she had found that morning when we passed the 2300 block and I pointed out the Lincoln Theater, where a local Negro theatrical organization known as the Lafayette Players has been producing, during the winter seasons, some remarkably well-done plays. Motion-picture directors have been in the habit of coming to these performances to watch for promising colored players. Before long we passed the Apex Nite Club, rather innocuous-looking in the bright light of day, and soon emerged from crowded city blocks and began to course the seaward plain. We were by this time on the extension of Alameda Street, a broad concrete boulevard extending to the upper reaches of the Harbor. There is a somewhat shorter route, out San Pedro Street to its junction with Avalon

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Boulevard and along the latter straight as a die to the Wilmington docks; but the Alameda route we thought more interesting.

"The port to which we are bound," I explained, "is officially designated as Los Angeles Harbor, although the old name of San Pedro is still quite commonly used. The city of Los Angeles annexed the San Pedro Bay district some years ago, extending the city limits down in a narrow strip which expands to enclose the former municipalities of San Pedro and Wilmington. The distance to the nearest docks at Wilmington by the most direct route is twenty miles. Of the approximately forty miles of waterfront the city of Los Angeles controls about 95%. The municipally built and controlled wharves total a length of 41,921 feet to date. A great footage of new docks is under construction. Private wharves total 21,358 feet in length. The harbor is divided into three districts: San Pedro, Wilmington and Terminal Island. Together, these districts have a population of over 51,000. To the normal resident population are added approximately 20,000 officers and men of the United States Battle Fleet based here and present except while on training cruises."

"That accounts for so many sailors and marines on the streets of Los Angeles," remarked Mr. Jones. "We generally think of Los Angeles as an inland city."

"Los Angeles Harbor is the official home of the Battle Fleet of the United States Navy," I answered, with pardonable pride. "That is, of the eleven superdreadnaughts, the two giant airplane carriers *Saratoga* and *Lexington*, and their attendant train of hospital, supply and repair ships. The fleet as a whole averages 104 vessels, and the smaller units such as destroyers, submarines, light cruisers and mine sweepers are stationed in the Bay of San Diego, ready to form a junction with the battleships whenever joint manœuvers require it. The main fleet in Los Angeles Harbor requires a monthly payroll of around $1,300,000. Much of this is spent in the harbor districts, so that these communities usually seem busy and prosperous. The only time when the fleet is absent as a whole is from February to the first

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of May, when the grand manœuvers are held off Panama or Hawaii."

"Let's not get statistical," pleaded Mrs. Guia. "Let's tell 'em about old days along here, when travelers coming up from San Pedro often spent two nights en route, enjoying the hospitality of the ranch houses; and how later the rival six-mule stages raced hell-bent over this plain, stampeding herds of cattle and wild horses as the passengers bet which would arrive at the Bella Union first. And I was thinking about funny old Peter Biggs and his flight to the harbor as we came down through the African Belt just about along the trail the black man took. Peter was the town barber of Los Angeles in its earliest American days, and the chroniclers of that period love to yarn about him. It was as a servant to Captain A. J. Smith of the United States Dragoons, later the general commanding the Sixteenth Corps of Sherman's army, that this celebrity first hit the Angel City, during the Mexican War. Afterward he gained his freedom, married a native daughter of Indian extraction and became a real social light among the Angelenos."

"Well, we are now about to cross the scene of the skirmish known as the Battle of Dominguez," I said, in my best historical manner. "When Captain Gillespie and his small garrison were ejected from Los Angeles after the first capture of the city by the Americans in 1846, he retired to San Pedro to await the arrival of ships of war with reënforcements. Captain William Mervine with the frigate *Savannah* was sent down from Monterey to his aid, and he organized a land force of sailors, marines and the company under Gillespie to march inland and retake the pueblo from the Californians. This was in the driest of dry months, October, and as hot as they make 'em. The whole plain was covered with a thicket of dead mustard stalks higher than the men's heads and the dust was terrific. Apparently the naval force, unused to an arid land, hadn't thought it necessary to bring along drinking water. Near where we are now, a force of mounted Californian lancers started to harass them, charging forward to plant and fire a small cannon which they dragged along at the ends of *reatas* attached to their saddles. Then they would dash away out of reach

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of the footsore sailors. Captain Mervine decided to fall back on his ship and think things over. In the possession of an old resident of Los Angeles, Dr. Josiah Evans Cowles, is a quaint log or diary kept by a young midshipman of the *Savannah* who participated in the unsuccessful march. He was Robert Carson Duvall, cousin of the noted scout, Kit Carson, and known in the Navy as Old Ironsides because of his six feet four inches and 220 pounds, and his ability to raise a thirty-five-gallon keg full of whiskey to the full length of his arms over his head and set it down again on deck as gently as if it contained feathers. This was considered a fair standard of measuring a man in the good old days of sail and grog."

"Were there any Americans killed?" asked Annabelle Jones.

"Yes, six were killed or died of wounds aboard ship and were buried on Deadman's Island in the harbor. Midshipman Duvall states that the island took its name from these burials, but Richard Henry Dana, Jr., in his celebrated 'Two Years Before the Mast," records that when his ship was in San Pedro in 1835 there was the grave of an English sea captain on the island and he calls it 'Deadman's Island'."

"When did the American forces retake Los Angeles?" asked Mrs. Jones.

"Not until January, 1847, when Commodore Stockton and General Kearny combined forces and marched up from their base at San Diego, to defeat the Californians at the crossing of the Rio San Gabriel, near the present suburb of Montebello, and at La Mesa, where the Los Angeles Union Stockyards now stand. There is a monument in a parked plot in front of the administration building at the Stockyards recording the final victory. These yards, spoken of as the 'Little Chicago' of the Pacific Coast, are on the southeastern edge of the city and include an arena where some of the big exhibition rodeos of the West are held every fall. The locality may be reached by busses from the ends of various street car lines."

Mrs. Guia spoke up to say that the low, rambling Spanish Colonial type of house we could see on a knoll to the west of the highway was formerly the Dominguez family

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home. It stands near Dominguez Junction where the Long Beach and San Pedro lines of the Pacific Electric diverge.

"The Rancho San Pedro," recounted my partner, "comprised 26,000 acres, granted by the Spanish Crown to Juan José Dominguez in 1784, one of the earliest of the California grants. It reached clear to tidewater. On the death of the last direct heir a few years ago the home and immediate grounds were bequeathed to the Catholic order known as Clarentian Missionaries, and is now part of a group of buildings constituting a seminary conducted by this order. The Dominguez ranch house was a favorite stopping place on the route between San Pedro and Los Angeles in the early days of ox-cart and horseback transportation."

There were still cattle to be seen here and there over the rolling plain, but alas for the old days of the great long-horned herds, these were luxuriant dairy cows of elegant breeds loafing in the shade of willows along immaculate fences with never a thought of stampeding away in clouds of dust as their savage, lean predecessors had done when the six-mule stage rattled along toward El Pueblo de los Angeles.

"Now for a little picture of this trip in 1852," chirped the Missus, "and then we will go modern again among the tank farms, oil refineries, warehouses and docks. Hand me that extract you made from the old Ranger's book and I'll read it aloud."

It was an amusing acount of the ride from tidewater to Los Angeles taken by an old-timer who landed from the ancient paddlewheel steamer *Sea Bird* in October, 1852. "At San Pedro we found two stages . . . to which were harnessed as vicious a looking herd of bronco mules as ever kicked the brains out of a Gringo," and after describing the mad race between the two rival stages to the door of the Bella Union in El Pueblo, and the excited betting among the passengers involved in the race, it ended with: "Greeley's ride with Hank Monk was monotonous compared with the early staging between San Pedro and Los Angeles."

We were now among the vast tank farms and oil refineries of such companies as Associated, Richfield, Texaco, Union, General Petroleum, Standard and Hancock, in the

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Wilmington district. Before we reached Anaheim Boulevard, the wide thoroughfare connecting Los Angeles Harbor with Long Beach, I explained that the stage-owner particularly referred to in the chronicle was Phineas Banning, and that we would see and hear much of the name hereabouts. He was for years the transportation magnate of this section, founder of Wilmington, originator of regular steamer service to Santa Catalina Island, and organizer of the first stretch of railway in Southern California, the same line that we had been following today much of the way from the city, constructed in 1869 to supplant his mule stages. It is now the San Pedro branch of the Southern Pacific. Banning is said to have paid $1.10 per acre for 2,400 acres of the Rancho San Pedro in 1858, including the waterfront of Wilmington, now valued at millions.

"He built a big Colonial-type house over there to our right," said I, where you see that clump of giant eucalypti. The home was long famous for its hospitality and for the number of distinguished people entertained within its thirty-two lofty rooms. The Banning stables were celebrated for their horseflesh, and the carriage rooms still contain elegant as well as historic vehicles of past periods. As a memorial to the old stageman and ship-owner the home and grounds are now maintained by the city of Los Angeles as Phineas Banning Memorial Park. Suppose we turn northward from Anaheim Boulevard into Banning Boulevard and take a look at the old place."

"On the way please circle around past the site of old Drum Barracks," suggested Mrs. Guia.

We followed Banning Boulevard to J Street, then turned to the right and immediately to the left again on to a tree-embowered little street called Carey which cuts through the heart of what was the military reservation in Civil War days. Before the last house on the west side of the short street we stopped.

"This building," I said, "was the officers' quarters of Drum Barracks, established here by the Government during the Civil War to hold down the Strong Secessionist element around Los Angeles and to deny the possible use of San Pedro Bay to Confederate privateers. The building

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that here survives and now looks like a New England home embowered in roses is at present the residence of Thomas F. Keavey, well known locally as historian of the Harbor district. It bears a bronze plaque with this inscription:

"Officers' Quarters Drum Barracks, 1862-1868. Supply Depot Department of the Southwest, U. S. Army. In Memory of the Historic Past of This Building and the Importance of its Association with the Early History of California, Rudecinda Parlor No. 230, Native Daughters of the Golden West, Placed This Tablet October 2, 1927.

"This house was ready-cut in Maine and shipped around the Horn in numbered pieces, ready for erection."

"What does 'Rudecinda' signify?" asked Mr. Jones.

"Señora Rudecinda Sepulveda de Dodson, a beautiful type of the Spanish doña of the old régime and a venerated person in these parts, was the granddaughter of the original grantee of the Rancho Palos Verdes, a 31,639-acre estate adjoining the Rancho San Pedro on the west. We are now about to cross into the boundaries of this *hacienda*, which included the western shore of the Harbor and the Bay of San Pedro. Doña Rudecinda passed away in 1930, full of years and honors and beautiful to the last."

"While military headquarters of the Southwest," added Mrs. Guia, "Drum Barracks was the station of numerous officers known to fame, among them Phil Sheridan, Winfield Scott Hancock, John Bankhead Magruder, George Stoneman, who was later Governor of California, and Lieutenant Hunt, first husband of Helen Hunt Jackson, author of 'Ramona.'"

"Is this all that is left of the fort?" inquired Mr. Jones.

"No, there are remains of the powder magazine and of the guardhouse and camel caravan depot. They are visible just below the beginning of Carey Street, near the corner of J and Lecouvreur streets."

"Camel caravan!" exclaimed Mrs. Jones. "They didn't patrol the coast on camels, did they?"

"No, Mrs. Jones, but there were camels in this army,

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nevertheless. The post was the terminus of the camel caravans operated by the Government from the Harbor to posts on the Mojave and Colorado deserts, carrying commissary supplies brought 'round the Horn. The camels also plied northward through Los Angeles to Fort Tejon, the remains of which still stand in the mountain pass of that name about eighty miles beyond the city on U. S. Highway 99."

We drove around by these dilapidated links with the past, nothing much to look at in themselves but interesting for their suggestion of how the influence of the strife that was being waged in faraway Virginia and her sister states reached out to this then marshy wilderness on the western rim of the continent. Then we entered Banning Park and strolled through the grounds.

"A really impressive old mansion," observed Mr. Jones as we stood in front of Banning House. "Its height and bulk must have stood out very boldly in the old days, here where the unbroken plain rolled down to the tidewater marshes."

"Yes, it was a celebrated landmark. Look at the observation tower on top. From this the nabob of transportation could train his telescope on the road to Los Angeles, on one hand, and on the seaway on the other hand. Tidewater was originally much closer to this spot. The waterfront of modern Wilmington rests on a vast sand fill created when the city of Los Angeles took over the Harbor."

The picnic tables and picturesque stone fireplaces scattered under the grove of eucalypti and pines interested the Joneses.

"The stables are as big as the mansion," observed Mr. Jones.

"Yes, there are still some strange old contraptions stored in them. Captain William Banning, a surviving son of General Phineas Banning, is one of the great stage-drivers of the old days and an authority on the history of staging. He maintains for his own pleasure at his home in Los Angeles a stable of fine coach horses and drives one of the old Concords behind six horses on occasions of public fiesta. He is the author, in collaboration with his nephew, George Hugh Banning, of a most interesting book recently

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published by one of the large New York firms, entitled 'Six Horses.'"

Passing down one of the garden paths between giant hydrangeas with blooms as big as a man's head we resumed our journey, proceeding westward on M Street to Avalon Boulevard and then southward to Anaheim Boulevard again.

"Lacouvreur Street back there," I explained, "was named for Franz Lecouvreur, a German-French engineer who came to California in 1851. He did the surveying for Banning when the town of Wilmington was laid out in 1872. Lecouvreur was the author of a charming book of reminiscences called 'From Prussia to the Golden Gate,' now a rare item of Californiana sought by collectors.

"The site of Wilmington was populous long before the advent of white men," I went on. "Here was Suang-na, the largest Indian village of the Los Angeles region. The villagers were fishermen and hunters of the sea otter and the sea lion."

"Hello, what is that? A ship leaning up against a hill?" exclaimed Mr. Jones.

"That is a steamer raised in a floating drydock at the plant of the Los Angeles Shipbuilding and Dry Dock Company," I answered as we swung off from a course which had brought us around the end of West Basin and started up the Pacific Avenue hill. "Back there just before we turned, nestling in the little valley where you saw the group of pepper trees standing alone, once stood the adobe *casa* of the Rancho Palos Verdes. In telling of the days of her childhood Doña Rudecinda used to describe the excitement ensuing in that house when a Yankee trading ship dropped anchor off Deadman's Island and fired her cannon to announce her arrival. The young men of the household would rush for their horses, retainers would prepare creaking *carretas* for the women and children, and away for the distant landing would scurry everybody in a cloud of dust, eager to buy clothing, trinkets and household notions. If there were guests—and there always were—they would scoop up handfuls of coins from the great earthen jars, or *tinajas*, where the family money was kept beside the fireplace, to join in the buying orgy; for travelers carried little

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if any coin, which was of use only on special occasions such as these, when eagerness for gewgaws forbade the long wait until large trade should be consummated by the master of the rancho through the medium of hides, a commodity the Boston shoemakers craved. The money borrowed from the *tinajas* would be paid back when convenient, and the accounting was left entirely to the honesty of the borrower."

Following Pacific Avenue along the high ridge back of the waterfront we traversed a portion of the San Pedro retail business district and continued on to the Breakwater in order to give our visitors a general view over the entire port area. On the way we passed through the edge of what is known as the Lower Reservation of Fort McArthur. Here are located the headquarters, barracks and officers' quarters of the modern army post. On the hill above are emplaced the 14-inch disappearing guns and the 12-inch mortars of the main defenses. On a siding in the reservation we could see two 14-inch railway guns mounted on specially designed flatcars, a mobile type of heavy coast-defense artillery which may be moved up and down the coast in time of war. A battery of anti-aircraft guns, mounted on motor trucks, is also stationed here.

Stopping on the edge of the cliff above the land end of the Breakwater, a wide granite seawall extending for 2.11 miles to form the sheltered anchorage known as the Outer Harbor, we surveyed the widespread activities of the port. Anchored in a long line stretching beyond the outer end of the Breakwater to a point almost opposite the city of Long Beach, lay the dreadnaughts, supply ships and airplane carriers of the Battle Fleet, grim and gray except for the sparkling white hospital ship *Relief*. To and fro over the shimmering waters passed naval launches, water taxis, sailboats, motorboats, motored pleasure cruisers of every type and a big seagoing steam yacht, probably E. L. Doheny's *Casiana*, just nosing out around Breakwater Light. A huge Cunarder, arriving on a world cruise to set her passengers ashore long enough for a tour of Hollywood, lay in quarantine, beside a steamer of the French Line fleet operating direct to this port from Europe; the impressive white liner *City of Los Angeles* was just making in from Hawaii, and a Panama-Pacific liner

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could be seen moving down the channel from Wilmington outward-bound for Panama, Havana and New York. A large coastal passenger steamer was already in the open sea passing northward to San Francisco and Seattle; a pilot boat was dancing out to meet an Italian of the Libera Line drawing harborward; a trans-Pacific "President" type of big fellow flying the Dollar Line flag loomed in the offing; a tanker of the Imperial Japanese Navy was picking her way in through the Battle Fleet, dipping her ensign, and a Japanese naval training ship lay at anchor close under the Breakwater. Over on the eastern or Terminal Island side we could see, approaching the entrance to Fish Harbor, several big seagoing tuna boats returning from fishing cruises down the Lower California coast, or perhaps as far south as the Galápagos, with refrigerated holds full of the much-sought "chicken of the sea." Seaward, to our right, loomed Santa Catalina. Straight ahead, on the inner curve of the big light known as San Pedro Bay, stood the tall buildings of Long Beach, a city of 150,000 people. A forest of oil derricks crowded down on to it from the hill just behind, the famed Signal Hill, and farther down the coast could be discerned another unbelievably thick forest of oil derricks, marking the Huntington Beach field. Inland, forming a triangle with these two derrick forests, a smudge and a blur signified the third great oil pool of tremendous fame, Santa Fé Springs. Beyond the Los Angeles plain rose the Sierra Madre and San Gabriél mountains, clear and blue against the sky, Mount San Antonio still capped with snow. Mount Lowe and Mount Wilson could be clearly distinguished, and I explained that the latter, seat of the largest astronomical telescope in the world, is, in conjunction with the California Institute of Technology in Pasadena at the foot of the mountain, the center of the world's cosmic research.

"It was named," I said, "for the same Don Benito Wilson whom our chronicler mentioned in that account of the stage race we read on the way down here. Benjamin Davis Wilson, affectionately known by the Californians as Don Benito, was not one of the Yankees we have been meeting along the trail of the past, but was a Tennessean who came to Los Angeles in 1841 from Santa Fé, New Mexico, took on Mexican

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citizenship and married into the influential Yorba family. He established a great vineyard in what is now the exclusive San Marino region adjoining Pasadena, and in the 1860's built the first trail up the mountain that bears his name to get out cedar wood for his wine casks. Now this trail that Bacchus inspired leads up and on into infinite space, a path to the stars; and where it will end no man knows, because a lens of just twice the power of the one that prolongs Don Benito's trail is in process of manufacture in the great Institute of Technology near the mountain's base."

Mr. Jones expressed curiosity about the fishermen out on the Breakwater, so the two of us left our womenfolks sitting on the sands of Cabrillo Beach, the municipal playground and boating center, while we strolled out. Amateur fishermen of both sexes and of various ages, colors and conditions were clinging to the rough granite blocks of the seawall, occasionally making a strike but mostly just settin'. An invigorating breeze began to blow across us as we emerged from under the lee of Point Fermin, and before we realized it we found ourselves almost among the gray fleet of warboats and the flotilla of anchored target rafts used in battle firing far out at sea.

"You call that bold promontory just up the shoreline Point Fermin?" inquired my companion, who was always interested in the origin of place names.

"Yes, that headland received its Spanish name not from a Spaniard but from an Englishman. Captain George Vancouver cruised this coast in 1792-1793 on a voyage of exploration on H. M. Ship *Discovery*. At Mission San Carlos, near Monterey, he was handsomely entertained by Fray Fermín de Lasuén, successor to the deceased Junipero Serra in the presidency of the missions. Fray Fermín was a splendid character, according to the testimony of all who knew him, and Captain Vancouver, sailing southward from Monterey charting the coast, thought this bold cliff, so far unnamed, a worthy reminder of his friend the padre. The point at the southern extremity of the Bay of San Pedro he named Lasuén. Thus it is that ships enter here through the outstretched arms of the friendly missionary, Fermín de Lasuén,

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as it were. At the Mission San Juan Bautista, in San Benito County, there is a barrel organ in the museum bearing a maker's plate reading: 'Dobbs, 22 Swan St., London.' It was presented by Vancouver to Fray Fermín in 1793. When the padre in charge there today can be persuaded to turn the handle of the rickety relic it squawks out bits of English dancehall tunes of the eighteenth century. This music-box became an object of great awe and veneration to the Indians and was paraded from mission to mission to lure heathen souls into the fold."

As we neared the shore end of the Breakwater the women came out to join us.

"This sea air is certainly whipping up our appetites," said Miss Jones.

"I can recommend the cream clam chowder in this little joint right here on the seawall," replied Mrs. Guia, helpfully. She led us toward the stools at the open-air counter. "A couple of bowls apiece of this will hold us until nightfall, I guarantee."

After chowder we returned to the Model A, and as we sat there a moment gazing over the maritime panorama spread before us I could not forbear one more dip into history. I pulled from the door pocket of the car an old copy of Dana's "Two Years Before the Mast."

"This is the port that Dana excoriated as the 'hell of the Pacific Coast,' and when I see it now I always recall the college-boy-sailor's first impressions of San Pedro as his Boston brig anchored off Deadman's Island. By the way, that wide, flat space leveled off over there just beyond the entrance to the main channel is where the island used to rise, stark and rocky. The Federal Government has just completed razing it almost to the water's edge, using the site as a base for a fill on which to build a big new immigration station. This will be the Ellis Island of the Pacific Coast. Before it was razed, the bodies of Mervine's sailors and marines were removed to a military cemetery.

"Well, here is Richard Henry Dana speaking:

> "The land was . . . . as far as the eye could reach entirely bare of trees and even shrubs; and there was

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no sign of a town—not even a house. What brought us into such a place we could not conceive . . . . we lay exposed to every wind that could blow, except the northwest, and that came over a flat country with a range of more than a league of water. As soon as everything was snug aboard, the boat was lowered and we pulled ashore . . . . we found the tide low and the rocks covered with kelp and seaweed lying bare for the distance of nearly an eighth of a mile. Picking our way barefooted over these, we came to what is called the landing place. . . . . Except the stalks of the mustard plant there was no vegetation. . . . Over the hill we saw three men coming down, dressed partly like sailors and partly like Californians; one of them having a pair of untanned leather trousers and red baize shirt.

"When they came down to us we found that they were Englishmen and they told us that they had belonged to a small Mexican brig which had been driven ashore here in a southeaster and now lived in a small house just over the hill.

"Going up this hill we saw just behind it a small, low building with one room, containing a fireplace, cooking apparatus, etc., and the rest of it unfinished and used as a place to store hides and goods. This, they told us, was built by some traders in the Pueblo [a town about thirty miles in the interior, to which this was the port], and used by them . . . . when they came down to trade with the vessels. . . . The nearest house . . . . was a rancho or cattle farm about three miles off; and one of them went up to order a horse to be sent down with which our agent . . . . might go up to the Pueblo. . . .

"I learned to my surprise that the desolate-looking place . . . . was the best place on the whole coast for hides . . . . and about thirty miles in the interior was a fine plane country . . . . in the center of which was the Pueblo de Los Angelos—the largest town in California —and several of the wealthiest missions. . . . We all agreed that it was the worst place we had seen yet . . . . in a few days . . . . large ox-carts and droves of mules,

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loaded with hides, were seen coming over the flat country. We loaded our longboat with goods of all kinds and pulled ashore. . . . The heavy barrels and casks were rolled up [the hill] with some difficulty . . . . now and then our feet slipping added to the dangers of the casks rolling back upon our shoulders. But the greatest trouble was with the large boxes of sugar. These we had to place upon oars, rest the oars upon our shoulders, and creep slowly up the hill with the gait of a funeral procession . . . . the lazy Indians who came down with the carts squatting down on their heels and looking on, doing nothing, and when we asked them to help us, only shaking their heads or drawing out *no quiero*. . . . For several days we were employed in this manner until we had landed forty or fifty tons of goods and brought on board about two thousand hides."

"A picturesque contrast with the present scene before us," acknowledged Mr. Jones, "and a good picture of early trade on this coast."

"The 'rancho or cattle farm three miles away,'" I explained, "was of course the Sepulveda home where Doña Rudecinda was raised. The adobe in which the three castaway Englishmen were staying was the property of our old friend, Don Abel Stearns, the commercial pioneer of Los Angeles Harbor, the padres excepted. The old warehouse was built originally by the padres of Mission San Gabriel. The Mission San Fernando also passed hides through this port, after the Spanish interdiction of foreign trade was removed by the Mexican Republic. Joe Chapman, our old acquaintance of pirate origin, launched here the first vessel of size built on the California coast, a schooner which he constructed at San Gabriel and transported to the harbor in sections on ox-carts. It was for the friars, who put the ingenious Yankee's marine masterpiece into the business of hunting sea otter around Santa Catalina, gathering skins for sale in China, to the further glory and profit of the Archangel Gabriel's mission. Later Abel Stearns acquired the port concession from the Franciscans and wrote a long report to the Illustrious Ayuntamiento, or Town Council,

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of Los Angeles, recommending appropriations for the development and municipal control of the harbor. Needless to say, those native councilmen of the 1830's did nothing about it; but today this harbor is controlled and is under development by the municipality of Los Angeles, just as Don Abel recommended it should be one hundred years ago. The original letter from Stearns to the Mexican governor, requesting consent to the passing of the harbor concession from the mission to Abel Stearns, I have seen in the collection of the Mr. John T. Gaffey before mentioned."

"Now let us take a seaview from Point Fermin," suggested the Missus. "Catalina always looks so beautiful from there on a clear day."

"Fine," I agreed, "but I feel an attack of statistics coming on and you must bear with me for a moment. Quoting from the reports of 1930, I must tell you what comparatively few Americans are aware of. This harbor has reached the enviable position among American ports of being first in intercoastal tonnage, second in export tonnage, and third in total commerce. It is expected this year to become the second port of the nation in total volume. More tonnage moves through this harbor than through any other Pacific Coast port. During the past fiscal year the record of cargo handled reached the total of 26,000,000 tons, valued at more than one billion dollars and carried in 8633 ships. It leads all other American ports in export of canned fish and petroleum oils and in the import of lumber. It is a great cotton export port and a great raw rubber import port, the cotton of the Imperial and San Joaquin Valleys going out to the textile mills of the Orient and Europe, and the rubber coming in from the vast plantations of Malaysia and the East Indies to supply the Los Angeles factories of Goodyear, Goodrich, Firestone, Samson and other tire-makers."

"There is a considerable industrial district in Los Angeles, then, is there?" inquired Mr. Jones. "Except for the great oil refineries here at the harbor I have not noticed many factories."

"The Los Angeles metropolitan area has 4550 manufacturing establishments normally employing 112,000 wage-earners with a payroll of $175,000,000 and producing

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$1,166,000,000 worth of manufactures annually. It is becoming a center of garment manufacture. Hollywood sets the styles while Los Angeles Street grabs them up and disseminates them in the form of finished garments for the whole world. We cannot see everything in Los Angeles during your brief stay, so we have not planned to include the industrial districts."

"During the past seven years the export of oil from Los Angeles Harbor has averaged 125,000,000 barrels per year. It is said to be the cheapest port in the world for oil-burning ships to bunker, and hundreds of vessels destined elsewhere stop here en route to fuel. There are 167 steamship companies operating in and out, including the oil and lumber trades, and there are sixteen shipbuilding and repair yards in the harbor area. The port is served by the Southern Pacific, Union Pacific, Santa Fé and Pacific Electric railroads and by fleets of motor trucks. In the harbor area railroad operation is unified under the neutral management of the Harbor Belt Line Railroad, controlling 128 miles of tracks. The principal passenger-carrier to and from the harbor is the Pacific Electric, over which are operated special parlor-car-equipped trains to serve all important steamer arrivals and departures, as well as a regular and frequent schedule from the Sixth and Main station in the heart of the city to Fifth and Harbor Boulevard in San Pedro.

"Coffee and bananas from Central America, sugar from Hawaii, the Philippines and Cuba, and canned pineapples from Hawaii, are imports that run into large tonnage here, and citrus fruits, canned fruits, dried fruits, go out in enormous quantities to the countries of the—"

"Oh, let's get going," my wife interrupted rudely.

"I thought we had the chief going pretty well, myself," chuckled Mr. Jones, which sort of let me down easy and I drove them up the hill to Point Fermin.

We walked through the pretty little park there and around the old lighthouse, one of the first on this coast, built in a style reminiscent of the frame beach hotels and cottages of an early ornate period of American architecture, with the

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revolving light installed in a cupola on top the keeper's house.

"Oh, there is a restaurant here in the park," commented Miss Jones. "We could have had a whole meal by coming up here."

"Yes, a fair fish dinner is to be had here at reasonable cost," I answered. "But who wants to eat with a view like that before him!"

We all gathered by the parapet of the promenade at the cliff's edge and looked out across the Catalina Channel to the graceful outline of the twenty-two-mile-long island, its nearest port, The Isthmus, about eighteen miles from us and the town of Avalon, toward the southeastern end, where the steamers regularly land about twenty-seven miles away. The twin peaks of Black Jack and Orizaba rose sheer from the flat, glittering surface of the sea like mounds of some blue water-ice on a silver platter; indeed the whole island seemed to sit precariously on the far edge of a rimless metal plate.

"Today you can see every fishing boat in the channel, clear to Catalina," I commented. "Sometimes the island is lost in clouds. At other times it shows through mist here and there like several separate islands. There is one of the morning steamers on its way over, still visible toward the far end of the island. From June to the first of October there are five sailing a day each way, and the trip to Avalon takes two hours and five minutes. The Isthmus is somewhat closer. The steamers *Avalon* and *Catalina* are large, comfortable vessels carrying from 1500 to 2000 passengers each. The smaller steamer *Cabrillo* plies to The Isthmus. Pacific Electric special trains make dockside connections with these boats, leaving Los Angeles one hour before the sailings. Also, there is an increasingly popular amphibian passenger-plane service operating across the channel at frequent intervals from seaplane docks adjacent to the Catalina Terminal at Wilmington."

"Is the island worth a trip?" inquired Mr. Jones.

Catalina being one of the greatest loves of my life, an infatuation of my most impressionable boyhood years, I drew a deep breath and prepared to make Mr. Jones regret the casual manner in which he had approached a sacred

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subject. But the Missus, unsentimental person that she is, must have noticed in my eyes the signs of rhapsody coming on, because through my spell I heard her say:

"For goodness' sake don't get him started on his old Avalon days, when he was a barefoot boy with cheeks of tan roaming the island and paddling the adjacent seas alone with his dog Spot, feeling like Robinson Crusoe with his man Friday; good old days when the little tugboat *Falcon,* flying the Banning emblem, made only three trips a week and the few cottagers felt so romantically isolated from the world. He thinks that modern progress has ruined it, but I think it is a peach of a place, just modern enough without jazziness. The waters of Catalina are among the most famous in the world for sporty fishing. The St. Catherine Hotel, tucked away in embowered Descanso Cove, just around the bend from Avalon, is a sweet spot. It is connected with the town by a ten-minute service of cute little motored *char-à-bancs* in which one can take a charming ride along the crescent shore of the deep blue bay. There are other comfortable if not elegant hotels available, including the celebrated Island Villa, where each bedroom is a little colored canvas bungalow set back under eucalyptus trees.

"Avalon occupies the site of an extensive ancient Indian town. In fact, it was occupied down into recent historical times, the diarist of Vizcaíno's voyage in 1602 describing a trip ashore to investigate the big heathen temple to the god, Chinigchinich. The natives are described as finer physical specimens than the aborigines of the mainland coast and quite different from them. They put forth in canoes that carried as many as twenty paddlers. Forty different Indian village sites have been discovered on the island, and the largest restaurant in Avalon, on the waterfront near the end of the steamer wharf, is built on an enormous kitchen midden, where the earth is black and oily deep into the ground with the greasy residue of centuries of fish barbecues. Five distinct periods of human life have been traced on the island by scientists, based on five different manners of burial. As early as 1850 the first expedition of scientists visited the island, a museum party from Germany; and since then tons of the rarest Indian relics have been removed to the Smith-

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sonian at Washington, the Heye Foundation of the American Indian in New York and the museums of Europe, yet fascinating discoveries are still being made. A most interesting collection is to be seen in the museum at Avalon.

"A famous golf course is at the head of the valley back of the town, and in this valley also are the spring training grounds of the Chicago Cubs. The late William Wrigley, Jr., you know, owned the island, outside of the private property in the town itself. Under him it was maintained as a public resort. His palatial home stands high on Mount Ida, on the southeastern side of the bay, its terraced gardens flaming with the color of massed geranium and nasturtium; on an eminence on the opposite side of the bay is the elaborate home of P. K. Wrigley, and on an adjoining ridge is the resort home of Zane Grey, novelist and sportsman, built in Pueblo Indian style.

"The famous Bird Farm is in the pretty cañon leading back into the hills just beyond the flower farms and fig groves. Here are gathered in an idyllic setting rare and gorgeous birds from every clime, and here birds are bred for distribution to other aviaries of the world.

"The island is a great rendezvous for yachts. On festive week-ends the lovely crescent bay is crowded with pleasure boats fairly elbowing for moorings. They are dressed with colored lanterns at night, and the sound of gaiety and music comes floating across the waters—"

"Ah, I *thought* you would!" I broke in. "You cramped *my* style, but the place has *you* going into ecstacies!"

The Joneses laughed good-humoredly, and my wife turned pink as she defended herself. "But it *is* a nice place for those who like the sort of thing you get over there—like sailing, fishing, swimming, viewing submarine gardens through glass-bottomed boats, cruising in swift motorboats at night to see the flying-fish soar under the searchlights, horseback riding, motoring over mountain roads, golfing, dancing in the million-dollar Casino. But one should give more than a day to the island, if one is to get the flavor of it. Now we must get on."

"I have just this much more to say on the subject," I announced, and succeeded in detaining Mr. Jones to listen

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to me, though Mrs. Jones and Annabelle joined in the retreat to the car. "Our Channel Islands were first recorded by Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo, pioneer European voyager on this coast, in 1542. The fascinating question whether or not Asiatic voyagers had reached these shores centuries earlier is dealt with in Professor Charles E. Chapman's 'History of California: The Spanish Period.' After Cabrillo's death, which occurred on one of these islands, supposed to be the present San Miguel, his pilot, Ferrelo, took command and pushed the cruise into the waters of the north Pacific. Then for sixty years this southern coast lay stretched beside its ocean in pristine loneliness until Vizcaíno's voyage in 1602. He renamed to his own liking all the points Cabrillo had baptized; or rather to the liking of his Carmelite chaplain, Friar Ascension, a trained cartographer, who made of his maps a sort of saints' calendar. Most of the promontories bearing the names of Spanish persons, such as Sal, Arguello and Lasuén, were named much later by George Vancouver."

From Point Fermin we drove back along Pacific Avenue to Fourteenth Street and then down to the Pilot Station on a tip of land at the narrow entrance to the main channel from the Outer Harbor. This spot, like Point Fermin, may be reached by bus or street car from the center of San Pedro. Parking the car at the very water's edge we remained seated and watched various types of craft come and go within stone's throw—ocean liners, fishing boats, water taxis and naval motor launches.

As we started back for the Inner Harbor I pointed out, on our left, Base No. 17, U. S. Coast Guard, where a neat cutter lay at the wharf. At Allen Field, across on Terminal Island, the Coast Guard maintains an aërial base for its own coast-patrol planes, one of three Coast Guard air bases in the United States. In the Outer Harbor area we saw vessels flying the house flags of such lines as the East Asiatic, the Flood, the Grace, the Java-Pacific, the Latin-American, the South Africa Despatch, the Harrison, the Donaldson, the Johnson and the Knutsen. The Johnson Line operates a very popular passenger and cargo service direct to Scandinavia, and several of the British lines afford passenger service direct to Great Britain.

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At the foot of Fifth Street, in the heart of San Pedro, we stopped long enough to walk over to the naval landing, where the launches of the fleet arrive and depart. A petty officer of the Shore Patrol was policing the staging and passing orders down to the coxswains as they brought their craft in. Parking stalls for automobiles marked off on the dock outside the railed enclosure at the head of the gangway were impressively placarded 'Reserved,' and designated as follows: "Commander-in-Chief U. S. Fleet." "Commander U. S. Battle Force." "Commander U. S. Battleship Force." "Commander U. S. Base Force." "Commander U. S. Battleship Division No. 1," and so on.

"I do wish we could see the Commander-in-Chief come ashore in his gleaming brass-trimmed black barge," sighed Mrs. Guia. "I do love pomp and circumstance and officers' uniforms. But I suppose we shall have to be content with just the ordinary run of small fry today. My goodness, when the Japanese prince was taken out to the flagship you should have seen—"

"Wait a minute," I called. "I believe we are to have a bit of luck. There comes a whole boat load of cadets from that Japanese training ship out in the stream."

Sure enough, a launch flying the Rising Sun foamed up and disgorged a group of chubby young Nipponese, very serious and disciplined in their demeanor, each with his short, dagger-like sword at his belt. They trooped away to board waiting trolleys for a sightseeing tour of Los Angeles.

Next to the naval landing was the water-taxi landing and the Terminal Island or East San Pedro ferry landing.

"You will notice," I said, "that this is the only shabby part of the otherwise very modern port. This frontage is owned by the Southern Pacific Railroad, and these old wooden wharves and sheds date from the 1880's, when the 'S. P.,' having previously acquired Banning's little railroad between Los Angeles and Wilmington, extended the line to San Pedro. Old Don Diego Sepulveda of the Rancho Palos Verdes *gave* this frontage to the railroad company to induce it to build the extension. He also deeded, for the use of future inhabitants of the great port which he foresaw, the park on the bluffs overlooking the main channel; also pre-

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sented the Government with the site of the Fort McArthur reservation and the lighthouse site on Point Fermin. The city of Los Angeles is negotiating with the railroad at the present moment for the purchase of its frontage, and the company wants something over $2,000,000 for it."

We resorted to the boulevard again to swing around the West Basin and visit Terminal Island, and on our way we poked around the Wilmington docks of such deep-sea steamship lines as the American-Hawaiian, Bank Line, Ltd., Matson Navigation Company, the latter operating to the South Seas and Australia; Furness-Pacific, Panama Mail, Panama-Pacific, Royal Mail Steam Packet, Holland-America and Hamburg-American. Into the refrigerated holds of a Royal Mail steamer were sliding thousands of boxes of oranges on an endless-chain conveyor—breakfast fruit for England and northern Europe. We looked from the Matson docks across the basin at the extensive plant of the Pacific Borax Company with its well known trade line, 'Twenty Mule Team Borax.'

"Now a glimpse of the yacht harbor, right over east of these docks," I suggested. "The fleet of pleasure cruisers based here, and at the anchorage for the largest yachts in the Outer Harbor, numbers over 400 boats. In addition is a large fleet of small racing sailboats, ranging from the little 'Star' class to 45-footers. The attractive building at the yacht landing is the clubhouse of the California Yacht Club. A well-equipped annex is maintained at the Outer Harbor. This is the port of departure for races of world importance, notably the annual race to Hawaii over 2100 miles of ocean, and the annual regatta when boats from both coasts of the United States and Canada compete for the perpetual trophy donated by Alfonso XIII while King of Spain."

Driving around to cross the great drawbridge spanning Cerritos Channel, the waterway to the inner harbor of Long Beach, we passed the wide-spreading assembly plant of the Ford Motor Company. In this channel we saw moored some of the motion picture fleet of sailing ships that I had promised to point out to Miss Annabelle. Then we inspected the Terminal Island docks of the Libera Line, French Line, Dollar Lines, Oceanic and Oriental Navigation Company, Osaka

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Shosen Kaisha and Nippon Yusen Kaisha, great Japanese shipping firms; North German Lloyd, Luckenbach Lines, Compagnie Maritime Belge and others, all suggesting far places and wide seas.

Next we went over a few blocks to Fish Harbor, making our way very cautiously, in places, through coveys of cute bits of Japanese children playing over roadway and dock. For here is an extensive colony of Japanese fishermen off the tuna and sardine fleets. Over 1500 fishing boats ply out of Los Angeles Harbor. The canneries are located here in this port within a port, Fish Harbor, while the wholesale fresh-fish markets are on the west side of the main channel to the Inner Harbor. At Fish Harbor the Nipponese colony is concentrated. Japanese and Slovaks do most of the commercial fishing, but the Slovaks scatter their homes throughout the harbor districts. Unfortunately the Japanese have not constructed a picturesque village after their own native style but inhabit long rows of wooden bungalows built for them on the wholesale plan. The people themselves, however—their modes of life, their shops and restaurants along the main business street, and especially the activities along Fish Wharf—are worth a visit. The Joneses were fascinated with the sight of tons of great shining tuna fish coming out of the holds of the deep-sea boats we had seen, earlier in the day, making their way in from the high seas. From the boats the fish shoot directly into the canneries on belt-conveyed scoops.

The tiny Jap boys fishing from precarious perches under the pilings and from punts and skiffs astern of the moored fishing boats set Miss Annabelle's heart aflutter for their safety, especially when a wee bullet-headed chap barely four years old, squatting on his heels on the very gunwale of a tipsy skiff, hooked a fish and teetered for one desperate moment while the question was decided whether he would go into the water or the fish would come into the boat.

"You need not have worried, even if the fish had outpulled him," I comforted. "They can swim as soon as they can walk, and they walk early enough, as is attested by the many bowed legs."

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"The large boats all have crowsnests on the masts, reminiscent of whaling days," observed Mr. Jones.

"Yes, those are the tuna boats. From aloft a lookout searches the surface of the sea for signs of the school. The swordfish boats have 'pulpits' built out from the bow, on long affairs like jib-booms, where the harpooner stands to empale the giant fighter whose solid white meat is considered such a delicacy in the fresh-fish market. But most of the swordfish boats base on San Diego. During the sardine-canning season the normal fleet of Fish Harbor is augmented by squadrons of the colorful little Monterey-type boats with their stubby bits of bowsprits, brought down by the hale and jaunty Italian fishermen of the northern bay, a type superior in interest and picturesqueness to the Slevaks of these waters."

Finding we had time to pay a visit to the city of Long Beach, some three miles east of us, we drove past the long row of dilapidated beach cottages, some of them once quite pretentious, which in years past housed the exclusive summer colony of Brighton Beach. "In the gay '90's and the early 1900's," I explained, "this was the vacation refuge of society and wealth, a community subject only to the vague control of the indifferent little municipality of San Pedro. Then along came the bumptious, growing city of Los Angeles with a craving for salt water of its very own, gobbled up the whole region and set its dredges to digging channels. The mud and sand were dumped ruthlessly in the face of leisurely Brighton Beach with the result that the breakers were driven back a half mile from the erstwhile boardwalk; and now the remains of the old homes are hives of fisherfolk and stevedores."

"Long Beach is sometimes jokingly referred to as the capital of Iowa," broke in the Missus, raising her voice above the snoring of a sawmill in a lumberyard we were passing at that moment, "but however that may be, it is a fine, upstanding city and a charming seaside resort. You'll like the looks of it, I'm sure."

Soon we were in Long Beach, and I let Mrs. Guia have the megaphone as we coasted along the broad and handsome avenue known as Ocean Boulevard following the high

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ground above the beautiful firm beach which fronts the city. This beach continues unbroken for some twenty miles down the coast.

"That big hotel on the bluff facing the sea," announced our informant, "is the Virginia, one of the well-known year-'round resorts of the south coast and the home of numerous families of naval officers attached to the Fleet. Almost opposite is City Hall Park, center of the municipal government. There is a good popular-priced restaurant on the right-hand side of the park named The Mecca. Now we are crossing Pine Street, the principal retail business artery, lined with tall office buildings and up-to-date stores. From the foot of Pine extends the municipal pleasure pier with its entertainment facilities, boat landings and accommodations for amateur fishermen. Fronting the beach to the right of the pier are the bath-houses for surf-bathers and the recreation boardwalk known as The Pike. On the other side of the pier are a small boat harbor and a still water bathing area enclosed by a seawall.

"This next broad thoroughfare running inland is American Avenue, one of the principal entrances from Los Angeles, along which the Pacific Electric trains from the metropolis arrive in Long Beach at twenty-minute intervals during most of the twenty-four hours. The distance from Los Angeles is about twenty-three miles."

"And here we have an Atlantic terminating in the Pacific," observed Mr. Jones, reading the street sign at the next important intersection.

"Yes, and one block north on Atlantic Avenue, at the corner of First, you will notice a group of buildings, nondescript but picturesque, with a considerable space of lawns and gardens. That is the Wayside Colony, a center of craftsmen's workshops, artists' and musicians' studios, gift shops, and a children's playground where juvenile dances and festivals are often held. It is quite an interesting place to visit and includes two restaurants, the Norman Tavern and the Brittany Kitchen, where good meals are served in quaint and intimate surroundings. Atlantic leads directly to Pasadena, at the foot of the mountains."

Passing the Pacific Coast Club in its imposing building

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on the ocean front, scene of many social functions and another great rendezvous for the Navy people, we continued along Ocean Boulevard between rows of handsome residences and apartment houses surrounded by lawns and gardens that looked doubly attractive and colorful against the blue sea. About three miles farther on we passed Belmont Pier and were skirting the lagoons of the Seal Beach and Alamitos districts, where the more metropolitan aspect of Long Beach proper gave way to the less formal atmosphere of cottage-lined beaches. Small sail and motor boats dotted the estuaries extending well back into the tidal plain, and a girls' canoeing regatta afforded a colorful spectacle as we passed near the waterside before turning back. Miss Jones was particularly interested in the daring styles of swimsuits in which the girl canoeists disported themselves and guessed rightly that the little garments were of Hollywood origin.

"If we should follow this boulevard straight on down the coast it would take us through the immense oil field of Huntington Beach, only a few miles farther on," said Mrs. Guia. "Then we would pass along the high ground behind Newport and Balboa Beach, populous seaside communities strung along a sandspit between the open ocean and a quiet inland bay; then through lovely Laguna Beach, where there is a famous colony of artists and literary folk. These places are in Orange County. From Laguna we would continue to follow the sea to San Diego and the Mexican border, joining U. S. 101 at Serra. The Mission San Juan Capistrano lies two miles inland from this junction, on U. S. 101. Just before reaching Serra we would pass behind the bold promontory now called Dana Point, named for the Boston sailor lad who told, in his 'Two Years Before the Mast,' of adventures on the face of this cliff, then known as Punta de San Juan. It is a beautiful drive along the coastline of Orange and San Diego counties, and the coloring of the sea off the rocky shore of Laguna and Arch Beach has drawn painters from all over America. The Pacific Electric extends as far as Balboa Beach. Laguna may be reached by bus from Long Beach and from Santa Ana. San Diego may be reached from Los Angeles by the Santa Fé Railroad in three hours and a half, or by motor stage or steamer. The five-hour

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steamer trip from Los Angeles Harbor, on a well-appointed liner, with a meal en route, affords a delightful sail on the Pacific."

"Oh, can't we go to the border today!" exclaimed Miss Annabelle. "What fun to step over into Mexico. Tia Juana! Agua Caliente! Let's do it!"

"If we yield to that temptation the remainder of our seven-day program is sunk!" cried the Missus in alarm. "Hurry up, driver, turn back!"

I was with Annabelle and her idea one hundred per cent—about one per cent to a mile that would have been, from this point in the road, but back we turned, as ordered.

"I am sorry to miss San Juan Capistrano," said Mr. Jones. "I understand it was one of the most beautiful of the missions."

"It was and still is, in spite of the ruined condition of what were once its finest features," I answered, stirred to speech by the memory of that dear old spot. "For mellow picturesqueness the ruins of this mission are unrivaled. It was founded November 1, 1776, and was the seventh of the chain. It was named for an Italian Franciscan, a militant inquisitor, born in Capistrano in the Abruzzi in 1386 and canonized in 1690. Padre Serra himself inaugurated the mission, assisted by its first ministers, the padres Pablo Mugartegui and Gregorio Amurrio, and the title pages of the birth, marriage and death records are in Serra's handwriting. The first permanent church edifice here, now known as Serra Chapel, is believed to be the only church still standing in California in which the great pioneer missionary himself conducted services. Serra died in 1784, and the crude churches at the missions during his period were replaced by handsomer edifices in the years following his death. The Serra Chapel has been completely restored, following years of disuse, and the present padre in charge, Rev. St. John O'Sullivan, has for years been ardently at work rehabilitating the beautiful ruins of the once great establishment. He is the author, in collaboration with Charles F. Saunders, of 'Capistrano Nights,' a widely read book. An odd architectural feature of the big inner quadrangle or patio of the temporal establishment is that no two sides of the enclosure

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are of the same length. Professor Newcomb thinks this is due to the uneven paces of the padre in charge of construction when he laid out the building. The padre decided that there should be sixteen arches on each side, then paced off the distance between the proposed piers. The ground was uneven and the padre did not take paces of uniform length, but he lived up to his original idea of sixteen arches to the side just the same.

"The great stone church, seven-domed, was the architectural triumph of San Juan Capistrano. Now only the transept and sanctuary stand as souvenirs of what was termed the cathedral of California. The tragedy of the earthquake that precipitated the ruin of the edifice, Sunday morning, December 8, 1812, is well known to history, but it is not so well known that the complete ruin of the church as we see it today is due to deliberate disruption by gunpowder placed by selfish and ignorant settlers in the 1860's to secure ready-dressed stone for their own building purposes. The stone church was begun in 1797 and was nine years in the building. The fine detail of the masonry is due to the fact that a master stonemason was imported from Culiacan, Mexico, a craftsman whose product has gone down to fame but whose name is lost to history. That he had in his heart a strong Indian influence is suggested by the remarkable fact that among all the ornaments which he cut into the stones of the lofty sanctuary vault there is not a single Christian symbol, the decorations all being traceable to Aztec or allied origin. The dedication of the church in 1806 was one of the great events of the history of California under Spain, including pageantry civil, military and ecclesiastical. Just six years later the terrible earthquake, which damaged practically every mission in California, sent the stone domes crashing through the roof and killed forty Indian worshippers kneeling at the mass. Following abortive attempts to rebuild, service was resumed in the old church, the Serra Chapel of today, and continued there until 1890, when it fell into such disrepair that services were conducted in an improvised chapel in the old *sala* or reception room of the padres until the restoration of the Serra church a few years ago. The *campanario,* or belfry, so often seen in pictures the world over, dates from

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1812, following the ruin of the church, and suggests by its low-lying construction that the padres were shy of lofty structures by this time. The belfry of the stone church had been 120 feet high. There are four of the original bells in the present belfry, which forms one wall of the lovely little enclosed garden devoted to the meditation of the friars preceding religious occasions. It was entered only from their quarters or from the sacristy of the stone church. The open space on the east side of the Serra Chapel was the burial ground, where, the records show, over 4000 Indians lie in trenches, tier on tier. Many objects from the stone church are to be seen in the chapel and in the museum room. The finest baptismal font remaining among the missions continues in use here. Among the paintings is a Crucifixion signed by Francisco Cervantes. The stone church had walls six feet thick. It was one of the two churches in the mission chain that were built in cruciform plan. San Juan Capistrano is directly on the Camino Real and on the Santa Fé Railroad. The Los Angeles-San Diego stages pass through it. The highway, U. S. 101, is the main street of the little pueblo, which still retains a picturesque row of old adobe houses along the road and a suggestion of the old-time life, despite the rush of traffic. Title to San Juan Capistrano Mission was returned to the Catholic Church, after having been alienated by Governor Pico shortly before the American occupation, by an order signed by Abraham Lincoln in 1864. The Great Emancipator took time during the heat of the Civil War to append his signature to this document, one of the prized exhibits of the Mission museum."

Mr. Jones renewed his expression of regret that we had not planned to visit San Juan Capistrano, and I determined then and there that he should have an intimate glimpse of some of the other missions before we were through. In the meantime, returning along Ocean Boulevard, we had reached Cherry Street and were opposite Bixby Park. The park bears the name of a family of early American settlers still prominent in these parts. The Bixby brothers acquired, in the 1860's, the Rancho los Cerritos from Don Juan Temple and the Rancho los Alamitos from Don Abel Stearns. Parts of

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these adjoining land grants are included in the city of Long Beach and suburbs.

"Stop here a moment, driver," commanded Mrs. Guia, "while we again conjure the spirits of those Yankee boys, Temple and Stearns. You see, one can't go far any place in this region around here without finding traces of them. This Cherry Street leads straight up Signal Hill over yonder with its bristling forest of derricks and its spouting oil wells. You've all heard of Signal Hill. Well, once in the early days a famous horse-race occurred along about the line that street follows. Don Juan, whose adobe castle still stands over there a bit to the westward, and Don Abel, whose adobe is still preserved over there to the eastward, back of Alamitos Bay, were friendly neighbors but rival horsebreeders. Horseflesh was their passion, and the pleasantest thing that either of them could think of doing was to raise a colt that could outrun the best the other had raised. Finally they arranged between them the greatest horse-race of all time, according to the traditions handed down in the old Californian families. A post was set up where this park is now, and the prize horse of Don Juan was matched to race the prize horse of Don Abel from here to the top of Signal Hill and return. That is about two miles each way, one way uphill. They bred for endurance as well as speed those days. The stake was one thousand head of cattle. Which won the race? That is still a moot question, answered according to which side of the dividing line of the land grants you were raised on, because, instead of an obvious winner falling exhausted in his tracks at the finishing post, set, as had been supposed, well back from the cliff, both these colts of fighting hearts and now immortal fame shot over the cliff neck-and-neck and were dashed to death on the beach below, with their Indian jockeys. Accounts that have come down by word of mouth from that eventful day agree pretty well that there was nothing to choose between the two horses at the post, but at the cliff's edge—ah, there it could be easily seen that Don Abel's bay was ahead by the width of a nostril as he leaped into space, say the descendants of the retainers of Rancho los Alamitos, while those of Rancho los Cerritos maintain that there was in very truth just that difference of a nostril's breadth between them, but that the difference was

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in favor of Don Juan's black beauty. And so we have here a park on the site of that famous finish, donated to the city of Long Beach by the successors of Temple and Stearns, the Bixbys. Both the old adobes, renovated, are now occupied as private homes by descendants of the Bixby brothers."

"Whew!" sighed Mr. Jones, "you've left me all breathless and dry with the dust and stress of that race. How about finding a place of refreshment?"

"I've got an idea!" exclaimed Mr. Guia. "Let's drop in at my Cousin Henry's and if Madge is home we can get her to take us either to the Virginia Country Club or to the Pacific Coast Club to tea."

That was a fine idea, because Henry and Madge are both good sports even if they do live in Long Beach, and the ginger ale from Henry's refrigerator combines marvelously with the mint leaves from Madge's garden. Henry was just putting on his golf togs for a run out to the country club for a round when we arrived, and he agreed to take us over to the Bixby place, which adjoins the club grounds, and introduce us so that we could look at the old house; but as it turned out we sat around the ginger ale and mint until well on into dinner time and then dined sumptuously at the Pacific Coast Club. A big Navy party was going on there that night, so everything was gay and lively, with a moon shining down on the Pacific that kept the terrace overhanging the beach busy with mooners.

When we drove home it was through the Signal Hill oil field, a most impressive sight at night with all the racket of pumps and drills, the flaring lights coloring the plumes of steam floating through the tangle of ghoulish derricks, and the men and tank trucks running about on the ground like attendants in the infernal regions. There was an acrid smell of oil, brimstone and hissing gas as from the Devil's laboratory, and the glaring eyes of automobiles fleeing along the strip of shadowy pavement seemed to reflect fright and dismay.

"And tomorrow?" asked Mr. Jones as we parted at the hotel. "We can take it a little easy, can't we, tomorrow?"

"Yes," we replied, "just a jaunting, easy day over Pasadena and San Gabriel way. Nothing to worry about, so sleep tight."

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SATURDAY

THE number of routes by which we might reach Pasadena caused complications on Saturday morning. On the way down to the hotel we Guias debated hotly: what road would prove the most interesting and at the same time reasonably direct? We could go out Glendale Boulevard past Echo Park and Aimee Semple McPherson's temple and on through Edendale, Glendale and Eagle Rock; or we could go north through the Plaza district to Macy Street and out by way of Mission Road and Huntington Drive, a route following closely the Camino Real and passing Lincoln Park and Luna Zoo; or—third—we might try North Broadway to Pasadena Avenue and so out through Highland Park, passing Sycamore Grove and the Southwest Museum.

I favored either the second or the third as having some historical significance—both followed old trails of the days before the *gringo* came. But Aimee Semple McPherson won. That is, the visitors obviously favored Mrs. Guia's argument for the Glendale roundabout when they learned that this would take them in front of Angelus Temple. Perhaps they were influenced also by the fact that this way they would get a glimpse of the first permanent motion-picture studio erected in California, old home of that now defunct pioneer concern, the Selig Polyscope Company.

The Missus was to drive today, and in a short time we were rambling out Figueroa to Second and along Second to Glendale Boulevard at its junction with Beverly.

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"What a pretty lake!" exclaimed Mrs. Jones as we sighted Echo Park and drove along beside the winding body of palm-fringed water where swans drifted and colorful skiffs and canoes floated.

"And a lotus pond in bloom!" she exclaimed again as the car paused at the curb. Here, just across from the northern end of the lake, stood a large cream-white concrete building of classical outline and obviously of ceremonial character.

"*There* is Angelus Temple, Aimee Semple McPherson, pastor," announced Mrs. Guia. "If every other local form of publicity should dry up, this one would still keep Los Angeles splashed over the front pages of the world's newspapers. Once upon a time Aimee slipped out of that door, descended into the sea and arose in the desert. Ever since, all Christendom has watched breathlessly her every move, awaiting her next great miracle. Which reminds me that her last name is Hutton now."

"Wonderful woman!" I murmured. "What she gets away with!"

"Well, I'll tell you one thing," observed the Missus as we drove along. "It's a real emotional experience to attend a big revival in the Temple with Aimee in action and the great vested choir singing hallelujah. And what crowds those services draw!"

"Angelus Temple is reached by the Edendale cars of the Pacific Electric running west in Sixth to Figueroa, the subway Hollywood cars and the Hollywood and Santa Monica lines on Sunset," I announced. "We are now passing under Sunset, which here crosses over Glendale Boulevard on a viaduct."

"It is one of the interesting contrasts of your city that Angelus Temple is on the way to Hollywood," remarked Mr. Jones.

"Not such a contrast," I replied. "They are both great centers of theatrical entertainment."

"We are now in a district known as Edendale," said our driver. "The announcer in the back seat will mention points of interest."

"Well, on the right, at Effie Street, you see the remains of the old Mack Sennett studio, whence issued the Keystone

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comedies at the height of the Mack Sennett vogue. Here Charlie Chaplin, Mabel Normand, Fatty Arbuckle, Chester Conklin, Ben Turpin and many others made their first film fame. The Sennett activities are now centered on Ventura Boulevard, in North Hollywood, near the Laurel Cañon Road. Right across the boulevard are the remains of the studio in which Arbuckle made his comedies after striking out for himself. The old Biograph, Kalem, Essanay, Bison and Youngdeer studios once lined this block, and Mary Pickford did her early 'western' work in this cinema settlement before Hollywood came into fame. But there's the real old-timer on the northwest corner of Glendale Boulevard and Clifford Street—the old Selig studio."

We stopped and looked at a small but attractive group of studio buildings in the Mission style, surrounded by an ornamental masonry wall pierced by large wrought-iron gates and overgrown with ivy.

"The Selig company of players came out from Chicago way back—well, around 1908 or 1909, and made pictures on an improvised stage in a barnyard at Olive and Eighth streets, downtown," I explained. "Then they moved out here where, under Francis Boggs and Tom Persons, was gathered the nucleus of the group that became a famed organization in days already historic. Hobart Bosworth, Tom Santschi, William Farnum, Tom Mix, Wheeler Oakman, Henry Otto, Harold Lockwood, Nick Cogley, Harry Lonsdale, George Hernandez, Al García, Sid Smith, Kathlyn Williams, Bessie Eyton, Eugenie Besserer, Mona Darkfeather —goodness, I can't remember half of them. Here Harry Lauder acted in his first movie, and here the first adaptation of Rex Beach's 'The Spoilers' was made, the pioneer American multiple-reel special feature and one of the most successful films in the history of the motion picture. It was directed by J. Colin Campbell and was enacted by such players as William Farnum, Tom Santschi, Wheeler Oakman, Jack McDonald, Kathlyn Williams and Bessie Eyton."

"Allow me to add," said our driver as we resumed our journey, "on behalf of our announcer, who is a shrinking violet, that he wrote the adaptation and continuity from which that production was filmed. The continuity was the

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first completely scened and detailed script ever prepared and set an historical precedent for scenario writers."

"Topping the hill to the west of the old studio, in that group of tall eucalypti," I said, "is Julian Eltinge's house. He was one of the first of the actors to establish a palatial home in Los Angeles."

When we were opposite Silver Lake I pointed across the shimmering waters to the high hill on the opposite shore and indicated the Spanish castle of Antonio Moreno.

"Over there on the other side of Moreno Highlands runs Hyperion Avenue," I said. "On Hyperion is a unique motion-picture studio—one we missed on Wednesday. It's the home of Mickey Mouse, world-beloved animated comic strip. The studio is at the corner of Monon."

" 'Where danced the moon on Monon's rill,' " quoted Mr. Jones, from "The Lady of the Lake." "I wonder what Sir Walter Scott would have thought of Mickey Mouse?"

"At least he would not have felt completely strange in the region of the studio," I answered, "because when that subdivision was laid out the street names were taken from the Waverly classics, in bold defiance of the Spanish tradition which most realtors capitalize."

A little farther on, our driver turned east on Fletcher Drive and skirted the southern limits of Glendale until we swung north again on Eagle Rock Boulevard and passed through the Eagle Rock district, once a separate municipality but now a part of Los Angeles. At Colorado Boulevard we turned east once more to finish the five miles from here to Pasadena.

"Glendale," I explained, "is a beautiful and prosperous city of 60,000 people, a municipality in its own right although so closely linked with Los Angeles that the observer cannot detect where one begins and the other ends. It is called the Gateway City because it stands squarely in the southern portal to the great San Fernando Valley. Glendale lies within the limits of the Rancho San Rafael, originally granted to a soldier of Spain named Verdugo. It was the first permanent private land grant made by the King in California. The handsome range of wooded hills across the river, in what was the neighboring grant of Rancho los

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Feliz, is in Griffith Park, Los Angeles, where we drove on Wednesday. The great cenotaph rising on the hill ahead of us as we proceed eastward on Fletcher Drive overlooks Forest Lawn Memorial Park, Glendale, one of the most beautiful burial grounds in America. In its celebrated 'Little Church of the Flowers' are often held the final services for famous artists, writers and actors."

As we ran along Eagle Rock Boulevard we got a glimpse up Campus Avenue—we were now within the Los Angeles city limits again—of the beautiful group of red-tiled Spanish Renaissance buildings in a eucalyptus forest housing Occidental College, a pioneer educational institution of Southern California founded by Presbyterians.

"I have noticed that ever since turning into Fletcher Drive we have been passing markers reading 'U. S. 66,' " remarked Mr. Jones.

"Yes, we are once more on 'Ocean to Ocean.' It is the principal business street of Pasadena, locally named Colorado."

Along Fletcher Drive and Colorado Boulevard the visitors commented on the extensive open-air markets, exclaiming especially over one on the southeast corner of Fletcher and Riverside Drive where, among other tempting displays, watermelons were piled into an immense pyramid. From the top of the pyramid fell a cascade of water, flowing in cool, sparkling rills over the gleaming green ovals.

On Colorado we passed motor stages of the line operating from Pasadena, at the foot of the mountains, to the Santa Monica beaches, via Hollywood.

As we crossed the bridge over Eagle Rock Cañon we drove almost beneath the immense bold rock which, by reason of a peculiar formation on its western face, bears at certain times of the day the shadow of an eagle in flight. It has been a famous landmark of the region since Indian times, and by the Spaniards was called Piedra Gorda—"Fat Rock." A little farther on we passed the picturesque golf course and handsome club house of the Annandale Country Club and then dipped through a deep cut between two cliffs. As we emerged from the cut there was instantly presented to our view the graceful, curving white bridge spanning the

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deep gorge known as the Arroyo Seco and beyond it the garden-like city of Pasadena, its tiled roofs and towers reflecting the sunlight in a dazzling play of color, the whole picture thrown into high relief by the backdrop of rugged blue mountains. The panorama suggested the breath-taking view over old Granada.

As our guests exclaimed over the beauty of the view I had to acknowledge again that the Missus had been right in insisting on this approach to Pasadena. "This bridge of reinforced concrete," I said, "is celebrated among architects the country over for its beauty of design. You will notice that it is built on curved lines and on a grade, sloping to the lower eastern bank of the Arroyo. It is said to be the largest structure of the kind combining these features, being 1460 feet long and 150 feet above the bed of the gorge at its average height. Looking to the left up the Arroyo we see the Rose Bowl, a stadium seating 85,000 people, where the celebrated East-West championship football game is held on January first of every year, as a feature of the Tournament of Roses. Here certain of the Olympic contests will be held in 1932. On the floor of the Arroyo between here and the bowl is Brookside, the largest of the municipal parks, covering 520 acres and containing all manner of athletic recreational facilities including two splendid outdoor plunges. The equipment of outdoor fireplaces and lunching tables scattered under the groves of natural live oaks makes this a favorite picnic spot. Looking back at the western bank of the Arroyo, that scenic boulevard running northward along the brink is Linda Vista Road, running through the sightly residential district of the same name and leading around by a narrow pass known as Devil's Gate to the mountain valley of La Cañada and the wooded Flintridge section, where some of the handsomest estates adjacent to Los Angeles are found. The Linda Vista bench between the gorge and the hills was known until some years ago as Indian Flats because there the last of the Indians of the Pasadena region had their wickiups."

"What a magnificent location that great building occupies on the high, bold ridge beyond Linda Vista!" exclaimed Mr.

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Jones. "It looks like an ancient monastery somewhere in Europe."

"Yes, and it is a Catholic institution, the Dominican convent of the Sisters of the Sacred Heart. It was originally, however, the Flintridge Biltmore Hotel. Ahead of us, clinging to the edge of the Arroyo just to the right of the eastern edge of the bridge, that lofty cream-colored building with the red tile roof and the handsome tower is the Hotel Vista del Arroyo, one of the most attractive of the celebrated tourist caravansaries of Pasadena. All those bungalows and galleried two-story dwellings with the colorful awnings and gay garden parasols you see lining the slope and scattered among the oranges, peppers and palms are individual guest houses attached to the hotel. The Vista del Arroyo is reached by turning south on Grand Avenue, the first street from the eastern end of the bridge. Looking back at the western bank south of the bridge, to those white and buff and pink Mediterranean villas peeping from the live oaks, you are viewing San Rafael Heights."

Arriving at the wide circle which sweeps around the World War memorial and flagstaff at the intersection of Orange Grove Avenue and Colorado Street, our driver elected to turn to the right and cruise down South Orange Grove, said to be the most beautiful residence avenue of its length in the world.

"This is one of the original streets laid out by the founders of Pasadena," I said, "when the California Colony of Indiana, as they called themselves, acquired title to some five thousand acres of the old Rancho San Pascual on December 26, 1873. Considering that this was just a stony wilderness at the time, they showed much foresight and optimism. It was at the foot of this street that the apportionment of lands among the colonists took place on January 27, 1874."

"Then Pasadena has no history back of the dates you mention?" inquired Mr. Jones.

"This region has some interesting history dating back to Mission days," I replied, "but the community of today, known as the 'Millionaire City,' with 76,000 inhabitants, was originated by a little party of Indianans in revolt against the wintry blasts of the Middle West. An old history

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of the place written in 1895 by Dr. Hiram A. Reid, one of the early settlers, gives the following account of the origin of the Pasadena idea:

> "The idea was first suggested in a gathering of kindred spirits in the home of Dr. T. B. Elliott in Indianapolis in the winter of 1873. It had been a severe winter, and as usual the rigors and hardships of the season were among the topics of conversation. Mrs. Elliott remarked that they had better all emigrate to California and said, "I am going anyway even if nobody else does." This was taken as a joke at first, but it seemed to stick like a seed of burr clover, for very soon thereafter it became a matter of serious consideration among those friends; and by May they had matured a scheme to form an association called The California Colony of Indiana, with Dr. Elliott as president.

"And," I added, "Mrs. Elliott became known as the Mother of Pasadena."

"Certainly an intimate, direct and typically American picture of folks setting out to make a city where they want one," said Mr. Jones. "Quite a simple, 'homey' beginning for this now opulent winter capital of notables."

"It is on this avenue that the annual Tournament of Roses parade forms," said the Missus. "What a sight those floral floats are when lined up for a mile and more along here ready to start. Only natural flowers are used, and the themes are worked out by skilled designers. The Tournament has occurred on every January first for over forty years. Now it draws close to a million spectators. Imagine the crowds thronging this usually dignified and self-possessed city on New Year's, packed along the main line of march for miles and picnicking all over the place! And the cheering hordes that surge toward the Rose Bowl in the afternoon to witness the football battle between the season's best East and West! Whew! We always get to the Bowl by noon and take our lunch with us."

"That grand residence there at 391 South Orange Grove,

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set behind a vast expanse of lawn, was the winter home of late William Wrigley, Jr."

Farther south, at the head of Arlington Drive, we indicated the Adolphus Busch estate, long the home of the widow of the great St. Louis brewer. The old-fashioned but spacious residence tops a slope of vast-spreading green lawn, facing east, and to the westward the immense property drops away clear to the gorge of the Arroyo Seco to include the world-famous Busch Gardens, for years open to the public but now unfortunately closed, the recent death of Mrs. Busch having brought about an intention on the part of the heirs to subdivide the beauty spot, unless the city of Pasadena acquires it.

"Right now might be a good time to point out that not all of the well-known artists, writers and actors live out Hollywood way. Pasadena claims quite a collection, and while we shall not have time today to view all their homes I might name a list to you like this: James Cruze, motion-picture director, lives at 4418 Oakwood Street, in the Flintridge district; Mae Marsh, the little actress immortalized by David Wark Griffith in 'The Birth of a Nation,' lives in a beautiful home with her husband at 820 Berkshire, Flintridge. Of authors' homes there are those of Zane Grey, at Mariposa and Marengo, Altadena; Jackson Gregory, 1347 Boston Street, Altadena; Earl Derr Biggers of the 'Charlie Chan' detective stories, 2000 East California; Upton Sinclair, 1513 Sunset; Julian Hawthorne, in Howard Place; Alice C. Haines, 969 New York Avenue; Louise K. Mabie, 1281 Avocado Terrace; Robert E. McClure, 820 Arden Road; Frederick W. Kellogg, 145 East Mariposa, and William S. Kellogg, 2727 Scripps Lane, Altadena; Carl and Grace Moon, 565 North Mentor; Henry C. Pearson, 745 South Oak Knoll; Charles H. Prisk, 1425 Hillcrest; Charles F. Saunders, 580 North Lake; Alice A. Winter, 1230 North Arroyo Boulevard. Among the artists are Hugo Olaf von Hofsten, distinguished painter and cousin of King Gustavus of Sweden, 1661 La Cresta Drive; Count A. Casella Tamburini, Italian portrait-painter, portrayer of Mussolini and other European notables, 377 Arroyo Terrace; Benjamin C. Brown, 120 North El Molino; Tolles Chamberlin, 233

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South Catalina; Alson S. Clark, 1149 Wotkyns Drive; John Frost, 500 South Grand; Alice E. Ludovici, 167 North Orange Grove; Jean Mannheim, 480 South Arroyo; Joseph H. Sharp, 1481 Corson; Isabel E. Smith, 217 South Oakland; Orrin A. White, 1205 Linda Vista; Clifford McBride, the cartoonist, 1425 East Palm, Altadena; Graziella Jacoby, Hotel Maryland."

"Don't forget the local athletic roster," put in the Missus. "Charlie Paddock was a Pasadena boy, and that lad Ellsworth Vines recently went East from this his home town to win the national singles tennis championship. Pasadena also claims Ruby Bishop, junior girls' national singles champion. Santa Monica doesn't raise all the tennis champions."

At Columbia we turned east and drove up to the Raymond Hotel, on the hill of the same name. The hotel is open only during the winter months, but the view from there over the San Gabriel Valley and the groves of the "Orange Empire" is beautiful at any time. On clear days the Pacific Ocean can be seen. The resort had been planned especially as a California attraction for the Raymond Excursions, later known as the Raymond & Whitcomb Tours. Dr. Reid has preserved for us in his history an item from the local paper at the time the hotel project was launched, stating that "the people of Pasadena have subscribed $1400 for five shares of water and piped it to the hill for the use of the hotel." Also this item, descriptive of the magnificence of the completed hotel: "There are forty-three bathrooms and forty waterclosets." On Easter Sunday, 1895, the great four-story frame structure burned to the ground. Later the present building was erected in its place. The hotel grounds comprise fifty-five acres.

Venturing into history again, I stated that to this hilltop fled Generals Flores and Pico and Col. Manuel Garfias with the remnant of their forces after our General Kearny and Commodore Stockton had driven them from Los Angeles in January, 1847; and here they received an emissary from Col. John C. Frémont, who was moving down overland from the north and was then encamped at Mission San Fernando, demanding their surrender. This emissary was a

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cousin of Gen. Pico, Jesus Pico by name, who, captured by the Americans at San Luis Obispo and sentenced to be shot as a spy, was pardoned by Frémont and thenceforth became his loyal adherent. Flores and Garfias fled forthwith to Sonora, leaving it to Andrés Pico to meet Frémont at Cahuenga, within a stone's throw of the present Universal City Motion Picture Studios, to conclude the war in California with the historic Treaty of Cahuenga.

"Down here at the foot of the hill on the southeastern side," I said, drawing Mr. Jones to a vantage point, "you can see the first house built on the site of Pasadena. It is that attractive one-story tile-roofed stucco-covered adobe at 1804 Foothill Street. The original portion of it was built in 1839 by a native named Pérez. It has been renovated and is now the home of a well-known Pasadena family, who call it 'Adobe Flores.'"

"Ah, now we are getting back of the Indiana Colony layout," remarked Mr. Jones, with growing interest. "Perhaps you can give us some anecdotes of the really old days around here."

Mrs. Guia immediately suggested to the ladies that they accompany her to view some extraordinary rosebushes she knew of on the east side of the hotel; and I tried to give my remaining auditor a bit of a glimpse behind the local scene.

"The oldest woman that ever lived, at least so far as the records of historic times go, was the first European to own this Rancho San Pascual. She was Eulalia Pérez de Guillén, born at the Mission of Loreto, Lower California, in 1735, just three years after George Washington was born, and died over at our own San Gabriél in 1878. There, in the Mission cemetery, lies one of the most wonderful women of western history, who saw 143 years of the Californias pass under her gaze, and died hearing, seeing and understanding. And remembering—which is the thing of importance to posterity. Shortly before her death Hubert Howe Bancroft, the historian, sent one of his writers to interview her on her life, and the invaluable data he secured are preserved in a manuscript belonging to the great Bancroft Library of the University of California at Berkeley.

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One of Doña Eulalia's daughters, Maria, who married Claudio Lopez, majordomo of Mission San Gabriél for thirty-seven years during the height of its glory, was born when her mother was seventy-seven years old."

"'Believe it or not,' what a woman!" gasped Mr. Jones.

"I am following the records, Mr. Jones," I answered with a smile for his incredulity. "When almost a round hundred years of age the Widow Guillen married a soldier named Juan Marine, but it turned out that he was after her merely for her lands. She got rid of him and resumed the name of her first love, which she had acquired by marrying a soldier of the King at San Diego soon after the founding of the Mission there—the first Mission in California."

"And this was her ranch?" inquired my auditor.

"Yes. According to the records the Guillens—Eulália and Antonio—were at Mission San Gabriél as early as 1801. From then until the end of the reign of the Franciscans, shortly before the American occupation, Eulália was practically the temporal head of San Gabriél Arcángel. She taught spinning, weaving and sewing to the Indian women. She was cashier and paymaster for the great establishment. She kept the keys of the storehouse and dealt out the daily rations for the whole population, which at times ran over two thousand, and had complete charge of the treasure room, so that even the Father Superior had to ask her to let him in if he had occasion to enter the treasury. She kept all the accounts and did all the midwifery. She brought the celebrated Pío Pico into the world in 1805, for he was the son of an officer of the mission guard. Wishing to show in substantial form the gratitude of the Franciscan order to this woman, Fray Jose María Zalvidéa, that great builder and administrator whose twenty years of service at San Gabriél brought the mission to its full flower, presented her with three and a half square leagues or about 14,000 acres of the mission's lands, known as Rancho San Pascual, where the padres ran their sheep. This was with the consent of the governor of California. Too busy to develop it herself she passed it on to a relative, José Pérez, who in about 1839 built the house which we have seen down at the foot of this hill. Pérez failed to comply with certain government

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requirements necessary to perfecting title, and Governor Micheltorena took it away from him to present it to a favorite officer of his staff, Lieutenant Colonel Manuel Gárfias, as a wedding present. This takes us back to the Ábila House in Olvera Street where we went sightseeing the first day, because Gárfias married the beautiful daughter of this home, the Señorita Luisa Ábila, in 1843, and the wedding festivities which rocked that old house for days are said to have been unsurpassed in this land of *la fiesta*. Then was built the famed Gárfias adobe mansion over yonder on the east bank of the Arroyo, in what are now the limits of South Pasadena, close to a spring that gushed from the cliff. The site of the great ranch house can still be located, near the junction of Sterling Place and Arroyo Drive, though the massive walls were tumbled to the ground by short-sighted subdividers during the great boom of the '80's. What Pasadena would give to possess that old landmark today, to add to its tourist-entertainment features!"

"What a lonely place it must have been to bring a young bride in those faraway days," observed Mr. Jones. "There were lots of Indians here then, I suppose."

"Yes, the original site of their local village was by the spring where the Gárfias home was built, and all the retainers of the ranch were Indians. But the Doña Luisa Ábila de Gárfias was a very grand lady and proved a fearless manager of the property while her husband was away on his military duties. At the time of the surrender of the Californian forces to Frémont, Gárfias slipped away into Mexico with General Flores, starting the long flight on horseback from this hilltop, but later returned to Rancho San Pascual. His wife and her mother Doña Encarnacion, carried on with the rancho as best they could."

"Why the earlier name, 'San Pascual'?" inquired Mr. Jones.

"When the original expedition of Spaniards, under Gaspar de Portolá, passed along the southern edge of South Pasadena on their second search for the bay of Monterey, in April, 1770, they looked up and saw this whole slope clear to the foot of the mountains blazing with miles of golden poppies. 'See!' they exclaimed. 'Is it not like *la*

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sábana de San Pascual, the great golden altar-cloth of Easter!' And to carry out the tradition of this early name, the grant of land from the Mission San Gabriél to Eulália Pérez de Guillén was given on the day of San Pascual—that is, on Easter Sunday, 1826. That 'great altar-cloth of the Lord,' woven of millions of poppies, was a magnificent sight every spring in this region down to quite recently. Now the spread of improvements has blotted it out save in isolated patches. What a sight those Altadena uplands used to be in March and April!"

"Just where did the Rancho San Pascual extend?" inquired Mr. Jones. "I'm finding the subject of these old land grants quite interesting."

"Well, the looseness with which boundaries were described in the old days is amusing, but it also has had serious consequences, resulting in litigation down to the very present. You know, the Spaniards and Mexicans would usually merely name certain familiar landmarks at the cardinal points of their properties and let it go at that. Often these landmarks were of a perishable nature, such as a clump of trees, a patch of cactus or a little stream that time and accident would wipe out. If they did any surveying, it was with a 150-foot length of *reata,* or leather rope attached to two tall spiked poles. Two mounted men would carry these poles, one spiking his into the ground at a designated spot without dismounting, while the other rode ahead in as nearly a straight line as he could until the *reata* was stretched, and then planted *his* pole, while the first rider recovered his and rode ahead the length of the rope, and so on. You can imagine the irregularities of these surveys as the horsemen cantered in a general but hardly specific direction over rough terrain, chatting and singing and lighting *cigarrillos* as they rode to pass away the miles. When the United States Land Commission finally confirmed the Rancho San Pascual title to the Gárfias heirs, in the early '50's, this is the way the boundaries were described in the patent recorded on Page 14, Book of Patents of Los Angeles County: To wit, On the East side by the Rancho Santa Anita, on the West by the bluff of the Arroyo Seco, on the North the Sierra and on the South the range of hills near

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the road to Los Angeles, these the said hills being included in the said described premises. There was just one road to Los Angeles then. It didn't matter how high in the Sierra a claimant cared to carry his line, because mountain land wasn't worth anything anyway, and which bluff of the Arroyo was meant was left to common sense. Pasadena land titles descend from this patent, which in turn derives from the Mexican source."

I now saw my wife approaching with Mrs. Jones, and she was walking with that determined tread which certainly said, "We're going to move on right now!" But I had time for one more bit of history.

"After the loss of this ranch through financial reverses Doña Luisa went to Mexico with her husband and lived there for years. It is an interesting fact that she supplied funds from valuable properties in Los Angeles bequeathed to her by her mother which aided Benito Juárez, the great Mexican patriot and revolutionist, to hold out against the reactionary clerical party under Miramon and finally to become the established President of Mexico. It was under Benito Juárez that the usurper, Maximilian who had invaded Mexico and declared himself emperor with the backing of Napoleon III of France, was finally crushed and executed at Queretaro on June 19, 1867. In 1894 Doña Luisa returned to the scene of Rancho San Pascual on a visit to her relatives, the Bandinis, then living in Pasadena, and there is a touching record in Dr. Reid's history of her weeping softly as she passed the site of the old home by the spring on the Arroyo's bank."

"Come on, let's get going! Almost lunch time now!" This clarion call was from Mrs. Guia, and we "got going," following Fair Oaks Avenue north to Colorado, along the route by which the Short Line electric trains from Los Angeles enter Pasadena. Fair Oaks, I explained, derived its name from the country home of Mrs. Albert Sidney Johnston, widow of the Confederate general killed at Shiloh. General Johnston had been in command of the Department of the Pacific, United States Army, at the outbreak of the Civil War, and after his departure to join the Southern cause Mrs. Johnston lived on a tract of land through which

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this street now passes, which she had acquired from her brother, Dr. John S. Griffin, surgeon of the invading army of Gen. Kearny, to whom Gárfias lost the site of the future "millionaire city" of Pasadena on a $2000 mortgage in the late '50's.

"The street is the dividing line for house numbers to the east and the west, just as Colorado Street is to those north and south of it, so this intersection is technically the heart of the city. On the northeast corner stood the first store and postoffice, and the first school stood on the southeast corner."

As we drove east on Colorado I pointed southward on Raymond, the next cross street, to the old Hotel Green, another pioneer of the tourist trade and for long the pride of Pasadena. "The stucco Moorish-style edifice on the east side of Raymond Avenue," I explained, "is the original part of the Green, built in 1891. Here great public events were celebrated in the gay '90's, and here the grand balls concluding the Rose Tournaments were given. When Colonel G. G. Green opened the hotel the local newspaper said, in part: 'The whole structure, both internal and external, has won fame as a grand symposium of the most imposing, elegant, chaste and æsthetic elements of architectural science, unexcelled in New York or London except by mere bulk.' In the big dining room was held the memorable banquet, Aug. 23, 1893, honoring Professor T. S. C. Lowe on the completion of his extraordinary engineering feat, the building of the incline railroad up Mount Lowe. The newer portion of the hotel was built on the opposite side of Raymond Avenue in 1903, and an enclosed arched bridge connecting the two wings was for years an architectural feature of pictures of downtown Pasadena. The bridge was recently removed."

"Well, let's go modern now and forget the old stuff," spoke up our driver. "On our left, at the northwest corner of Garfield, we have a lovely bit of Italian Renaissance architecture representing the Post Office. Turing northward at this corner we drive a block and enter the Civic Center, where are grouped, at spacious intervals, the City Hall, Public Library, Board of Education Building, Chamber of

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Commerce, Young Men's Christian Association and Young Women's Christian Association. The library is there at the head of Garfield. At the foot of this street, east of Colorado at Green, is the big new Civic Auditorium and Exhibition Hall. And by the way, we just passed a good place to lunch, the Peacock Tea Room at 30 North Garfield."

"My word, but their City Hall certainly is impressive!" exclaimed Mr. Jones, as we parked in front of the enormous stone Hotel de Ville, which surrounds a cloistered quadrangle of really noble proportions with a massive carved stone fountain shedding sparkling rills in the center.

"Everybody agrees on that, Mr. Jones," retorted the little lady who was now doing the lecturing. "But that's about all the local citizenry do agree on concerning their prize structure. I forget how much more than two million dollars it cost, but I do know that it cost a lot of difference of opinion. The Chamber of Commerce pamphlet tells us the building is 'an outstanding edifice in Mediterranean type. French, Italian and Spanish influence has been combined into a structure that . . . harmonizes with its environment.' However that may be, it is a monumental building and one worthy of discussion."

"French, Italian and Spanish all together in one building are likely to cause a discussion, all right," laughed Mr. Jones. "They might even start a revolution."

"Now, suppose we use our feet to walk on for a while and go over to the library for a brief inspection," suggested Mrs. Guia. "Here is a building of genuine, simple beauty, one of the most satisfying examples of Spanish Colonial architecture to be found in the United States."

We entered the lovely garden of the forecourt with its fountain and tall palms brushing their fronds against the eaves of the tile roof and saw patrons sitting out under the shade of the *portales* or in patches of sunshine, as their taste dictated. They were reading as quietly outdoors as if in the seclusion of their own gardens. The Joneses especially exclaimed over the Peter Pan Children's Room with its outdoor reading space reserved to the youngsters, and agreed that the building presented a charming Californian picture.

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Coming out of the library we strolled east a block to Euclid and then south so to as get the really fine view of the east front of the City Hall, where the splendid quadrangle is seen at its best. On the opposite side of Euclid the beautiful stone All Saints' Episcopal Church caught the eye of our guests and elicited their admiration. Built in the English Gothic abbey style and surrounded by immaculate lawns, it presented an attractive picture, and we recalled the fact that Pasadena prides itself on its ecclesiastical buildings, claiming almost eighty churches, among which are such outstanding architectural examples, in addition to All Saints', as the block-long First Methodist at Colorado and Oakland, the Pasadena Presbyterian at Colorado and Madison, the First Baptist at Marengo and Holly, the First Church of Christ Scientist at Oakland and Green, and the Roman Catholic church of St. Agnes at Raymond and Chestnut. The architectural taste of the latter, however, is open to dispute. Just north of St. Agnes, we told our guests, in the front yard of 311 North Raymond, stand two of the largest and oldest magnolia trees in California, veritable giants that present a memorable sight when bursting into bloom in June.

"In the plaza fronting the City Hall," we explained, as we continued walking south on Euclid to get a glimpse of the shopping district, "the prize-winning floral floats of the Tournament of Roses are placed on exhibition after the parade, where attendants keep the flowers sprinkled so that they remain fresh for several days."

Passing Little Old Madrid at 35 North Euclid, where luncheon tables were tucked away very attractively in the thickly grown garden of what had once been a rambling private home, we turned to the right in an alleyway which led us through the little walled garden in rear of Vroman's, Inc., one of the outstanding bookshops of the West Coast. Slipping through this rear entrance— the front is at 329 East Colorado—we chatted for a moment with Mr. Leslie I. Hood, whose reputation as a book-dealer had long been known to Mr. Jones, and then strolled out on to Colorado and eastward for a couple of blocks. Though known as a quieter and more conservative community than Hollywood,

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the wealth and fashion it attracts from the world-over during its tourist season and the high average prosperity of its permanent inhabitants, make Pasadena a center of smart stores. In the two blocks from Euclid to Oakland our guests were interested in a group of shops bearing the names not only of distinguished old Pacific Coast firms but of famous gem, apparel and art dealers of New York, Paris and London. Many of these are situated in the ground floor of the Maryland Hotel, another well-known tourist center, at the northwest corner of Los Robles Avenue.

Calling the Joneses' attention to the fact that while the Maryland does not give the effect of much size from its front it actually extends back for two blocks, enclosing an enchanting garden, or rather park. Scattered along both sides, behind lawns, rose gardens, palms and pepper trees, are colorful bungalows or two-story dwellings with deep verandas for the accommodation of guests who prefer to live as privately as if in their own homes. We passed through the hotel for a stroll in the garden and then out by a side gate on to Los Robles.

"Now we're going to have a real treat," said the Missus, leading us across toward what looked like a big Chinese palace, or temple, or something of that sort. The building was of purely Asiatic architecture, suggesting the pagoda style, and through the deep entrance-way we had a glimpse of an inner courtyard filled with exotic plants, goldfish ponds, statues of the Buddha and magnificent Oriental vases. This was the celebrated Grace Nicholson's Treasure House of Oriental Art.

"Oh, what a lovely place!" exclaimed the Jones ladies. "Can't we go through and see everything?"

"We certainly can, and welcome," assured Mrs. Guia, and into the downstairs showrooms the three of them popped with many an "Oh!" and "Ah."

Detaining Mr. Jones a moment before the bulletin board in the entrance I said: "By reading this you will see that the activities here are not confined to Oriental art alone, but include a wide range of arts and crafts."

Under the announcement,

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MAY EXHIBITS, Mr. Jones read:

Danish and French Arts and Crafts.
Réné Lalique of Paris.
Royal Copenhagen Porcelain.
Daum Frères of Paris.
Holmegaard Glass.
Kaehler Pottery.
Just. Anderson Pewter and Bronze.
Ibsen Pottery.

"Certainly a most interesting place for art connoisseurs," agreed Mr. Jones. "What a striking courtyard!" While the ladies shopped we strolled in the patio. From each corner a heavy wide stone stairway with deeply carved balustrades led to the upper exhibition galleries. Birds sang among the foliage, and from a central clump of banana plants hung a great bunch of ripening fruit.

At El Molino we turned south to pass the Community Playhouse, at No. 39, since Mr. Jones expressed the desire to see this quite celebrated home of the "Little Theater" idea as exemplified on the Pacific Coast. Under the direction of Gilmore Brown the Pasadena Community Playhouse has functioned for years and drawn the attention of theatrical critics far and wide. The building is a really charming example of Spanish Colonial, designed by the well-known architect, Elmer Grey, who lives in a beautiful house some blocks farther south, at 1372 South El Molino. Refreshments are served in the open-air patio of the theater during the season and the audiences stroll out under the moon between acts.

"Now, how would you like to ride up toward the base of the mountains through the lovely highland homes of Altadena, then along Foothill Boulevard to the Mount Wilson Toll Gate?"

Mrs. Guia certainly does love her mountains; her enthusiasm seems to rise with the altitude. As there was not a dissenting vote on her proposition, I was elected to walk back to the City Hall to fetch the car. Then up one of the broad, straight avenues that climb the long slope toward the mountain wall we went. Mount Lowe loomed dead ahead

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of us, and the spectacular incline railroad was plainly visible. Turning east on Foothill we were held up at a railroad intersection while a big red electric car marked "Mount Lowe" passed, carrying excursionists up to Rubio Cañon, at the foot of the cable incline.

"For years I have heard of this mountain and its remarkable railroad," observed Mr. Jones, with something of wonder in his tone. "Now here I am right at the foot of it. Seems to me we should have planned to go up there."

"I think so myself," I acknowledged, "but one ought to give a day to it, and our days are numbered. In fact, one should stay at Mount Lowe Tavern all night because the finest sights up there are the night view of the valley below from Inspiration Point, and sunrise. The night view is indescribably magnificent. Standing on a vantage point a mile high, with a star-spangled sky overhead, you look down over four counties and see the myriad lights of fifty-six communities, including the concentrated blaze of the great city of Los Angeles. On very clear nights the lights of Avalon, on Santa Catalina Island, are discernible. It is like looking down, instead of up, on to a brighter Milky Way. If one does not have a day and night to give to the trip, one can go up on a late afternoon car and return in the morning."

"I'm sure we should have made that trip!" sighed Mrs. Jones, making me feel guilty of some sort of a betrayal in omitting it from our itinerary.

"Well, well, never mind, Mother," comforted Mr. Jones, who liked to see everybody happy. "Maybe we can make it when we come through here again from the north. Tell me, Mr. Guia, what is the height of the summit?"

"Fifty-six hundred and fifty feet."

"And I suppose there is a standard joke about calling a mile-high mountain 'Lowe'?"

"Yes, of course, among the wise-crackers," I said. "But well-informed people know it was named for Professor T. S. C. Lowe, the scientist and inventor who conquered it with his remarkable railroad. He originated and organized the United States Army Balloon Corps during the Civil War and first installed telegraphic communication between

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observers in balloons and the ground. He was also inventor of the compression system of making artificial ice and of the process of manufacturing water gas for illumination. He conceived the idea of a railroad up this mountain and carried the project to completion against great odds. The initial stage of the journey from the bottom is made on the 'Cable Incline.' This was the first cable railway ever operated by electricity, and its operation began July 4, 1893. Great was the excitement in the little community of Pasadena on that date. The Pasadena *Daily Star*, in its report of the opening ceremonies, said: 'When the first passenger car ascended the great cable incline of the Mount Lowe Railway on Saturday the band rendered the music of 'Nearer, My God, To Thee,' and Mrs. Jeanne C. Carr, being asked for a sentiment appropriate to the occasion, broke out into poetry as follows:

'Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
And also praise Professor Lowe.'

"Daily since then travelers have ascended the seemingly perilous incline toward the heavens without accident."

"How perfectly chosen that hymn was!" laughed Mr. Jones.

We had now reached the Foothill Boulevard gate to the toll road up Mount Wilson, and we paused here below Don Benito's peak to survey the rugged gorge of Eaton's Cañon and the road winding up the face of the cliffs.

"The summit is reached by motor stages leaving from the Union Stage Depot at Fifth and Los Angeles streets," I explained, "and from Pasadena by the same conveyances. Private automobiles may also make the ascent. The old original trail starts up from the community of Sierra Madre, a few miles farther east. A comfortable if plain hotel, with guest cottages located picturesquely along the brink overhanging the valley, is available for an overnight stay. The elevation is slightly higher than Mount Lowe, and the same magnificent panorama is presented of the world below. The astronomical observatory of the Carnegie Institution is only a short walk from the hotel and is open to visitors at certain hours. The principal telescope, with a 100-inch lens, is the largest in the world; but as I told you, another

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one just twice as large is now being made in the laboratories of the California Institute of Technology in Pasadena. There is a chance that the 200-inch telescope may be installed on some other peak in Southern California farther from the glare and smoke of large communities. We shall view the grounds of the technical school as we drive back on our way to San Gabriel. The Observatory, the Institute and the Henry E. Huntington Library and Art Gallery, in nearby San Marino, are allied in a triangular association for research which is making this section a great cultural center. We can take a look also at the magnificently landscaped Huntington grounds on our way to the Mission."

"Will there be a luncheon place on the way?" asked Miss Annabelle, plaintively.

"My dear Miss Jones, I'm glad you have the courage to speak up," asserted Mrs. Guia. "This brute would starve you without a qualm if you would stand for it. All aboard for luncheon!"

The driver swung the car around and headed back for downtown Pasadena. On the way she took us through Santa Rosa Avenue, better known as "Christmas Tree Lane," because of the custom of illuminating the double row of two hundred giant deodars with colored incandescents every night during Christmas week.

"What a sight it is!" the driver exclaimed. "Two hundred living, feathery Christmas trees towering toward the sky, their limbs blazing color, and thousands of automobiles cruising slowly down the aisle of fairyland filled with sightseers. The aisle is a mile long. Fifty thousand feet of wiring and 10,000 light bulbs are used. The deodars were planted in the early 1880's and were grown from seed imported from the Himalayas."

We lunched nicely at the Arcade Tea Room, 696 East Colorado, under a gaily stripped awning on the upper terrace. Then we went our way down South Los Robles Avenue for a cruise of the Oak Knoll district en route to San Gabriel.

At California Street we turned east to pass the California Institute of Technology, commonly referred to in collegiate circles as "Caltech." Opposite Caltech is Tournament Park,

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one of the municipal recreation grounds of Pasadena. At this point I spoke up.

"Professor Albert Einstein and his *frau* were recently guests for three months of the California Institute of Technology. They lived in a rose-embowered bungalow and proved to be perfectly delightful neighbors, though the people around had apparently expected to find him hardly human. Frau Einstein would go marketing every morning with a girlhood friend who lives in Pasadena, a big basket on her arm, and never tired of exploring and exclaiming over the open-air fruit and vegetable stalls."

The Mediterranean-type buildings of the Institute elicited admiration from our guests as we circled the park of natural oaks, noting the various units surrounding the campus. They were especially interested in the new Athenæum, the guest house, built around a great court. This is the home, for months at a time, of celebrated scientists from all over the world who come here to study and to lecture. On the staff is Herbert Hoover, Jr., son of the President, an associate professor in electrical engineering."

"This seat of learning," I said, "under the leadership of Dr. Robert M. Millikan, twice winner of the Nobel Prize for scientific achievement and recently made a chevalier of the French Legion of Honor, is generally considered to be the center of cosmic research in the world today. This part of its work is carried on in conjunction with the Mount Wilson Observatory, founded and directed by Dr. George Ellery Hale, whose popular writings on the mystery of the skies have made him so popular with the layman reader. Within these halls and laboratories world-famous scientific revelations have taken place. Here the venerable physicist, Dr. Albert A. Michelson, at the time of his death in May, 1931, was just finishing his final experiment in the study of light velocity, a study which brought him the coveted Nobel Prize in science as long ago as 1907, the first time it had come to America. Assisted by Professor Edward W. Morley he performed a classic experiment, the results of which were used by Dr. Einstein in developing his famous theory of relativity. The great British astrophysicist, Sir James Jeans, another scientist popular with the laymen be-

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cause of his book, 'The Stars in Their Courses,' is at this moment residing for a time in the Athenæum as a visiting professor. Sitting with him at table in the great refectory or dining hall when the day's work is done and the colony of visiting scientists gather for small talk and mundane indulgences, are celebrated professors from Holland, France, Germany and Japan."

The Missus surprised me by piping up with some exact information of interest. "I was just reading," she said, "that the 200-inch telescope under construction here will make possible the detection of the light of a single candle 40,000 miles away. This is a distance equal to nearly twice the circumference of the earth. Also, in the medical research department there has been developed a tube for the combating of cancer and other such diseases. This tube develops 600,000 volts of electricity. It is said that its potency may be compared to the massing of the world's entire radium resources, valued at $12,000,000."

Leaving Caltech we continued our Oak Knoll cruise, passing the Hotel Huntington, a famous tourist stopping place handsomely located on the brow of a tableland overlooking the orange groves of the San Gabriel Valley. Passing down Virginia Road toward the tiny millionaire municipality of San Marino Mr. Jones noticed an Auto Club sign pointing down into Mill Cañon and inscribed, "Pony Express Museum."

"Hello, how about that place?" demanded the publisher. "I can stand a museum when it has a lively name like that."

"Wish we had time," I answered, "but we simply haven't. It is a really interesting place, maintained by a wealthy resident of Pasadena as his hobby. Every sort of relic of the early West is to be found there in a profusion that is stunning. Some of the stuff is junk and some of it is historically authentic and valuable. The enthusiastic owner, whose magnificent mansion stands in spacious grounds on the brink above the cañon, charges a 25-cent admission, to 'keep the crowds down.' His name is J. Parker Lyon."

Ten minutes later we were parked in the grounds of the Huntington Library and Art Gallery, the magnificent bequest left to the public by the late Henry E. Huntington,

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nephew of the renowned Collis P. Huntington, builder of the Southern Pacific Railroad; himself builder of the Pacific Electric Railway. The Huntington home, vast and magnificent as a European palace, houses the collection of paintings, and the classical library building contains the greatest collection of books and manuscripts outside the British Museum. Surrounding the buildings are 207 acres of lawns, gardens, oak groves and orange orchards, the estate sloping down from an eminence to Huntington Drive, from which the main gates are reached by following San Marino Avenue to Stratford Road. The Pacific Electric cars of the Sierra Madre Line will drop passengers at the special Huntington Library stop.

Producing tickets at the gate, I explained to the Joneses: "We anticipated this moment by applying for tickets ahead. You see, it is a rule of the institution to admit no more than 500 people on any one day, to avoid undignified confusion and menace to the invaluable contents of the rooms. Applications must be sent in to the Exhibition Office, Henry E. Huntington Library and Art Gallery, San Marino, California, with a stamped return envelope and a statement of the day of the week preferred for the visit. Five tickets are allowed per applicant for week-days, four for Sundays. The institution is closed on Mondays."

"This is not, then, a public institution in the full sense of the word?" inquired Mr. Jones.

"When Mr. Huntington, who is characterized as the greatest book-collector the world has ever known, bequeathed his home estate, it was in the form of an indenture of trust stating that the library, art gallery and grounds should be governed by a board of trustees 'for the benefit of all qualified persons whomsoever, as a free public research library, art gallery, museum and botanical gardens, which library shall be for reference and research only.' There are upward of 1,000,000 rare manuscripts in the vaults. Only a small proportion of these have yet been catalogued despite the constant labors of a staff of the world's most experienced library experts. There are 200,000 rare books valued at around $30,000,000. England and Europe were scoured by the collector, and whole libraries hitherto con-

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sidered priceless fell into his hands through the power of his great wealth. Of books printed between the years 1450 and 1501, when the art of printing was in its infancy, this library contains 5300 titles from 705 different presses in 153 different cities. Nearly one hundred of these are the only ones known to exist. Among these incunabula is the Bible produced by Johannes Gutenberg, generally recognized as the inventor of printing. Besides being the first printed Bible it was the first large printed book. It is wonderfully preserved. Gutenberg is said to have spent five years, between 1450 and 1455, in the printing of this momentous book, little dreaming, as Ransome Sutton has said, that 'it would come down the centuries through many hands to a country not then discovered. As if under Divine protection it came down with hardly a mutilation.'

"A prize in this library is a product of the first identified printer in the history of California, Agustín Zamorano. It is a child's primer entitled, *Tablas Para Los Niños Que Impiezan A Contar.* Which means, 'Tables for Children Beginning to Count.' It is dated 'Monterey, 1836.' Not so long ago when compared with Gutenberg; but still, the *first* of anything is valuable historically. Another prize document is the letter written by George III of England granting independence to the United States. It is dated 'Windsor, November 19th, 1782. 10 P.M.,' and concludes with the words 'Necessity, not conviction, has made me subscribe to it.'

"The director of the entire institution is Dr. Max Farrand. As explained before, this is the cultural point of the triangle formed by the association with Mount Wilson Observatory and California Institute of Technology. Dr. Hale of the Observatory and Dr. Millikan of the Institute are members of the board of trustees of the Huntington Library."

"What gardens!" exclaimed Mr. Jones. "I would rather look around outside than inside." He strolled away down one of the paths and we followed, inspecting the eight-acre cactus garden, said to be the largest collection extant and numbering 16,000 plants; the Japanese garden covering five acres, with its pools, arching bridges, pagoda and

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bell-house sheltering a great bell over 150 years old; the fifty acres of tropical garden containing rare specimens of palms and tree ferns from Africa, India, Japan, Australia, Central and South America. Twenty acres of immaculate lawns stretched in all directions. The heavily blooming roses, trained into tree form, certainly tempted one to floral thievery. In the northern portion of the grounds repose the remains of Henry E. Huntington and his wife, Arabella, in an impressive marble tomb.

Miss Annabelle was gazing eagerly down the slope toward the valley. "Can't we get down there into the orange orchard?" she cried. "I'd just love to pick an orange!"

"I'm afraid not," I laughed. "But maybe we can arrange the orange thievery over San Gabriel way, in the grove of a soft-hearted friend."

"All right, let's go right *now*," she cried, and started off, I after her—but the Missus interrupted our flight.

"No, you don't—not until we've all seen at least the art gallery. And we're going to stroll through the famous mansion on our way out."

So Annabelle and I turned back, and we all went in to see what is said to be the most valuable collection of the works of old English painters ever gathered under one roof. During his years of collecting Mr. Huntington brought into his home here at San Marino over forty portraits by those masters, Gainsborough, Reynolds, Romney, Lawrence, Raeburn and Hoppner. The most famous of the pictures we saw in our stroll through the palatial mansion was Gainsborough's "Blue Boy," but the one we seemed to care for most was Sir Joshua Reynolds' "Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse." Besides portraits there are landscapes by Constable, Turner and others.

After a sweeping view of the valley from the broad, hedge-bordered marble terrace we returned to the automobile and continued toward the old Mission town which was our goal.

Fifteen minutes later we sat in our car under a row of spreading pepper trees opposite the buttressed south façade of the scarred old gray stone church of Gabriel the Archangel and listened to the bells in the famed *campanario* toll mournfully for the passing of some ancient inhabitant of the

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parish, at that moment being carried from the east portal toward the cemetery—an Indian of honorable lineage and service, last of his tribe, who had been baptized within these walls just one hundred years before to the day by that jovial and beloved friar of whom numerous travelers have left record, José Bernardo Sánchez. At least, so attested the native bystanders who had doffed their hats and crossed themselves as the little procession passed graveward, led by a priest. Glad we were to believe the truth of their tale, for it provided us with just the right mood for our entrance into the atmosphere of the past that clings about these ancient missions and their villages.

"'The Bells of San Gabriel,'" murmured Mr. Jones, his eyes fixed on the ivy-grown *campanario*.

"Yes," I said, "that belfry has been more pictured and versified than any other detail of California Mission architecture, unless it is the exterior stone stairway to the choir loft, which you see at the opposite end of the edifice. These architectural features are celebrated the world over. Originally, however, the belfry was a tower rising at the northeast corner of the eastern front, beside the portal through which the funeral just passed. The much-pictured six-niche arrangement at the western end of the church was not designed until 1812."

Mr. Jones was curious about the two empty bell arches in the *campanario* which, since his visit, have been refilled with the original long-lost bells, so that now the belfry, familiarly pictured for so many years with only four *campanas*, presents its full complement of six. The restoration of the bells took place September 8, 1931, on which date San Gabriel celebrated with a grand fiesta the 160th anniversary of the founding of the Mission. The single niche at the top of the belfry and the westernmost of the niches in the three-arch row beneath it remained empty, one for 117 years and one for over eighty years. In 1814, when the cornerstone of the old church on the Plaza in Los Angeles was laid, a bell was lent for the ceremony by the Mission San Gabriel. The little City of the Angels kept it, and when the town church was finished the townsfolk brazenly appropriated it for their own belfry. The borrowed

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bell was long a subject of bitter dispute between the Pueblo and the Mission. The other missing bell was removed from the Mission by profane hands during the unfortunate years when the establishment lay unguarded, a prey to plunderers. In the summer of 1931 the stolen bell was identified and recovered from the Rancho Santa Anita, and the church in Los Angeles returned the borrowed one. Following a solemn Pontifical Mass conducted by the Bishop of Panama at a specially erected altar in the gardens of the Mission, the long-lost bells were reinstalled and rung by descendants of the Indian neophytes of the past. Then followed fandangos, barbecues, mounted quadrilles performed in the street by native horsemen and horsewomen, and all the other gaieties of an old-time Spanish-Californian fiesta. The celebration was a part of the stupendous "Fiesta de Los Angeles," staged by the great overgrown offspring of San Gabriel, from the 4th to the 13th of September, in commemoration of the 150th anniversary of its birth.

"Tell me, how old is this Mission?" inquired Mr. Jones.

"The specific order for the establishment of San Gabriel was issued by Don Carlos Francisco de Croix, Spanish Viceroy of Mexico, in 1770. The actual founding occurred Sept. 8, 1771, on a site personally chosen by the Father President of the Mission chain, Fray Junipero Serra, and Don Pedro Fages, military governor of California. The missionary founders were the friars Ángel Somera and Pedro Benito Cambon.

"Temporary buildings were first erected several miles south of here, on the banks of the Río San Gabriél, first called Río San Miguel, above the present town of Montebello. Repeated inundation of the plain during the season of winter rains forced the padres to relocate nearer the mountains, on the high ground where we are now. This church, built of quarried stone entirely by Indian labor, was completed in 1806, after a series of misfortunes caused by earthquakes. The original roof was a vault of stone, but was so damaged by the earthquake of 1803 that it was replaced by timbers covered with tiles. Modern restoration is responsible for the present ugly roof of shingles, built on a pitch steeper than shown in the original plan. The tower

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was so shaken in the great earthquake of 1812 that it was razed and the present belfry erected. The type of stone-vaulted roof originally covering the structure may still be seen over the sacristy."

"From pictures I have seen of mission architecture in general I should say that this church is in quite an odd style, with something of the look of a mediæval fortress," observed Mr. Jones.

"Yes," I replied, "those straight, stone-capped buttresses at frequent intervals constitute another architectural feature that is distinctive about this edifice. Professor Rexford Newcomb of the University of Illinois, an authority on the history of architecture, presents some interesting conjectures as to the origin of the plans of this building in his book, 'Old Spanish Missions and Private Homes of California.' Apropos of your observation, he says: 'Visitors to San Gabriel have often been impressed by the Moorish atmosphere of the merlon-capped walls and wondered what could have been the Spanish prototype of this building.' He then goes on to show that the architect was probably Fray Antonio Cruzado, who was in charge here from 1772 to 1804. Friars charged with the building of the different missions had to turn to their own memories for architectural designs, for they entered the wilderness unsupplied with drawings and unaccompanied by lay architects. Cruzado was educated at Cordova, Spain, in which province he was born, and Professor Newcomb very reasonably concludes that in designing the San Gabriel church he was strongly influenced by his memories of the cathedral in Cordova, in the shadow of which he had spent his student days. The cathedral was formerly a great Moorish mosque, when the Saracens ruled southern Spain, and the exterior features that distinguished its design are strikingly simulated here, in a cruder, smaller way. Concluding, the writer says: 'To this simple structure in the New World the old padre evidently tried to give some of the character of the great cathedral that he had known so well as a youth. That he succeeded in a measure in imparting to San Gabriel something of the solemn, military massiveness of the older build-

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ing will become apparent when one compares photographs of the mission with those of the cathedral.'"

"Can't we go over and lay our hands on the old walls, just to get the feel of them, and then go inside?" asked Miss Annabelle. So I led her over to the old choir stairs, worn deep by the bare or roughly sandaled feet of Indian choristers climbing to their duties and railed by the same old ironwork that was turned out by them from the Mission forges. We laid our hands on the mellow walls, hot with sun-drench, and as the rest followed I asked them to sit down on the stairs while we made pictures of the past in our imaginations.

"Of course," I began, "it is necessary to quote names, dates and architectural data to a certain extent on an occasion like this, but it seems to me the really important thing is to reanimate the scene, in our minds, with the life which it served. In order to give you a glimpse back to the human element that once enlivened this spot, and twenty other similar communities up and down the mission chain of Alta California, I have copied some extracts from the accounts of travelers of the early days. These I shall ask Mrs. Guia to read. But first please remember that this church building was only one unit of a widespread establishment, composed of many buildings surrounding a great quadrangle—dormitories, school rooms, work shops, guest rooms, reception rooms, refectory, guardhouse and barracks, numberless Indian huts for the married adult neophytes, corrals, gardens, orchards and vineyards and all the other things needed for a self-supporting training school housing and utilizing, at the height of its efficiency, over 1700 persons. There was at least one other Mission that attained a greater population, but none that attained a more important position in the chain or that raised such bumper crops. As early as 1772 Father Serra, in a report of the Viceroy in Mexico, said of the new establishment: 'The place is beyond dispute the most excellent of all discovered. Without doubt this one [mission] alone, if well cultivated, would be sufficient to maintain itself and all the rest of the missions.' Fifty-four years later we find, by the records, that the most renowned administrator of San Gabriel, Fray

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José María de Zalvidea, whose zeal was so great as to make him a slave driver, was the manager of a temporal establishment boasting 20,000 head of cattle, a thousand horses, ninety-one mules, 215 hogs and 10,000 sheep, besides wide acres of grain, corn and fruits. This he managed, with an assistant priest; and he conducted the spiritual campaign of conversion and civilization among the Indian hordes. San Gabriel was always referred to as 'The Pride of the Missions,' and lying strategically on the road to Sonora and the Camino Real into Baja California, as well as being the first touch of civilization met by traders and travelers over the extension of the Santa Fé Trail through Cajon Pass, it was a center of activity down to the middle of the nineteenth century. Father Narciso Duran, while president of the Missions, wrote a letter to Governor Figueroa in 1833, while on an inspection trip, in which he says: 'There [Santa Barbara] I hope to have more time and quiet than I enjoy in this Babylon, San Gabriel, where for want of a retired room I hardly find sufficient privacy to say my prayers.' Then he adds, in a happier note: 'The best wines I have found in the various missions are those of San Gabriel. One is dry, very good for the table; the other is sweet.' This mission was famous for its wines and brandies. There were 167,579 vines in the vineyard. Here too, the orange was developed more highly than anywhere else. There is a good story told by the diarist of the first American party to reach California overland, concerning Padre Sánchez's passion for his oranges, which we may have time to tell later."

"Tell it now," urged Mrs. Jones.

"No—for the moment I insist on more serious anecdotes. It was to San Gabriel that Captain Juan Bautista de Anza, probably the greatest figure in the Spanish history of California, broke the terrible first trail across the deserts of Sonora in 1774. Formerly all travel from the rest of Mexico to California had been by sail, or up the peninsula of Lower California. And it was here he arrived on January 4, 1776, on his second trip, bringing colonists for the founding of San Francisco. He started on his trek with 240 people and 825 head of stock. One hundred and sixty of the people were women and children. He arrived here, in this

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first oasis of civilized life, seventy-three days later with more souls than he had started with. Eight children had been born and nursed along through the dreadful march. Here the desert-tortured band camped and recuperated before proceeding northward to the founding of San Francisco. There the Presidio or military establishment was inaugurated, but the colonists were eventually used to establish the civil pueblo of San José.

"And now, to bring the picture down to a later period but one still remote and romantic, I shall ask my wife to read from Alfred Robinson's 'Life in California,' first published in New York in 1846. Robinson was agent for the Boston shipping firm of Bryant, Sturgis & Company. He was sent out to California in 1829 to obtain cargoes of hides for their ships, and is the agent referred to in 'Two Years Before the Mast.' The young sailor-author, Dana, seemed to have a grudge against him, but Robinson nevertheless lived to become a figure in the affairs of American California and his book is regarded as one of the classics of Californiana. Now, my dear—"

From her perch on the old choir steps Mrs. Guia read aloud:

> *"It was Saturday evening as we approached the buildings of the mission [San Gabriel]. The chapel bells tolled the hour of prayer. Hundreds of Indians were kneeling on the grounds and as the tolling ceased they slowly rose to retire; then a merry peal announced the coming of the Sabbath. On retiring from the church after mass they stationed themselves at a private door of the building, whence issued the Rev. Father Sánchez, whom they escorted with music to his quarters. They remained for half an hour performing waltzes and marches until some trifling presents were distributed among them, when they retired to their houses."*

"Now let us go back," I said, "to the diary of 'that stalwart Calvinist,' as he is described by his contemporaries, Harrison S. Rogers. It is a priceless document. On a hot November day in 1826 the now-famous group of trappers

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headed by Jedediah Strong Smith stumbled out through Cajon Pass from the desert, almost dead of hunger, thirst and Indian attacks, and finally presented themselves before the gate of San Gabriel, sore distressed. They were the first Americans to invade California overland; they were the first leaves swirled across the mountain barrier by the slowly gathering human storm to the eastward that was destined to cover the old Spanish province with a dominant deposit of the English-speaking race, 'stalwart Calvinists' and their like, twenty or so years later. The governor of the province, Echeandía, realized the menace. There was a law forbidding foreigners entering the interior, and he invoked it, sending for Jed Smith to appear before him at his then residence in San Diego. In the meantime thè rest were quartered at Mission San Gabriel for almost three months until finally ordered out of the country. Let us hear some more entries made by our Calvinist in his Pepys-like style."

Mrs. Guia read:

"Soon as we entered [the Mission] there was plenty prepared to eat, a fine young cow killed and plenty of corn meal given us. There was great feasting among the men as they had not had any good meat in a long time. I was introduced to the two priests over a glass of good whisky and found them to be very jovial, friendly gentlemen. The supper consisted of a number of dishes served different from any table I ever saw. Plenty of good wine during supper. Before the cloth was removed cigars were introduced.

"About 11 o'clock dinner was ready and the priests came after us to go and dine. We were invited into the office to take a glass of gin and water and eat some bread and cheese. Directly after we were seated at dinner and everything went on in style, both the priests being pretty merry, [also] the clerk and one other gentleman who speaks some English. They all appear—"

"My word, cocktails and caviar, as it were!" broke in

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Mr. Jones. "I certainly like the background of history here. Our Calvinist diarist doesn't seem to have objected to it when it was foreground, either."

The reader continued:

"They all appear friendly and treat us well. Although they are Catholics by profession they allow us the liberty of conscience and treat us as they do their own countrymen and brethren. They all appear to be gentlemen of the first class both in manner and habits. . . . They have upwards of a thousand persons employed, Indians of different nations. Of cattle of all kinds they have upwards of 30,000. The situation is very handsome, pretty streams of water running through from all quarters. . . .

"There was a wedding and Mr. Smith and myself invited. . . . The ceremony and dinner was held at the priests'; they had an elegant dinner consisting of a number of dishes, boiled and roasted meat and fowl, wine and brandy, grapes brought as a dessert. We endeavored to apologize, being very dirty and not in a situation to shift our clothing, but no excuse would be taken, we must be present. . . . They treat us as gentlemen in every sense of the word. . . . They [the Indians] are kept in great fear; for the least offense they are corrected; they are compleat slaves in every sense of the word."

"Our good Presbyterian trapper was amazed, apparently, that the Catholics didn't eat him alive," chuckled Mr. Jones.

"The priests treated the Americans better than the government authorities did," I said. "The jovial Father Superior certainly sold himself to that hard-shelled adventurer from the 'Boston Nation,' as the United States was usually called on this coast. This padre, by the way—Fray José Sanchez—became Father President of the Missions the next year and during his incumbency San Gabriel was headquarters of the entire system."

"Could you stand one bit more from Rogers?" inquired Mrs. Guia.

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"I should say so!" chorused the Joneses.

"Well, this is a Sunday scene," and she read:

"About 6 o'clock [A.M.] the bell rang for mass and they poured into church from all quarters, men, women and children. There was none of us invited, therefore we all remained at our lodgings. . . . There was five Indians brought to the mission by two other Indians who act as constables or overseers, and sentenced to be whipped for not going to work when ordered. Each received from 12 to 14 lashes, the commandant [corporal] standing by with his sword to see that the Indian who flogged them done his duty. . . . The band of musick consisting of two violins, one bass violin, a trumpet and triangle, was played for two hours in the evening before the priest's door by Indians. . . .

"They keep at this place four small field pieces, two 6-pounders and two 2-pounders, to protect them from the Indians in case they should rebel. . . . My situation is a very delicate one, as I have to be among the grandees of the country every day. I make a very grotesque appearance when seated at table among the dandies with their ruffles, silks and broad cloths. . . . Last night there was a great fandango or dance among the Spaniards. They kept it up until daylight."

Again Mr. Jones broke out with a hearty laugh. "What a picture of discomfiture!" he roared. "Our poor fellow-countryman, far from home, sitting in tattered homespun and buckskin and resistant Protestantism among priests and dandies of a dark and alien race! But I'll say this: Harry Rogers did us honor by maintaining a sporting attitude through it all. I gather that he fell in with the customs of the country when it came to making a jolly toast or two."

Again my wife read:

"Jan. 6, 1827. This being what is called Epiphany or Old Christmas Day, church was held early. . . . Wine issued abundantly to both Spaniards and Indians, musick played by the Indian band. After the is-

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sue of the morning our men, in company with some Spaniards, went and fired a salute and the old Padre gave them wine, bread and meat as a treat. Some of the men got drunk—and two of them, James Reed and Daniel Ferguson, commenced fighting, and some of the Spaniards interfered and struck one of our men by the name of Black, which came very near terminating with bad consequences."

"There is a certain satisfaction," I commented, "in knowing that Jed Smith exercised a stern discipline when he got back among his men, for there is this entry in Rogers journal which I can quote from memory, and so conclude our lesson:

"Mr. Smith informed me this morning that he had to give Reed a little flogging yesterday for some impertinence. He appeared more complacent this morning."

"And now let us be on our explorations once more."

As we walked toward the surviving portion of the temporal structure of the Mission, the quaint, deep-porticoed adobe that once contained the friars' quarters, I remembered to point out across the street the remains of the stone *acéquia* or *zánja*, the aqueduct that once crossed diagonally in front of the Mission and thence to the fields in the valley, supplying domestic water, decorative fountain jets and irrigation. The remnant of the aqueduct, source of the "pretty streams running through in all directions" that delighted Harry Rogers, may be plainly traced through a vacant lot and to the spot where the Southern Pacific Railroad cut severs its stout bed.

"Before passing to the fields," I explained, "the water turned a grist mill, the foundations of which may be seen right over there beyond the Southern Pacific tracks, hidden under those drooping pepper trees. And this brings us face to face with another old acquaintance, Joe Chapman; for in the archives is to be found this order: 'Sept. 25, 1821. Governor Solá orders that the pirate prisoner, José Chap-

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man, be sent to build a mill at San Gabriél like that he had built at Santa Ynéz.' There was another mill, however, the first in California, built at the outlets of Mill and Los Robles cañons, in the San Marino district, under the supervision of Fray Zalvidea between 1810 and 1812. Its design was faulty for milling purposes, though as a lovely bit of architecture it was highly successful. When the smart Yankee mechanic fell into the lap of the authorities, the astute padre requisitioned his skill and got a new mill built. The first one is still standing and we shall take a look at it later.

"Joe Chapman, by the way, was a great favorite with Friar Sánchez, who once declared it 'a marvel that one so long in the darkness of Baptist faith could give such an example of true Christian piety to older Christians.' This gives us a picture, you see, of a Catholic friar amazed that a Protestant could be a decent fellow, to offset the picture of our Calvinist wondering that a Catholic friar could be a gentleman."

Miss Annabelle plucked my sleeve as we stepped into the garden of what is now called the museum, and said: "I've been waiting for the story about Father Sánchez and his precious oranges. How about it?"

I laughed. "Well, that precious anecdote is told by Rogers, without the least suggestion that he thought it funny, in these words: 'I was asked by the priest to let our blacksmith [Reed] make a large bear trap to set in his orange orchard to catch the Indians when they came up at night to rob the orchard.'"

"Oh, dear, I'll be afraid to pick an orange!" gasped the girl.

"I'll find you a grove without a bear trap," I assured her, and we entered to inspect the interior of the establishment.

As we waited for the guide to assemble a group of visitors, I bethought me of one more little anecdote to tell before we entered a seriously ecclesiastical atmosphere. "If you know your history," I said, "you will remember that there was a war on between Spain and England in 1782. Well, the records of San Gabriél show that this mission

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contributed $134 to the war chest of Spain, while the Los Angeles collection plate yielded only $15."

I also recalled the shocking fact that here, in the old cells of the Mission where we were now entering, an American saloon had been conducted in the 1850's, before title to the property had been re-vested in the Catholic Church by the United States Government. Over the saloon no less a personage than Roy Bean, afterward famed as the Texan justice of the peace known as "The Law West of the Pecos," had presided.

"He of the Jersey Lily Saloon, at Langtry?" inquired Mr. Jones with great interest.

"The very same," I answered.

Following the guide we proceeded to the inner garden and from there into the church.

The Mission is in charge of the Missionary Sons of the Immaculate Heart of Mary and they conduct a seminary here. It is the residence of the Very Reverend Father Provincial. A matter of pride with the Gabrieleños is the fact that the Rev. John Maiztegui, until recently Father Superior of San Gabriél Arcángel, has been consecrated a bishop and appointed Vicar-Apostolic of Panama, a proof that the old Mission is still a source of influence in Spanish America. He it was who came from that far-away diocese to celebrate the Pontifical Mass in honor of the Mission's 160th anniversary and the reunion of the "Bells of San Gabriel."

There is a charge of 25 cents for guide service inside the Mission. The tour is interesting, but one misses somewhat the atmosphere of the original order of things imparted at those Missions where the brown-robed Franciscans still reign and the visitor follows at the heels of a friar-guide in "cowl and sandal-shoon." The last of the Franciscan friars from Spain, Blas Ordáz, died here in 1850. The last baptismal entry, prior to the reëstablishment of a regular religious community here, was made August 15, 1852, under the number 9287. The entry was signed by Father Francisco Sánchez, the "Father Salvadierra" of Helen Hunt Jackson's celebrated novel "Ramona." This was not the Father Sánchez of Jedediah Smith's and Harrison Rogers' day, I explained.

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Probably the most appealing spot in the Mission to our visitors was the baptistry, which opens off the northern side of the nave and contains the same fine old copper font hammered out by the Indian pupils of the padres, from which over 9000 of their race were baptized. The pouring vessel in the shape of a shell, the holy-oil stock, the censer, the holy-water pot and sprinkler and the altarbread case are all of silver and first appear in the Mission inventory of 1773. The architecture of the baptistry is interesting to students of construction, the flair of the original designer for stone-vault work being here exemplified in a dome called in Spanish a *media naranja* or half-orange.

In the nave we saw the original old pulpit, suspended from the wall and approached by a wooden staircase from the sanctuary. This is of varicolored woods, decorated on the sides with inlaid stays. The balustrade is of hand-turned balusters sawed in two and set with the turned sides out to make them go farther. The main altar is in Churrigueresque style and was brought from Mexico. Among the old Spanish paintings on the walls is "The Holy Trinity" by Lucas Mena. An interesting instance of how the friars, turned perforce into architects, strove for decorative impressiveness in spite of crude material and lack of trained artisans is seen in the great arch of wood supporting the choir loft on heavy corbeled beams. It is painted in imitation of marble.

In the sacristy we saw an ancient Russian samovar, an interesting link with the Russian designs on California, over which Spain was so long seriously concerned and which ultimately culminated in the establishment of a Russian outpost as far south as Bodega Bay, north of San Francisco, in 1812. This samovar is said to have been traded in at San Gabriel in the early 1820's by a party of Russian trappers who penetrated clear to this southern district.

In the library we learned that the registers of baptisms, marriages and deaths were personally inaugurated by the great Father Serra himself, the title-pages being in his own handwriting. We learned, too, that not all the rare old copies of early publications are in the Huntington Library, for here in the Mission is one of the "Summa Ales," dated 1489. There is also a "Philosophy" of Gabriel Briel, and there

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are volumes of the works of El Tostado, Obispo de Ávila, dated 1527; three volumes of the "Summa Theologica" of Saint Thomas Aquinas, 1534-1535; and a work by San Fulgenico de Ruspe published by Christophe Plantin, famous Belgian publisher. There are also sacred music books, with illuminated notes, published in Salamanca.

Under the floor of the sanctuary there lie buried nine of the Spanish missionaries of early days, including Harrison Rogers' admiration, Fray José Bernardo Sánchez.

Adjoining the former priests' quarters we passed through the old kitchen, where the great messes of cornmeal and stew were prepared for the populous establishment from provisions doled out by that remarkable chatelaine, Doña Eulália, and in the center of what had once been the immense quadrangle we inspected the batteries of sunken vats where the tallow from the great *matanzas,* or slaughters, was tried and the soap made. Also visible are the sunken masonry vats for hide-tanning. Coming out again on to the street from the quarters now called the Museum, I said, as we walked toward our car: "The Mission San Gabriel so strategically situated, was always the center of tumult and alarms, right down to modern times. In the early American days, the 1850's and '60's, it was the rendezvous of bandits and the scene of frequent reprisals by Americans against the native outlaws. In the tough period when a saloon occupied part of the premises murders occurred in the cells where devout friars had told their beads in deep contemplation. Lynchings were conducted before the door of the Mission. In the Spanish and Mexican times San Gabriel was open to incursion by the wild tribes of the Colorado Desert and of the San Bernardino Mountains, the Mojaves and the Cahuillas, and, in the later days, by desperate bands of horse-thieves from the Missouri under such leaders as Pegleg Smith. Pegleg's personal bodyguard was composed of Blackfoot Indians. They would descend like a whirlwind from the Cajon Pass on to 'The Spanish Country,' as the American adventurers always called the Los Angeles region, and whirl away again with as many as 1500 horses in a single foray, pursued by the Californians. Mission San Gabriel was under the military jurisdiction of the Presidio of San

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Diego, which supplied a guard of soldiers. The San Diego jurisdiction ended here; Los Angeles was in the military district of the Presidio of Santa Barbara."

"What was the status of the Mission following the American occupation?" asked Mr. Jones.

"In 1845, a year before the American occupation, Governor Pío Pico, who had taken the property away from the Church under the decree of secularization, granted it to a Scot and an American, two early settlers named Reid and Workman, who had become naturalized Mexicans. The gift was in payment of certain debts. Later the United States Land Commission declared the grant invalid, and our Government restored the Mission buildings and property immediately appertaining thereto to the Catholic Church through patent to the bishop of the diocese. The patent was issued in 1858, is signed by James Buchanan, President of the United States, and is recorded in the Book of Patents, pages 379-384, Records of Los Angeles County, California."

"That ought to be exact enough to satisfy my curiosity," smiled Mr. Jones. "But how about services in the church during that time?"

"For some years the Mission was served, at intervals, by the parish priest of the Church of the Angels in Los Angeles, thus reversing the situation of which the early padres had complained. During this period the temporal buildings were all destroyed, except the remnants we have seen today. Finally the church, fast falling to ruin, was renovated and religious and educational activities restored. It is this restoration that was responsible for the atrocious modern carpentry which has sealed away from view the old beamed ceiling of the nave. Now, let us stroll through the village and then be on our way."

We walked up the quiet central street, Mission Boulevard, and looked at the Mission Playhouse, the handsome reinforced concrete theater that houses the celebrated Mission Play each season.

"This theater," said Mrs. Guia, "is a reproduction on a somewhat expanded scale of the church of Mission San Antonio de Padua in Monterey County, the third mission founded in California, preceding San Gabriel, the fourth,

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by a few months. Here is presented, from the latter part of January until May every year, John Steven McGroarty's Mission Play, a pageant of mission history. It has been played every year since 1911—something of a record in American theatrical records. The play is presented during the season at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, and at 8 o'clock two evenings in the week."

Opposite the Playhouse is Yorba's Spanish Inn, recommended for its tamales made by the Señora de Yorba herself from an old San Gabriél recipe. The señora also makes a *salsa,* or chile sauce, from *chiles colorado* that she herself grinds in the old native way on a stone *metate,* which is *muy buena* and entirely different from the commercial brand on the grocers' shelves. Hot? Sure! But yum-yum!

Strolling back toward our car we paused to inspect the giant grapevine in the walled garden behind the old adobe house known as "Ramona's Home." We paid an entrance fee of ten cents each. Our guests exclaimed at the vast spread of the vine, trellised over 10,000 square feet of ground and still spreading. The interwoven triple trunk is like a burly tree. It annually produces a ton of fruit, formerly used for wine-making. The vine is on property once appertaining to the Mission and is said, according to the placard that greets the visitor's eye, to have been planted in 1775. This statement is challenged, however, by historians, who assign to it a much later date: but this really doesn't matter because the monarch is venerable enough and large enough to rate a world's championship. Many of the fiestas of San Gabriel today are held under this living canopy, especially the unique and picturesque Grape Festival of mid-September, a survival of Spanish days, when luscious grapes are piled up in the plaza before the Playhouse by the ton, free to all, and the sidewalks literally run with the juice of the grape.

There is another grapevine of almost equal age and proportions covering the private premises at 265 South Santa Anita Street, around the corner.

Turning north on Santa Anita, at the corner of "Ramona's Home," we walked past the best known of the old private homes of the town, *La Casa Vieja* of the Lopez family. It is a nice specimen of the simple but attractive early adobe

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and may be visited at certain hours when the charming hostess, Señora María Lopez de Lowther, is at home. The señora teaches Spanish in the southern branch of the University of California, and her husband is a professor in Occidental College. The house may be recognized by the white picket fence surrounding an old-fashioned garden. Brilliant red-and-yellow lantana climbs over the fence and there is a monster pepper tree in the grounds, a worthy example of what a giant fellow a pepper may become.

Returning to the main street and continuing eastward past the Mission for several blocks, we paused by a picket fence to look in at a large old-fashioned adobe home, vine-grown and surrounded by wide ground-floor galleries. The grounds included several acres, and the size of the palms, pecans and orange trees attested to age.

"This is now known locally as the 'Howard' Place," I said, "but tradition has it that the original portion of this building was built under the régime of Father Zalvidea as a hut for the overseer of that same orange grove which Father Sanchez fell heir to and protected with bear traps. Down across these acres stretched the orchards and gardens of the padres, and old plans show a house located just about here. At any rate, this is a quaint old home and one the Missus and I have often coveted, though we regret that steep-pitched shingle roof with the dormer windows, a type often installed in early American days to replace original roofing."

"Down at the next cross street, which is Del Mar," said Mrs. Guia, "there is, a half-block to the right, a little Mexican restaurant that serves the best *albondiga* soup, the best *enchiladas*, the best *carne con chile* in California. At least, we think so. Just a tiny place built on to the cottage in which the Vargas family lives. Pedro or 'Pete' Vargas' Place —that's how it's known." She looked at the rest of us with an eagerly inviting expression, but the Joneses began to hedge.

"We'd better wait for dinner time now," observed Mr. Jones, looking at his watch. "I'll be all set for a really good dinner, and of course I want you two to be my guests. Can't you suggest something around Pasadena, say?"

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"Oh, sure, the Marcell Inn, at Altadena. That isn't far!" chorused the Missus and I.

"Is that the same Marcell I know in New York?" inquired Mr. Jones, with animation.

"The same."

"Fine! Let's go right away—I'm starving."

"Say an old-fashioned *adiós!* to the Mother of Los Angeles," I commanded as we drove out of the ancient stronghold of the Archangel Gabriel. "Remember, it was from here the governor and the colonists and the padres started when they walked the ten miles westward to replace the Indian wickiups of Yang-na with the City of the Angels."

"Adiós! Adiós, San Gabriél Arcángel!"

On our way to the Marcell Inn, at the head of Lincoln Avenue high up on the Altadena slope, we drove past the original grist mill of Father Zalvidea, at Monterey Road and Old Mill Road, San Marino, and looked across the swale that was once the lake into which the mill stream flowed. Beyond the hollow we saw the old home of Don Benito of the Mountain, called originally Lake View. The adobe-and-brick house is overshadowed by a large frame residence built at a later period, and here the direct descendants of the Wilsons still live.

The old Mission Mill is now occupied as a residence, but has been little altered on the exterior from the original lines and is a delightfully picturesque structure.

"Oh, there's an orange grove without a fence!" cried Miss Annabelle. "You know what you promised me!"

"Well, I temporized, "I had intended taking you to a friend's place, but I forgot. However, I guess we can get away with the job right here. These oranges are Valencias, great juice fruit but not such good eating as the winter navel oranges." So we stopped, and Annabelle and I robbed that orange grove.

"Where is that desert oasis, Palm Springs?" her father asked. "We hear a lot about it in the East. Our celebrated mayor, Jimmy Walker, spent some time sun-bathing there during last winter."

"Palm Springs," I explained, "lies over to the eastward on the desert side of the San Bernardinos, about a hundred

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miles from Los Angeles. If we followed through Pasadena on U. S. 66 or through Alhambra on the Valley Boulevard we would find at Ontario signs directing us to the road to Riverside, and from there we would follow directions to Palm Springs via San Gorgonio Pass. This would take us through the fine upland cherry, pear and almond districts of Beaumont and Banning. Or we could go via Redlands instead of Riverside, passing through the highland apple country of the Yucaipa before joining the other road at Beaumont. Either way we would travel through the heart of the navel orange country before ascending San Gorgonio Pass, between two grand old mountains, snow-capped through a large part of the year—Mount San Gorgonio, 11,500 feet high, and San Jacinto, 10,700 feet.

"On the desert side we would enter, around and beyond Palm Springs, the famous date gardens of the Coachella Valley. Indio, twenty-five miles east of the Springs, on the main highway, is the center of this industry. The date plantations are well worth a visit in the fall, when the picking and packing are in progress, and in the spring, when the palms are coming into bloom. At Riverside is the Mission Inn, one of the unique and celebrated hotels of the world, conducted by Frank Miller, 'friend of presidents and princes.' Luncheon *al fresco* in the beautiful patio of the Inn, to the sound of soft Spanish music, is an experience that should be included in a trip to the desert oases beyond the mountains. The chapel of the Inn, with its lovely pipe-organ and its crypt filled with relics and paintings of early Mission days, is a famed 'Gretna Green.' Romantic couples go there to be married, including, often, Hollywood celebrities. Riverside is sixty miles from Los Angeles and may be reached by motor coach or by the Pacific Electric, Santa Fé, Union Pacific and Southern Pacific railroads. The first planting of the navel orange in California was made at Riverside. One of the original trees stands in the grounds of the Mission Inn, in front of the old adobe ranch house built by early settlers and renovated by Frank Miller into a charming art gallery and tea room. A few miles beyond Riverside the road to Palm Springs passes March Field, one of the principal aviation training schools of the United

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States Army. The extensive citrus fruit experimental station of the University of California is also on the outskirts of Riverside and pomologists from all parts of the world where it is possible to grow the orange, lemon and grapefruit come here to study."

"Can't we go to Riverside and then on to the desert right now?" pleaded Miss Annabelle.

"I'm afraid you would find it pretty warm on the desert right now," answered Mrs. Guia. "The season for Palm Springs, Twenty-nine Palms, Indio and rest of the oases is November to May. Then wealth and fashion from all over the United States and many foreign countries flock to the truly 'great open spaces.' Sun-bathing, horseback riding and, strange as it may seem, swimming, are the principal hobbies indulged in at Palm Springs. Splendid swimming-pools are the center of midwinter natatory competitions. Such hotels as the Desert Inn, El Mirador, the Oasis and El Tahquitz, as well as La Quinta at Indio, are filled with leisurely visitors; and the picturesque Spanish or Moorish-type homes of such men as Samuel Untermeyer, William Gibbs McAdoo a great many other national figures, including artists and writers, are gay with house guests. John Galsworthy, distinguished English novelist, spent a winter here finishing one of his books. Mount San Jacinto, towering directly above and crowned with winter snow, forms a gorgeous background to the resorts on the warm floor of the desert.

The strange-sounding name *Tahquitz*, I explained, is the Indian designation for the awesome spirit which they believe inhabits Mount San Jacinto and which they hear when certain peculiar subterranean formations in the mountain give forth a rumbling sound. "There is annually held at Palm Springs," I told our friends, "in the brief spring season when the desert is in bloom, a pageant called 'The Spirit of Tahquitz.' It is a modern innovation, but includes some of the native Indians as players. The town is on the edge of a small Indian reservation; in fact, part of it overlaps the reservation, the natural hot sulphur springs which give it its name being under the control of the tribe. The famed Palm Springs Cañon, where, along a stream which comes from

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the rocky sides of San Jacinto, are seen the native California fan palms growing in wild profusion, lies a few miles above the town, in the Indian reservation. Palm Springs is reached by motor stages from Riverside or Redlands and by Southern Pacific main-line trains to Whitewater Station, thence by bus, in season."

"If you leave for Riverside or Redlands via Valley Boulevard," volunteered Mrs. Guia, "two interesting stops may be made en route. One is at Gay's Lion Farm, on the outskirts of El Monte, about twelve miles east of Los Angeles, and the other is the W. K. Kellogg Arabian Horse Ranch near Pomona, about thirty miles from the metropolis. Valley Boulevard motor stages to Pomona and points beyond will drop passengers at the Lion Farm, and it is on the itinerary of sightseeing bus tours leaving from the downtown hotels. The same motor stages pass within a mile of the Arabian Ranch, which lies off the boulevard. W. K. Kellogg, you know, besides making cornflakes for a living, is one of the world's most renowned breeders of Arabian horseflesh. It is a real experience to view these beautiful prize animals, especially on Sunday afternoons when they are put through their paces in the arena and on the race-track at the ranch. The history of each distinguished steed is told by the announcer and the whole exhibition is absolutely free, with free parking space provided on the beautiful knoll on which the palatial stables, of Spanish-Moorish architecture, are located. The most famous horse in the stud is the stallion 'Jadaan,' ridden by Rudolph Valentino in the film, 'Son of the Sheik.' This noble animal is still a prominent movie star, having been recently used in the Christopher Wren romances of the French Foreign Legion. Crowds come out here just to see this horse, and when he steps proudly about the arena at the Sunday performances one can see that he loves the applause of his public."

"I suppose the lion farm has something to do with the movies, too?" observed Mrs. Jones.

"Yes, it supplies many trained lions to the picture studios and also raises lions for zoos and menageries. Another source of locally bred wild animals is the Luna Park Zoo, adjoining Lincoln Park in Los Angeles. It was founded years

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ago by Colonel W. N. Selig, the motion-picture pioneer, and is still managed by him. There the first of the African adventure serials, 'The Adventures of Kathlyn,' was filmed, with Kathlyn Williams, Tom Santschi and other stars of their day, including the widely known animal-trainer, Big Otto, now deceased. Luna Park is reached by the yellow-green street cars of Line A northbound on Hill Street and marked 'Lincoln Park.'"

"Well," commented Mrs. Jones, "I see that we should give about a year to this tour instead of seven days."

"Some year we will," replied Mr. Jones; whereupon the Missus and I exchanged congratulatory glances and led the way into Marcell Inn for a big chicken dinner.

When I suggested, after dinner, that we return to Los Angeles by way of Pasadena Avenue my wife looked at me suspiciously.

"Got another museum up your sleeve, I suppose," she sighed.

"Yes," I confessed, "but you needn't worry—it is too late to enter the place. I just thought the Joneses ought to know the location of the Southwest Museum, the Casa Adobe, Sycamore Grove and all that."

So we made our way down to South Pasadena and then entered the Los Angeles city limits over the Pasadena Avenue bridge across the Arroyo Seco into the Highland Park district.

As we crossed Frémont Street in South Pasadena Mrs. Guia said: "Straight south on this thoroughfare, in Coyote Pass overlooking Alhambra, is a famous country club, the Midwick, a great center of polo in the winter season. Greater crowds attended polo games there last winter than anywhere else in the United States, with the exception of Meadowbrook. Two of the eight ranking players of the nation, Pedley and Boeseke, were developed at Midwick. It is to Midwick that the dashing team from far-away Argentina comes for winter contests. The season is from December to May, and the public is admitted."

Just before crossing the Arroyo into Los Angeles we passed the Cawston Ostrich Farm, a mecca for sightseers since 1886 when an Englishman from South Africa inaug-

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urated an industry here which brought him fame and fortune. The Ostrich Farm is reached by the South Pasadena red cars from Sixth and Main. From the Arroyo bridge we looked down onto Victory Park, a pretty municipal playground in the bed of the Arroyo shaded by natural growths of sycamore, oak and water alder.

Then I pointed out the location of the unique Abbey San Encino, where the versatile Clyde Browne, master printer, master stonemason, musician, art-collector, archæologist, ethnologist, writer, philosopher, yachtsman, "Sage of Highland Park," presides over his famous printery and over the group of studios occupied by craftsmen and writers. Built by his own hands with the aid of Indian labor, of stone dug from the ancient river-bed beneath it, the beautiful Wedding Chapel of the "Abbey St. Oak" is a celebrated shrine for matrimonially inclined young couples, who are there joined while the Master of the Abbey plays the pipe-organ that he himself constructed.

After passing through the business district of Highland Park we found ourselves opposite Sycamore Grove, where most of the big "State Picnics" are held. These are occasions when folks from "back yonder" get together for reunions. I told the Joneses it was sometimes known as "Iowa Commons," but assured him that the state of New York made a pretty big showing itself on its picnic days.

"That is the Southwest Museum," I said, pointing to the white concrete building with the tall tower on an eminence on the other side of Pasadena Avenue. "It is an institution devoted to the history of Man in the Southwest and has attracted wide attention in scientific circles through its archæological and anthropological research work. On a tablet set in the façade of the building and bearing the emblem of the museum is this lovely motto: *Mañana, Flor de Ayeres* (Tomorrow, Flower of Its Yesterdays).

"The story of prehistoric man in these parts and the customs of the Indians down to today may be studied through the artifacts, human remains and records on exhibition. Chief founder of the museum was the late Dr. Charles F. Lummis, author, historian and archæologist, co-worker with Bandelier in the excavations at Cuzo and other strongholds

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of the ancient Inca in Peru. The tall tower of the museum building is named the Lummis Tower. Dr. Lummis was knighted by Alfonso XIII when King of Spain for his exhaustive works on the history of Spain in the Americas. The stone castle that Dr. Lummis built with his own hands, aided by Indian helpers, is just a few blocks from here, at 231 East Avenue Forty-three. He left this home, 'El Alisal,' with its rare collection of Indian relics, to the Southwest Museum. It will eventually be open to the public, though at present it is still occupied by members of the late author's family. Dr. Lummis' last book, which came off the press after he died, is 'Flowers of Our Lost Romance,' a fascinating volume to read if one is interested in tracing the Spanish influence on our customs, habits and phrases of speech in the Southwest today. The Southwest Museum is reached by yellow and green cars of the W Line northbound on Broadway.

"Here's the part of the museum I like," said Mrs. Guia, stopping the car in front of Casa Adobe, 4605 Pasadena Avenue. "This is a reproduction in full scale of a California ranch house of the Spanish period, 1769-1822. It is a joy to walk through its quaint rooms on floors of red clay flagging and to study the contemporary furniture. The big patio with fountain and old-fashioned garden and the deep, open-air corridors on all four sides are absolutely typical. Each room is labeled with its Spanish designation. The kitchen is a study in itself. Casa Adobe is open Wednesday and Sunday afternoons free of charge, and there is always present a hostess in the person of a *doña* from one of the old Spanish families of Los Angeles in authentic costume. The idea of constructing this unique exhibit is credited to the late Dr. Hector Alliot, for years the popular curator of the Southwest Museum."

Well, the evening was still young when we got downtown and Miss Annabelle simply insisted that her father take us all to a theater.

"I've seen museums and funerals and old churches all day," she said in a half-plaintive, half-laughing tone, "and while I really was awfully interested, I've just got to see a good show before I go to bed!"

To this suggestion my wife replied regretfully that she

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could not stay longer in the city. "Sorry, but I must get along home to the youngsters. You go to the show and have a good time," she said, turning to me, "but you will have to struggle home as best you can. *I'll* take the Model A." And she was off before I could offer, as a dutiful husband should, to go along home with her.

Whether to attend the Mayan Theater, at Hill and Eleventh, where there was a red-hot satire on Hollywood, or the Belasco Theater, in the same block, where there was a piece interpreting Queen Elizabeth, took a while to decide; but of course Miss Annabelle won her argument for the Mayan. I must admit that all hands enjoyed the show immensely, and our visitors were vastly entertained by the unique and bizarre Mayan architecture and decorations of the house.

After the show we had supper at Herbert's (these New Yorkers certainly can be generous hosts when they start out to make an evening of it), and Mr. Jones thought the food and service very good.

"Remember the number, 749 South Hill," I advised, "for the place never closes, which makes it a good sort of place to know. It is originally an old San Francisco institution and the genial proprietor is known the length of the Coast."

Half-asleep on the street car going home it occurred to me that I had assured the Joneses this was to be just a loafing sort of day—nothing much in the way of strenuous sightseeing. Really, had I kept my promise? I was afraid I had not. And good gracious, none of us had been wide awake enough to arrange about tomorrow! That would be the final day. Oh, well, let tomorrow take care of itself!

"End of the line, brother!"

"Huh? Oh yes—the building on our right was erected in 1492 by one of our old-time firms, dealers in—"

"Aw, wake up! We're goin' t' the barns!"

"What? Oh, okay. Good night, I'm off."

"I thought you was, brother."

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SUNDAY

I *GOT* Mr. Jones on the wire early Sunday morning. When I say "early" I mean early, and it was evident from the reluctance with which the 'phone was answered that he realized it was early.

"Sorry to get you up, Mr. Jones," I said, "but I must talk to you about today. We want to take you to—"

"Now, just a moment, Mr. Guia," he interrupted. "Mrs. Jones and I talked over the situation last night before we went to bed, and we agreed that we had probably run you and Mrs. Guia almost to death already. So we decided that we would continue our trip to San Francisco today on one of the early evening trains, and have you down to dinner with us to say goodbye."

"Not on your life!" I shot back at him, thinking fast. "If you want to be in San Francisco tomorrow, we'll see to that, but you must get a glimpse of Santa Barbara on the way. We will come right down now—"

"But we have several trunks, Mr. Guia. Henrietta and Annabelle have a lot of packing to do, and—"

"You have through tickets, haven't you? Well, just throw your things into the trunks and see that the porter gets them checked through to the Bay right away. He can reserve accommodations for you on the 'Sunset Limited,' leaving at 6:35 P. M., or 'The Lark' at 8 o'clock, and you can join the train at Santa Barbara. We shall be right down, so that we can lunch in the Channel City. It's only one hundred miles

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and we shall have time to tarry at San Fernando. Hurry and get ready!"

"Well, well, it seems to me that for a native of the Land of Mañana you have some very sudden ideas. I'll talk to Mrs. Jones and call you back."

"We won't be here, Mr. Jones—we'll be on our way down to the Biltmore! We *must* get an early start. See you in a few minutes."

Omitting the details of the strenuous efforts whereby we got the Joneses out of their hotel and into the Model A with their handbags in time to hit the highway reasonably early, suffice it to say that we were finally rolling out San Fernando Road, the local designation of imposingly broad, traffic-laden U. S. 99. We chose to go this way instead of leaving town via 101, the more direct route, because we wanted to show our guests the old Mission that is within the city limits of Los Angeles, though twenty-five miles from the City Hall—Mission San Fernando Rey de España.

"At this mission we will show you the room where was contrived the first recorded 'bungalow breakfast nook,' now such a feature of modern California apartment and bungalow architecture," announced Mrs. Guia, as we drove along. "You know, the place with the benches and the hinged table supported by a folding prop, where the family eats when there is no company and where the gin parties always end up."

Soon we were driving through the western edge of the city of Glendale, with the beautiful Griffith Park hills beyond the river on our left. At San Fernando Road and Grand View Avenue, Glendale, we saw a transcontinental passenger plane landing in front of the handsome station building of the Grand Central Air Terminal, and along the highway were the extensive hangars and shops of the Maddux and Pickwick Air Lines. Across the river, in Griffith Park, could be seen the National Guard air field, and a couple of miles farther on, within the limits of the thriving community of Burbank, occupying what was once the old Rancho la Providéncia, was the United Airport, another depot for long-distance air travel. Along here, we told our guests, there is an almost constant coming and going of airplanes, a traffic

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that covers routes across the continent, northward through San Francisco to the Canadian border, southward to Agua Caliente in Mexico, and here, there and yonder locally. Sightseers are taken up from these airports for short flights. The fields are reached by motor stages from the Union Stage Depot in Los Angeles and by bus from Glendale. Here, too, we saw, to the west of San Fernando Road, the manufacturing plant of the Lockheed Aircraft Company, where Post and Gatty's airplane *Winnie Mae* was made and whence the daring aviators started to New York with her to commence their record-breaking around-the-world flight.

"I thought we had seen open-air markets before, but look at them along here!" exclaimed Mrs. Jones, as we passed blocks of immense establishments given over to produce of all sorts and fairly glowing with the mingled colors of fruits and vegetables.

"Yes," said Mrs. Guia, "San Fernando Road is known as the greatest of the 'food belt' routes leading out of Los Angeles. For miles, indeed, clear to San Fernando, one passes markets, bakeries, sweet-shops, ice-cream stands, orange-juice joints, small cafés and curb-service or car-service lunch stands, itinerant vendors of melons, grapes, oranges, olives and other fruits in season—to say nothing of flower and honey stands, handcraft furniture makers, souvenir vendors and pet shops. Very popular is the type of lunch stand that occupies the center of an ample parking area where autos may drive in and the occupants be served right in their seats by pretty girls in fancy costumes. The trays are fitted with a device which enables them to be clamped into the open window of the car door so that a meal may be eaten with a great deal of comfort. The stands near busy intersections are usually open all night, and the brightly lighted areas around them are filled with cars where late homegoers are lolling back enjoying their wee snack or a steadying cup of coffee, while some are reading the early editions of the papers."

In the busy little town of San Fernando we turned off at Mission Boulevard and drove west a mile or so through orange and lemon groves and colonies of Mexican fruit-

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workers to come to rest in the pepper-tree-arched road in front of the Mission.

"The town of San Fernando, which we have just left behind us," I said, "dates from the coming of the railroad from the north in 1876—or rather from 1874, when work was begun on the mile-long tunnel by which the Southern Pacific enters the valley under the San Fernando Mountains. This was one of the difficult tunnels of early railroad engineering, built by Chinese labor and two years in the making.

"The Mission was founded September 8, 1797, by our old acquaintance, Fray Fermin Francisco de Lasuén, being seventeenth of the chain, planned to fill the long gap between Mission San Gabriél, thirty-two miles to the southeast, and Mission San Buenaventura, some forty miles to the northwest. It was founded the same day of the month as San Gabriél. The name is in honor of St. Ferdinand III, King of Castile and Leon, 1200-1252. St. Ferdinand's war on heretics brings to mind that Father Lasuén was himself a commissioner of the Inquisition, as was Father Serra before him; but there were no heretics, only heathens, in their times in California.

"The first missionaries in charge of San Fernando were the padres Dumetz and Uría. The land on which the buildings stand had already been granted to a retired soldier, Francisco Reyes, in 1794, but were taken away from him to be turned over to the Franciscans, the only time this was done in the history of the Missions in California. The process was reversed later when the Mexican Republic secularized the Missions.

"Mission San Fernando was a tremendously busy workshop at the height of its career, with a large Indian population and extensive temporal buildings. Under the tutelage of the padres here the Indian workers became known for their skilled ironwork and leather-work, and the products of the winery and distillery were famous. So were the olive oil and dates. The fine iron grilles still covering the windows looking out onto the colonnaded corridor of the impressive building before which we are now parked, are the products of those forges of long ago. This building, commonly known as *el monjero* or the monastery, is the largest and most im-

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pressive of the temporal buildings left at any of the Missions. It contained the living quarters of the padres, refectory, reception room, guest chambers and kitchens.

"The monastery and other buildings forming the once-great quadrangle passed into the hands of General Andrés Pico and a partner, when his brother, the governor, gave away or sold the Mission lands, and here the most lavish host of all California annals held baronial sway until the American courts returned the buildings and immediate property to the Catholic Church. Most of the other temporal buildings have melted back to the soil whence they sprang, and the church building is in deplorable ruin; but the fine old monastery survives in quite its early form, with only a few evidences of repair and restoration done by the Landmarks Club and the traces of interior alterations made by laymen occupants during the years of its dishonor. The *monjero* is 235 feet long by 65 wide and there are nineteen lofty arches in colonnade down the front, giving a really noble appearance. A unique feature not found on any other temporal building in the rest of the Mission chain is a one-bell belfry over the west end of cloistered corridor. Whether this signifies that the west apartment of the building was used temporarily as a chapel at some time—perhaps between the destruction of the first church by the great earthquake of 1812 and the completion of the church whose remains we now see, in 1818, or whether a bell was used, in unorthodox fashion, to summon the Indian workers from the fields at certain hours, is unknown. This mysterious little belfry is much copied by modern architects. Another hint of changes wrought in olden times is given us by those burned-tile water spouts projecting from above the arches. They are useless because the tiled roof of the building comes down on a slope to include the cloister in its coverage. Once the roof over the colonnade must have been of the flat *brea* type, and the tile roofing must have formed eaves at the wall of the main structure. These little details add much interest to the study of these old and more or less mysterious edifices, the plans of which have usually been lost."

"What beautiful flowers are banked along the flower-bed in

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front of the arched corridor!" exclaimed Miss Annabelle. "What is all that mixture?"

"Well," answered Mrs. Guia, "I can distinguish the rose, the hibiscus, the lantana, the plumbago, the bird-of-paradise, acacia, Spanish broom and desert verbena. The tall slim plants with the handsome, odd-shaped green leaves are poinsettias, which will be a riot of red in November and December. In the park across the road we can see many flowers and trees of interest. It is on the site of the old Mission garden, and is maintained by the city of Los Angeles for the preservation of the lovely fountains which once fronted the mission and for the pleasure and relaxation of coming here to revive memories of the past. It is called Brand Park in honor of Leslie C. Brand, donor of the land to the city. While this was originally Mission property, only the buildings and the land on which they stood was returned to the Catholic Church by the American courts, private title to the vast ranch lands round about being confirmed. Suppose we stroll through the little park before we enter the building."

"First," I insisted, "I want to call attention to certain interesting architectural details on the front of this monastery. The main portal to the building, which once led into the big *sala* or reception room, contains the original hand-carved door of sycamore wood. The serpentine pattern grooved in the panels of the door is said to symbolize the Stream of Life, and is a feature much copied by modern architects. The same symbol appears in the woodwork of certain other missions, but this is the best known and most imitated example. The portal opening, you may notice, is not semicircular, as usual, but has an elliptical arch outlined by a moulded frame and is flanked by pilasters. Above the door is a niche of the handsome shell-headed type originally containing an image of St. Ferdinand. In this doorway the padres of old welcomed their guest, whether he was the King's governor of the province or the humblest wayfarer; and here, later, the baronial Don Andrés of the Picos, garbed in velvet, broadcloth and gold lace, welcomed with grand gestures the friends flocking to his week-long festivals—events inspired by a marriage, a baptism, a saint's day, a Mexican holiday, a *gringo* holiday, a holy holiday, or whatever whim might

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give excuse for barbecue and fandango. Now that I am started on the subject, my dear, you might as well agree to postpone the garden stroll until we have taken a look inside the buildings."

"That is a good suggestion," ventured Mr. Jones, before the Missus could put up an argument. "I am sure we should all like to see them."

But before we entered I had something that I wanted to share with them, and I pulled a typewritten sheet from my pocket. "Before I read this rather uncomplimentary description of a padre by the Boston shipping agent, Alfred Robinson, who gave us a really sympathetic picture of San Gabriél, I might explain that tradition says the Yankee hide-buyer found this particular padre too shrewd a bargainer to suit him, and that the deal that was put over on his firm jaundiced the Bostonian's view. At any rate, here is what the author of 'Life in California' says of a visit here shortly after his arrival on the Coast in 1829:

> "At this time Mission San Fernando was governed by the Rev. Padre Francisco Gonzalez Ibarra, a short, thick, ugly-looking old man whose looks did not belie his character. In his own opinion nobody knew so much as himself, nothing was so good as that which he proposed and, being at the head of his establishment, no one ever presumed to call his sentiments into question. The niggardly administration of this place compared with the liberality and profusion of the other missions we had visited presented a complete contrast. . . . At supper I was amused at the economy displayed in the arrangement of the table. . . . A door, hinged at the bottom, which served to close a recess in the wall used as a cupboard, was let down upon the occasion, and on this was placed our repast. The dimensions were only sufficient to admit of four persons comfortably seated, and when the number was larger . . . recourse was had to a dirty-looking bench which stood in one corner of the apartment.

"You see, there was the first bungalow breakfast-nook

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table in California, without a doubt. Modern exigencies have developed variations, but there is the basic idea. Let's go inside."

In the apartment now used as a reception room we found a priest gathering a group of visitors for a tour of the establishment. We contributed the required 25 cents each to the fund for the upkeep of the Mission, then I suggested that we slip away before the tour began to the room where I believed Robinson had supped with Padre Ibarra off the despised hinged cupboard door.

"It is in the apartment west of the one usually described by the guide as the refectory," I said, "but the economical padre probably opened up the dining-room only on state occasions."

I led my group to a corner of the room in question, beside a fireplace, and showed them an unmistakable cupboard, the heavy, roughly cut shelves worm-eaten and unstable with age and the framing bearing various old hinge marks. The door was gone, and while it is true that there are marks showing that a door had once hinged at the top of the cupboard, these marks were apparently of a much later date and disproved nothing. Stoutly I opined that this must be the very "nook" itself, and in awed silence my tourists searched for clews, like archæologists facing a tremendous discovery.

"The present padre doesn't know anything about this," I admonished in a mysterious whisper, "so when he takes us around we will just act as if we had never been in here before."

Whereupon we scuttled back to join the "personally conducted." The feature that interested Mr. Jones most was the dark wine cellar under the *monjero,* the roof supported by huge rough-hewn tree trunks laboriously dragged down from the high mountains, the beams still lashed together with the original rawhide thongs at the jointings. Descending the stone steps toward the cellar we saw one of the most interesting industrial relics left intact in any of the Missions. This is the great masonry wine-press, where the grapes were trampled out by the bare feet of the Indians, under supervision of the reverend vintner. The marks of the ladder by

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which they climbed up into the vat are still there, and at the foot of the ladder's course is the masonry basin in which they were required to wash their feet before ascending. From the base of the vat, at the bottom of the stairs leading to the wine cellar, still projects the hollowed-log spout through which the juice was drawn off.

Following the ruins marking the line of workshops, schoolrooms and dormitories once forming one face of the great quadrangle and all once colonnaded like the front of the monastery, we arrived at the church building, and learned that it is 166 feet long by 25 wide, a straight nave, with adobe walls four feet ten inches thick. The pilasters inside, the exterior flying buttresses and the frames of window and door openings are of fancy burned brick. The frescoes on the walls, in which brilliant red once predominated, are traceable, and the great ceiling beams are impressive when we know that each one was a forest tree brought down from the mountains around Tejon Pass, seventy-five miles distant, on the backs of Indians. After dressing, the beams were treated with mineral color, and what is left of this decoration suggests that the ceiling effect must have been most striking in a barbaric way. The church is deemed unsafe at present for services. A chapel has been furnished in the eastern end of the monastery, and here the few descendants of the Mission flock come to worship.

"The Landmarks Club of California saved the church from complete collapse in 1916," I explained, "by raising funds for the building of concrete buttresses and steel binders and for the replacing of the tumbled tile roof. A memorable scene was enacted here on August 4 of that year, on what was termed San Fernando Candle Day, when 6000 persons each paid one dollar for a candle, and all of them marched with them lighted through the arches and among the ruins, celebrating the 147th anniversary of the first passage of white men through the Los Angeles region. The dollars were dedicated to saving the Mission church."

After viewing the old burial ground behind the church and the date palms, scattered olive trees and crumbling adobe wall that mark the site of the ancient orchards, we returned to the monastery and viewed the various apartments.

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In the museum room we saw some interesting relics including bricks and clay tiles bearing the impress of wild animal paws and of little Indian children's feet. As the clay was laid out in the forms in the fields and left to harden, a bear, a panther, a wild cat and sometimes an Indian child scurrying through the dark would trample through the brickyard, perpetuating their footprints, as the movie actresses did theirs in the soft concrete of Sid Grauman's Chinese Theater.

Then we crossed over to the park and walked the length of the Garden of Memories. The central aisle is formed by sixty olive trees planted in a double row, each dedicated to an historical figure, organization or ship concerned in the war whereby California was acquired by the United States. On the metal tablets attached to the trees we read such names as Commodore John Drake Sloat and Commodore Robert Field Stockton, U. S. N., Midshipman Robert Carson Duvall, Fleet Surgeon William M. Wood, Capt. Samuel F. Dupont, Capt. J. B. Montgomery, Lieut J. W. Revere, Midshipman Edward F. Beale; Capt. J. B. Hull, and of the army, Scout Kit Carson, Lieut. Col. John C. Frémont and his wife, Jessie Benton Frémont; Col. John D. Stevenson, Lt. Col. Philip St. George Cook and Dr. John S. Griffin; and of famous Spanish Californians—for these also are honored—we read such names as Gen. Andrés Pico, Don Mariano Guadalupe Vallejo and Señora Isabel Varela Del Valle. Before a certain tree dedicated to the memory of one "Juan Flaco," we paused while I related briefly the thrilling and record-breaking ride of a lone horseman, John Brown by name but commonly known as Juan Flaco or "Lean John," to summon aid from Monterey when Gillespie's little force was besieged in Los Angeles.

"John Brown," I said, "was a settler out here in the early days and joined up as a volunteer in the American forces when the latter occupied California. His ride to summon Commodore Stockton to the aid of Gillespie makes Paul Revere's alleged ride look silly, yet no poet has immortalized him. With his credentials written on the thinnest wisp of cigarette paper concealed in his hair he rode from Fort Moore Hill in Los Angeles to the Presidio in Monterey, 462 miles, in fifty-two hours. This was straight through the

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enemy's country over mountains and streams and along beaches. He lassoed fresh horses where he could. He did not sleep en route. A horse was shot from under him on the outskirts of Los Angeles. Arrived at Monterey he found that Stockton had sailed to San Francisco. Snatching a brief sleep he rode on to San Francisco, 125 miles farther."

"My word!" exclaimed the New York publisher. "Tell us another one."

"We shall never reach Santa Barbara if you issue an invitation like that," protested the Missus. "Come over here and look at the old masonry tallow vats. Then I think we had better be on our way."

Passing the pretty little Spanish-inn type of building that houses the Mexican restaurant in the center of the park, we inspected the immense vats where the tallow from the great cattle slaughters in mission days was tried out; then I insisted that we look at the remarkable star-shaped fountain at the west end of the garden. On the way we passed through the central circle of the park, where are grouped, around a sundial, public benches each bearing a tablet dedicating it to an historial figure such as Fray Junipero Serra, Fray Fermin de Lasuén and Fray Francisco Dumetz.

On the south side of the park we came across the unique group of miniature gardens dedicated to the various Missions, each containing specimens of the flowers and trees particularly grown at the Mission named during its heyday. Thus we learned that San Fernando was distinguished for the orange, grape, date and poppy; San Gabriél for the orange, grape, pomegranate and rose; San Juan Capistrano for the fig and the grape; San Buenaventura for the lime and the passion flower; Santa Barbara for the flaming hibiscus, the lemon and the rose.

Climbing up one of the eucalyptus columns supporting the lofty pergola that traverses the garden from north to south is a true Castilian rose from the ranch of Don Anastacio Feliz, which caught the fancy of the ladies, and scattered through the grounds are rare trees identified by placards. We saw fruiting specimens of the wild Catalina cherry, native only to the island, and pomegranates, avocados, sapotes, lime, orange, lemon, fig and grapefruit; also

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the Palo Verde tree of the desert and the California coffeeberry. Flower-beds were profuse with bloom, and a nook with a waterfall was devoted to all kinds of California ferns.

"Now here is the famous Cordovan star fountain," I said, as we stopped before the big star-shaped basin of rich old reddish-hued Mission brick, into which splashed sparkling streams of water from a three-bowl fountain carved by Indian artisans from native rock.

"This, the handsomest fountain in the whole Mission chain," I said, "was built in 1812, under the supervision of a friar who had apparently loved and remembered the original in a Moorish garden of Cordova, Spain. As you see, it is eight-starred and of striking proportions. It was originally more than a mere garden piece—it was a part of the elaborate irrigation system of the padres, whose dam in the hills back of the Mission is still to be seen. This fountain, beautiful as it is, was a utilitarian reservoir that stood 300 feet south of its present location, on the edge of the open fields, which were irrigated from it. Lying outside the park strip on lands of Brand's ranch, subject to destruction by subdivision improvements, it was moved bodily and intact into the park by the city's engineering department, a remarkable feat considering the tons of ancient masonry, and also a tribute to the padres as builders. The regular garden fountain you can see over there at the north edge of the park, opposite the main entrance to the old monastery. The water still jets through the perforations in the Indian-carved stone bowls."

"Mission San Fernando was called 'The Cradle of California Liberty,'" put in Mrs. Guia, "because here, in 1845, the last of the governors imposed on California from Mexico, General Micheltorena, was forced, after a battle, to sign an agreement to retire to Mexico, and the native-son party under Pío Pico came into power."

Once more settled in our automobile we cut across the beautifully cultivated, undulating valley floor stretching away southward and westward of the Mission and entered U. S. 101, the Camino Real of song and story, and started upcoast toward the next link in the Mission chain, San Buenaventura. Here, after some forty miles of running

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through historic spots still bearing names bestowed by the original land expedition of exploring Spaniards, we suddenly found ourselves coasting along beside the sea. Before the old Mission church, which today is the parish church of the modern town of Ventura and fronts squarely on the main street, we stopped.

"The church building is all that is left of this, one of the most celebrated of the missions," I explained. "The interior has been miserably 'done over' to give it the semblance of a modern church, but the temple as a whole still presents its strange much-photographed architectural form to the world. This mission was founded March 31, 1782, the ninth established and the last one dedicated by Father Serra. The consecration was in the presence of Governor Felipe de Neve, the distinguished officer who the year before had founded Los Angeles, and troops were paraded most ceremoniously under command of Lieutenant José Francisco de Ortega, discoverer of the Bay of San Francisco. Padre Benito Cambon, one of the founders of San Gabriél, was the first pastor, followed almost immediately by the friars Dumetz and Santa María. The latter is often mentioned in the chronicles of early voyages because he made his Mission a famous garden spot. Proud of his horticultural success in the erstwhile wilderness Fray Santa María hurried the thirty miles to Santa Barbara when he heard that Captain Vancouver had dropped anchor there in 1793, and took with him a flock of sheep and twenty mule-loads of fruits and vegetables as presents. He invited the English explorer to visit his establishment, and Vancouver transported the padre back to his mission on the flagship. There is an amusing account in Vancouver's journal of the padre's uneasy feelings during the short voyage and of the crowd of his beloved Indians on the beach screaming and exhorting in fear that their padre would be drowned as the ship's boat brought him precariously ashore through the surf. Vancouver said of San Buenaventura:

> "This Mission is in a very superior style to any of the new establishments. . . . The garden far exceeds anything before met with in these regions, containing

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apples, pears, plums, figs, oranges, peaches pomegranates, bananas, cocoanuts, indigo and all vegetables.

"The enthusiastic old friar, Vicente de Santa María, is buried under the altar in the church at which we are now looking, which was in course of construction under his supervision when Vancouver visited here. It has several architectural peculiarities. Notice the terraced *campanario* or belfry. The two upper stages do not center on the lower. Notice the *fachada* of the building. There is evident the outline of an earlier structure, a smaller one, over which the newer one was built. In spite of the interior 'renovation' in the 1890's, the nave contains one original feature celebrated in architecture. This is the shell-headed doorway on the right-hand side which formally gave into the quadrangle.

"There are four bells, two bearing the date of 1781, one named *San Pedro Alcantara* and one *Francisco*. Another one is inscribed *Ave María St. Joseph 1812* and another *Santa María de Sapopan Año de 1825*. The great cross that you see on the hill behind the town replaces a cross erected there under the direction of Father Serra when the Mission was founded. San Buenaventura is the nearest Mission to the ocean, being only a few blocks from the shoreline. This is unusual. It was customary to locate the missions near the ocean at least out of reach of ships' cannons of those days, since no one knew when an enemy of Spain might descend on this coast; and, also, the direct sea wind was to be avoided. Mission San Cárlos, near Monterey, is not far from a small cove, but is removed from any roadstead that might be frequented by large ships.

"The great buttress which so incongruously supports the front of the church is said to have been erected after the earthquake of 1812, to keep the structure from sliding toward the sea. The tidal wave following the quake inundated a chapel that stood between the church and the beach. After some years of desolation following the secularization, services were renewed in the church in 1845 and it has been a parish church ever since. The mission was named in honor of Saint Bonaventure, the Seraphic Doctor.

"Down there fronting the Mission, a block west and a

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block toward the sea, you will notice two very tall, aged date palms rising side by side. They were planted by Padre Santa María and mark the site of his gardens. They are preserved in a miniature park by the city of Ventura. We shall drive past them and then be on our way for Santa Barbara."

At Colombo and Santa Clara streets we viewed the old palms, and across the street from them saw a monster specimen of the India rubber tree. There is also an enormous specimen of rubber tree in the city park at Santa Clara and Chestnut streets. Beneath the date palms grew some remarkably huge poinsettias with trunks like young trees.

"These do not date from Mission days," I said, "but they give you an idea of why Ventura is called 'The Poinsettia City.' These plants seem to find a perfect environment here."

As we drove away across the bridge spanning the Ventura River I remarked that, though the stream does not look like much today under modern conditions, Alfred Robinson mentions watching the Indians catching salmon in the Ventura, here where it debouches to the sea. Today salmon are never found this far south.

It is a beautiful drive of some thirty miles from Ventura to Santa Barbara, along the very edge of the sea. In fact, at the famous Rincon or "Corner," the road is a great concrete causeway built over the beach between the cliffs and the waves. The sea pounds against the base of the wall. Along this beach the road came in early days—for this was El Camino Real—and only at low tide and in fair weather could the "Corner" be negotiated. Off the Rincon, years ago, the American warship *Julia* was stationed, close inshore, to cover with her guns the passage of Frémont and his California Battalion as they marched southward to attack Los Angeles after capturing Santa Barbara. The Southern Pacific's Coast Line to Santa Barbara and San Francisco is cut into the face of these cliffs and parallels the highway.

As we sped along, the islands of Anacapa and Santa Cruz rose beautifully some fifteen miles to seaward, light blue against a dark blue ocean, forming the smooth Santa Barbara Channel, and soon we had the picturesque Sierra

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de Santa Ynez close on our right hand. Here, because of the contour of the coast, the broad highway, the ancient Camino Real, was taking us almost directly westward through the fertile, protected strip lying between the Pacific and the Santa Ynez. The minute you enter it you have the feeling that Santa Barbara is imminent, if you have ever passed this way before; there is a feeling, an odor, a color, a something about the natives you see along the roadside, that *is* Santa Barbara. And it is, in fact, all the Santa Barbara scene, for from Carpinteria on you are practically in the Santa Barbara suburbs.

The pretty little seaside community of Carpinteria, where the avocado trees grow so lush and the bougainvillea so bright, derives its name from a chance expression by a member of the Portolá expedition, the first white explorers to pass this way by land, who found at this spot one of the most thriving Indian villages they had encountered. The Chumash Indians of the Santa Barbara Channel were a superior lot and great sea-goers. They built canoes that held as many as twenty paddlemen. Here the whole village was busy building canoes from logs brought out of the mountains and the chips were flying, the stone hammers pounding.

"Look at the big carpenter shop!" exclaimed one of the Spaniards—and *Carpenteria* it has been ever since.

Soon we were passing, on the right of the road, the Max Fleischmann Polo Fields, three full-sized fields of close-cropped green lawn, where famous international contests are held.

"You will hear a lot of Fleischmann in and around Santa Barbara," I assured our guests. "He is the Santa Claus of the modern Barbareños, and a mighty fine one he has been to them. Santa Barbara is his pride, and he the city's pride. The yacht harbor that bears his name, his steam yacht, his estate—"

"Just think what yeast can do for a man!" sighed Mr. Jones. "Chewing-gum, or cornflakes, or yeast. Why *is* a book publisher, anyway?"

Skirting behind the little oil town of Summerland, an eyesore on the otherwise beautiful coastline but interesting

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because it is the first spot in the United States where petroleum was brought up from wells bored under the sea, we entered that garden spot, Montecito, the world-famous and exclusive suburb of Santa Barbara.

"This extensive oak forest was once a great resort for horsethieves and bandits, both before and after the American occupation," I assured my passengers. "Jack Power, the Beau Brummel of Stevenson's Regiment of New York Volunteers, who ran amuck and rivaled Joaquín Murrieta until killed in Baja California, made his headquarters in this fastness. What a story there is in the career of this handsome Irish Lothario!"

Montecito means "little forest." Here now, in the stronghold of horsethieves, are located the estates of wealthy men nationally known. The William Gibbs McAdoo home, the Italian gardens of J. W. Gillespie, the Feather Hill Ranch of C. R. Holmes, the Henshaw Estate, and many others are show places known to tourists from all over the world. Visitors may walk through the Italian Gardens, on Para Grande Lane, every day except Sunday. The Feather Hill Ranch and private zoo are open to the public every day except Monday. These tree-embowered roads winding up toward the mountains afford enchanting drives, especially in the winter and the spring when the little oak-sheltered cañons are fern-decked and send streams tinkling down to the sea. Some of the estates have their own polo fields, for Santa Barbara is a great center for the rich man's game. Between the Camino Real and the sea are the spacious rolling grounds of the Miramar Hotel with its colony of rustic bungalows scattered over the lawns and under the oaks. Not far away is the Montecito Inn, beside the highway; and down through the oaks, on the seafront, is the very fashionable Biltmore-by-the-Sea. A little farther, on the north side of the highway, is the Montecito Country Club.

We turned south on Olive Mill Road to reach the Biltmore on the lovely Channel Drive by the beach. The low-spreading Spanish-style hotel and bungalows, with terraces and greensward spread along the sea, the guests sipping refreshments under the wide, brilliantly colored parasols and the bathers disporting before the striped canvas bathing

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huts, presented a scene that charmed Miss Annabelle and prompted her to beg her father to stay on for a few days in Santa Barbara—but in vain.

Presently we were passing the fronts of the deeply gardened homes of Channel Drive and had swung back to the highway and then into Cabrillo Boulevard, passing the Estero, or lagoon, with its islets and bird refuge, and were in Santa Barbara proper.

"Before you lies El Presidio Reál de Santa Bárbara!" I exclaimed with enthusiasm, "the Royal Presidio of Santa Barbara, founded as a purely military establishment in 1782, four years prior to the founding of the Mission. The presidio was considered a military necessity to control the long stretch of Indian-inhabited coast and to protect the then infant mission of San Buenaventura and the intended Mission of Santa Barbara when the Spanish Crown should provide the means for this establishment, one which Father Serra himself desired and fought for zealously and whose site he picked out. But he died before the dream was fulfilled, and it fell to his successor, the Father President Fermin de Lasuén, to found Mission Santa Bárbara Mártir on December 4, 1786, feast-day of the martyr of that name. The formal ceremony, presided over by Don Pedro Fages, governor of the Californias and successor to De Neve, was held ten days later. It was a bitter disagreement between Father Serra and Governor de Neve, who together had founded the Presidio of Santa Barbara, that so long postponed the founding of the Mission."

We were rolling along broad Cabrillo Boulevard beside the bay, passing West Beach with its gaily streamered Cabrillo Pavilion and playground, and the pretty new Hotel Mar Monte. Soon we crossed the foot of State Street, the principal business thoroughfare of this city of 35,000 people. The steamer landing and commercial dock known as Stearnse Wharf is an extension of State Street, or *Calle del Estado,* as the Barbareños like to call it, in the Spanish fashion. We continued westward to the end of Cabrillo Boulevard, where the Plaza del Mar with its bathing pavilion, enclosed plunges and pretty park stands at the base of the cliff where once was located the Spanish *castillo* or

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fortress guarding the anchorage. Parking under the palms by the seawall we viewed the bay and yacht refuge enclosed behind a handsome breakwater topped by a promenade that was crowded with spectators watching the scores of yachts and the sailing races just off shore. Santa Barbara had on the night before completed officially its great annual festival "Old Spanish Days Fiesta," but the town was still crowded and in gala attire, with many of the inhabitants in Spanish costume. Yachts had gathered here from the length of the Coast, and the cruisers of John Barrymore and other Hollywood yachting enthusiasts were attracting much attention. Fleischmann's *Haida,* a great black seagoing steam yacht, and E. L. Doheny's even larger pure-white steamer *Casiana* loomed imposingly among the smaller craft, while parties of guests could be seen at lunch under the awnings of the afterdeck, white-jacketed Filipino and Japanese stewards hovering over them.

"At the entrance to the breakwater promenade," I said, "is a bronze tablet honoring the generous aid afforded by Major Max C. Fleischmann in the building of the yacht harbor. It bears a bas-relief of the *Haida* under full steam."

"Santa Barbara," said the Missus, "was known in the old days as the aristocrat of California communities. As a stronghold of the military caste it turned up its nose at communities like Los Angeles, peopled by nondescript colonists. It refused to take off its hat even to Monterey. The old-timer, Major Bell, says in one of his books of recollections:

> "Santa Barbara was the finest community, its people more refined, educated and artistocratic than those of any other settlement in the province. It was in all respects a stylish town, with a military background, for it was a presidio town."

"It has retained its individuality better through the changing years than any other Californian community of Spanish origin, unless it be Monterey, because of its long isolation. No railroad touched it until 1887, and that a dinky branch. For years after the American occupation the sole public means of travel to and from the world outside was by

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steamer; later a coastal stage-line went through from San Francisco to Los Angeles. Through train service over the Southern Pacific's Coast Line was not instituted until 1900. Santa Barbara's modern life really began with the building of the celebrated Potter Hotel in 1901. It stood on the mound you see right there on the north side of this boulevard, where the avenue of palms leads up to nothingness on a bald-headed knoll, the site having been left empty since the hotel burned down. That was long known as Burton Mound, named for a *gringo* who settled there in Mexican days, and it was disclosed as an ancient Indian burial ground when the hotel foundations were dug. Relics for the museums of the world have come out of that mound. At the foot of it was a hot sulphur spring that had been the resort of aboriginal health-seekers and later made Santa Barbara known as a health resort. When the modern tourist hotel was built, the spring was sealed up, and from then on every effort was made to induce the world to think of Santa Barbara as a playground rather than a health resort.

"Speaking of Burton recalls the fact that many English and American family names are interwoven with Santa Barbara's early history long before the Stars and Stripes flew over the presidio. It had a great lure for English and Yankee sailormen who, enamored of this quiet paradise and its black-eyed houris, would cease their wanderings, accept Mexican citizenship and the Catholic faith, marry into a native family, receive a grant of land handed to them gratis, and start strains of shrewd northern blood coursing through the romantic Spanish and Spanish-Indian stock. For this reason some of the types found here are often exotic, interesting and sometimes puzzling—for instance, such historic families as Den, Hill, Thompson, Haley, Wilson, Harkness, Robinson, Dana, Foxen and Ord. The original Ord was not a sailor but an American army doctor who married here after the occupation. William G. Dana came here in 1826 as captain of the Boston brig *Waverly*, married into the Carrillo family and received the great grant of Nipomo, north of here, where a son, Don Juan Dana, still resides, born there in 1838. William Benjamin Foxen is the Englishman who saved Frémont and his bat-

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talion from ambush by the Californians in the narrow defile of Gaviota Pass, on the Camino Real, by guiding them secretly around by an obscure trail over the San Marcos Pass. This is one of the most dramatic incidents in American history when all the details are known, and I wish we had time to tell the whole story. Fire and brimstone were heaped on the heads of the Foxens for years by the natives, although the wife was from one of the prominent Spanish families, and for a time they were reduced to ruin. Later Foxen built the stage road over the San Marcos, by the same route over which he had conducted Frémont to the surprise and the bloodless capture of Santa Barbara, Christmas week of 1846. In fact, the terrible traverse of the mountain pass was made in a storm on Christmas Day. A bronze tablet set into a great granite boulder beside the road at the summit of San Marcos Pass commemorates the passage of Frémont under the guidance of Foxen and his seventeen-year-old son. The pass is in sight from here, in that mountain ridge to the northwest, and the spectacular road can be seen winding upward. This road affords one of the most beautiful drives in California; it is a broad paved highway through the oak-forested Santa Ynez country, past the Mission Santa Ynez, to a connection with U. S. 101 at Buellton. A daughter of the original Foxen survives in Santa Barbara —Mrs. Matilda Carteri of 1225 Santa Barbara Street; and to talk with her, or with dear old Don Juan Dana of Rancho Nipomo, is to be transported vividly back into *tiempos pasados*. Captain William G. Dana was a cousin of the author of 'Two Years Before the Mast.' The Robinson we mentioned was our old acquaintance, Alfred, of Bryant & Sturgis, whose marriage to a daughter of the De la Guerras in the same house on De la Guerra Street which we shall soon visit was the occasion of the unsurpassed festivities so vividly described by the young sailor, Dana, in his book. By the way, I brought the book along to read you that passage before we visit the house."

"No, you don't!" exclaimed the Missus as I fished the old volume from the car pocket. "Miss Jones is fairly sick with hunger, and I venture to say the rest of us are only human, too."

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"My goodness, is it so late?" I said, looking at the watch. "Well, well, it *is* past a reasonable lunch hour, isn't it? Let's see what we can find open up-town."

We drove up State Street to the Paseo de la Guerra, on De la Guerra Street, to order luncheon in the beautiful restaurant known as El Patio de la Guerra. To our mind this big balconied patio, shaded overhead by adjustable bright-hued awnings, after the style in Sevilla, affords the most charming meal-time environment of any restaurant in Southern California. It is one of the collection of studios, shops and refreshment places grouped about the historic Casa de la Guerra in the Paseo and forming a center so insulated from the prosaic modern American environment, so genuine in its color and its natural simplicity, that a visitor wandering here might indeed believe himself in far-away Spain.

Alas, the lovely *restaurante* did not serve Sunday luncheon, though we were free to go in and look around at the beautiful flowers and decorations. Hunger had overcome curiosity among the rest of the party, however, and we hurried out to drive to another very well-known eating place, Johnston's Cafeteria and Roof Garden, 916 State. Mr. Jones doesn't like the cafeteria idea at all—in fact, turns his nose up at the self-service plan; but he chose it as less disturbing to his dignity than the Merry-Go-Round, one of those very modern and amusing restaurants with the revolving showcases of excellent food, which we passed at 704 State. Perhaps he was influenced by Mrs. Guia's statement that Johnston's were celebrated for fresh fig pies, both open-faced with meringue and two-crust plain, in season, and summer is the season. By the way, speaking of *cafeterias*, let it be understood that this is a Spanish word and should really be pronounced with the accents on the first and the next-to-last syllables, not on the ter.

On the way up State we pointed out the Ott Hardware Company, at 727. "Despite the prosaic name," I said, "that store has been a gathering place of adventurers and a source of tall tales since 1875. Always noted for its stock of guns, fishing tackle and other sporting goods, it has been the rendezvous of hunters and anglers returning from the trout

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streams and hunting grounds of the mountains behind Santa Barbara, or from the islands and the deep sea off her front yard, since the days of saddle and stage-coach. In its windows are displayed from time to time anything unusual in the fish or game line that is brought in by searchers of the great open spaces."

The handsome establishment of the Diehl Grocery Company, at 823, merited notice because since 1891 it has been the fashionable market for milady of this "in all respects stylish town," and is considered to be one of the outstanding food stores of the Coast. The café in the store is a popular luncheon rendezvous.

"We must not overlook the local bookstores, Mr. Jones," I admonished just before we stepped into the cafeteria. "Across the street, at 923, is Osborne's, a large and popular purveyor of the goods you publishers manufacture."

After lunch we returned to the Paseo to complete our inspection of that fascinating spot. On the way I called attention to the street names.

"No Main, no Broadway, no First or Second, no A or B streets in Santa Barbara," I boasted. "The collective street names form a Who's Who, a history and a book of legends combined. Early explorers and prominent citizens are set forth in the names Cabrillo, Serra, Ortega, De la Guerra, Carrillo, García and Cota. The Indians are commemorated by the names Anapamu and Yanonali, two Chumash chiefs. There is also a street named Indio Muerto, or Dead Indian, and one named Cacique, which meant the head medicine-man of the tribe. Nine governors of California under Spain and Mexico are recalled—Figueroa, Sola, Victoria, Micheltorena, Pico, Alvarado, Gutiérrez, Arrillaga, Argüello, and one American military governor, Mason. We find a street named Pitos, meaning the weird whistles with which the Indians kept the early missionaries awake and worried all night long, piping to pagan gods; and Jardines, now commonly called Garden, in memory of the famous old De la Guerra gardens; Salsipuedes or Get-Out-If-You-Can Street, a name no doubt inspired by mudholes in winter. We have El Paseo, Plaza de la Guerra, Plaza Vera Cruz and the Alameda. State was named for the new State of California.

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And most precious of all, because born of a pure sense of humor, Cañon Perdido and Quinientos. *Cañon* here refers to a cannon and not a canyon. The Spanish word covers both.

"We are crossing Cañon Perdido now. This corner was about the center of the old presidio. In 1851 the first American survey and official map of the town were made by an old sea captain, Salisbury Haley, a famous character in the early steamer days of the Coast. A committee of the Town Council, all natives, set about to supply street names for the new map. They remembered the lost cannon *(cañon perdido)* and the five hundred *(quinientos)* dollars the American military governor assessed the town for losing the cannon, and named one street Cañon Perdido and another Quinientos. With fine tolerance they even smilingly recalled the irate governor, Mason, and named a street after him to complete their comic strip."

"How did they lose a cannon?" inquired Miss Annabelle.

"Well, the cannon in question, a worthless little signal gun, was stolen from a wrecked brig on the beach more as a prank than anything else. A bunch of young bloods thought they could have some fun with it firing salutes at fiestas. This was in 1847. Conditions were still unsettled, and the American officer in command of the garrison, discovering the purloining of the cannon and having visions of another revolt such as drove Gillespie out of Los Angeles, dispatched a courier post-haste to Governor Mason in Monterey with an exaggerated report of the situation. Colonel Mason dispatched an order by return courier directing Colonel Stevenson, commander of the New York Regiment of Volunteers stationed in Los Angeles, to proceed to Santa Barbara and demand the return of the gun or the payment of a $500 fine. Colonel Stevenson seems to have considered the furore ridiculous, and went to the most influential citizen, Don Pablo de la Guerra, to get him to use diplomacy with the natives. Don Pablo smiled and suggested that the colonel order his regimental band to Santa Barbara for the approaching Fourth of July. After the band has enraptured the highly complimented citizenry, he said, with native music and grand military tunes, that will be the time to promulgate the governor's obnoxious order. The young scamps, he said,

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frightened by the stir their escapade had caused, had buried the gun and pledged each other to everlasting secrecy.

"Colonel Stevenson took Don Pablo's advice, and on the Fourth of July the military band, transported on horses all the way from Los Angeles, burst into music before the assembled populace in Plaza de la Guerra, fronting the historic Casa de la Guerra. After the music had sunk in, Colonel Stevenson promulgated the news of the assessment under cover of such a flowery and friendly oration, translated and embellished by Stephen C. Foster, first American mayor of Los Angeles, that the hat was immediately passed and the *quinientos* raised with actual acclaim, the *poblanos* agreeing that the honor conferred on Santa Barbara by the presence of Colonel Stevenson and his regimental band had been worth at least that.

"Ten years later, after a flood, the lost cannon was found. Laughingly the townsfolk mounted it on an ancient *carreta*, paraded it to the plaza and held a celebration. How Santa Barbara would love to have that cannon as a museum piece today! But it is said to have gone with other junk to a San Francisco brass foundry."

"Who got the $500?" inquired the practical Mr. Jones.

"Well, who got it eventually is still a moot question in Santa Barbara politics. After the end of the war with Mexico Colonel Mason returned the sum to the Town Council with the suggestion that it be used toward an urgent necessity, a jail. There were no banks then, and the five hundred in cash was lugged home for safe keeping by first one city official and then another, and finally was completely lost track of by the bookkeeping department. For eleven years the matter came up intermittently before the Council, and tracers were started, but in January, 1860, the account was finally stricken from the books. This Council adopted an official seal for the city, the design comprising the name of the city around the disk, a cannon in the center and the inscription, 'Vale 500 P.' That is, 'Worth Five Hundred Dollars,' or if you want to consider it as Latin, 'Goodbye, Five Hundred Dollars.'"

"We won't get anywhere standing here on one corner all afternoon," complained the Missus. "We haven't seen the

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De La Guerra Shops or the Mission yet, to say nothing of the new courthouse."

So we hastened our steps to the Plaza de la Guerra on which the Casa de la Guerra faces. On the other sides of the plaza are found the City Hall, the Old French Hotel, the handsome Spanish-type building of the *Santa Barbara Daily News*, and the sprawling old home of a past era known as the Arrellanes Adobe. In the gardens of this old place has been located for years the studio of the California painter, Alexander F. Harmer.

El Paseo may be entered through the old De la Guerra house, or from State Street by the picturesque, narrow, flower-lined passage called Paseo de las Flores, or "Street of the Flowers," with smart shops opening off on one side; also from De la Guerra Street through the enchanting passage called A Street in Spain, and from Cañon Perdido Street by a typical Spanish *callejon* or alley.

Standing in the forecourt of the Casa de la Guerra I was itching to tell the story of the celebrated three-day fiesta attendant on the Yankee shipping agent's marriage, and to relate the history of the distinguished De la Guerra family, but the Missus again put her foot down.

"Anyway," I managed to say, "I am going to quote you the full name of the lady the Yankee married, as an example of how we used to christen the girls in California. It was Ana María de la Gracia de Dios Leonora de la Guerra y Carrillo. The marriage ceremony added 'de Robinson.' How would you like to sign that, Miss Annabelle?"

"I should feel very distinguished, spreading a name out like that," she laughed.

"Well," said the Missus, "there is a Miss de la Guerra living in this house today who was probably christened something like that. While the major portion of the *casa* is given over to shops and public use, the east wing is reserved as the home of the oldest living direct descendant."

We entered the interior court by the Street in Spain and found embedded in the northeast wall of the Casa de la Guerra three most interesting inscriptions set in mosaics of colored glazed Spanish tiling. The Spanish inscription on the first one we examined stated that it had been placed

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by *"Don Jacobo Stuart y Falco, XV Conde de Monterrey, XVII Duque de Alba y X de Berwick,* in the memory of his visit to this city of Santa Barbara and in honor of the Viceroy of Mexico and Count of Monterrey, his antepasado, in whose memory was founded the city of this name." The tablet bore the date of October 5, 1924, the day of the famous Duke of Alba and Berwick's visit. This Spanish nobleman, close friend of the then King of Spain, Alfonso XIII, holds title from both Spanish nobility and English royalty and is descended from the Count of Monterrey, Viceroy of Mexico when the Californian bay of that name was discovered in 1602.

The inscription on the next tablet was in English, beneath the inlay of a galleon under sail, and said: "In commemoration of the visit of the ship *Alert* to Santa Barbara in January, 1836, at which time Richard Henry Dana was entertained in this house as described in 'Two Years Before the Mast.'"

The third memorial plaque bore the royal Spanish coat-of-arms inlaid in full colors, and the Spanish inscription set forth that it commemorates the visit to Santa Barbara in October, 1924, of *"El Marques de Viana y del Valle de la Paloma, Conde de Urbasa, Caballerizo Ballestero y Montero Mayor de Su Majestad Catolica, Don Alfonso XIII, Rey de España,"* by whom the memorial is dedicated in reverence for the perpetuation of Andalusian architecture by the citizens of Santa Barbara. The Marquis of Viana and the Valley of la Paloma came to Santa Barbara as the envoy of the King of Spain, to place this tribute. There is also an avenue of the city named King Albert, in honor of the visit here of the King of the Belgians.

We passed along, viewing the "darling" shops, as Miss Annabelle called them, and noting the studio and gallery of Ed Borein, the well-known western etcher. The fact that we were wandering around the grass-grown and flower-bordered court, under orange trees and blossoming vines, on a Sunday, made it safe for the men's pocketbooks but tantalizing to the women. Making our way out through the Casa de la Guerra we peered into the windows of the Tecolote Book Shop of Roger Boutell, a place known by

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booklovers far and wide and certainly the bookstore with the quaintest and at the same time the most distinguished location in the West. It is entered by the great front door of the historic home seat of the De la Guerras, most noted family of the old Royal Presidio of Santa Barbara. By the side entrance to the bookshop is an interesting relic, framed in a glass-covered case. It is an adobe brick found in the walls of the house where some repairing had been done in the past and plainly bears the inscription, traced in the then soft adobe by the native workman: "Julio 19, 1826."

Recovering the Model A we started for the Mission, high on its lordly eminence at the feet of the Sierra de Santa Ynez, at the head of the converging streets called Garden, Los Olivos and Laguna. With a sweeping view over the deeply embowered, red-roofed and white-walled city to the blue waters of the Channel and the islands beyond, this Mission occupies the loveliest location of them all; its twin towers long formed a famous landmark to sea captains plying the shores of this distant province. "Queen of the Missions" it was called, and queen it is still, the only one that has been continually a Franciscan establishment, never sold into desecrating hands, its altar light never extinguished through all the tumults political, religious, martial and seismic through which it has passed.

Parked under the pepper trees by the weatherworn carved stone fountain, facing the impressive *fachada* of the temple and the mountain cañon cleaving upward into the sierra behind it, we talked of the past and the present.

"Mission Santa Bárbara Mártir," I said, "retains in its archives tremendously valuable records. It became the seat of the first Roman Catholic bishop of California following the secularization of the missionary establishments, and documents were brought here for safekeeping. Here today in a cell in the old monastery labors the venerable and ecstatic student and historian, Fray Zephyrin Engelhardt, zealous Franciscan, always digging from the archives history and more history. The volumes composing his 'Missions and Missionaries of California' are famous source books for the student, though tinged with an almost fanatical Catholicism.

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"In and about the Hospice of St. Barbara the Martyr is found the fullest flavor of an old Mission, because here is an active colony of Franciscan brothers going about their affairs in the cowl and sandal, the brown robe and gray cord in which Civilization was clothed on its first march into California when California was one of the remotest places in the known world. Here is a missionary college where the novices begin their long period of training for the Franciscan orders, and here is the seat of the Franciscan Province of Santa Barbara, including not only all of California but also Oregon, Washington and Arizona. The bareheaded friars in their robes and sandals are a familiar sight on the streets of the modern city; they march as a body in the great parade of the annual carnival; they are beloved of the populace."

There was a colorful coming and going along the cloistered colonnade and in front of the church. Swarthy native folk from rancho and mountain cañon, some still in fiesta costume, were entering and leaving the church, where they paused for a last prayer before starting homeward after the carnival. Friars were coming and going, tourists flocking after a guide. Even Miss Annabelle seemed very much interested and actually asked for some history.

"Who was the martyr, Santa Bárbara?" was the lead she gave me to spin a bit of history, and I hastened to the task before Mrs. Guia could object.

"The girl who became Santa Bárbara is recorded as having been born in Asia Minor in A.D. 218. Her martyrdom occurred at the age of seventeen when she was tortured and slain by her own father during persecution of the Christians under the Romans. She is regarded as the patroness against thunder, lightning, firearms and sudden death, and especially as the patroness of artillerymen and sailors.

"Her mission here was the first founded by Father President Lasuén—I told you about that. He was assisted by Padres Antonio Paterna and Cristobal Oramas. The second church built was destroyed in the great earthquake of 1812. Following this the fine stone church was erected. This in turn was all but demolished in the *temblor* that took such toll of Santa Barbara on June 29, 1925. During the cele-

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bration of early morning mass the bells set up a terrifying clamor, the old walls heaved, the belfries fell, the tombs of padres, governors, *caballeros* of the past were disturbed. The present edifice is an exact restoration, with the original materials so far as it was possible to use them. Where new stone had to be supplied it was taken exactly from the quarries where the Indian workmen had originally obtained their supply. In some ways, especially in the interior, the church presents an appearance nearer the original than it did the moment before the quake, because a study of the ruined portions disclosed original frescoes and other decorations which had become through the years obscured or covered over with whitewash or plaster. These are now restored exactly as they were in the beginning.

"This Mission had a remarkably complete water system, brought down from Pedragosa Creek for several miles by stone aqueducts in the Roman style. Remains of the main and subsidiary aqueducts may still be seen to the right of the church, also remains of the mill and of the reservoirs and settling basin. One of the reservoirs, built in 1812, is still used to supply water to the city of Santa Barbara. From the reservoirs the domestic and garden water supply was conducted to the Mission on a beautiful high-arched Roman aqueduct. In later American times the last remaining arch which spanned the road in picturesque beauty, was blown up by a farmer because the arch obstructed the passage of his hay wagon.

"Fountains were everywhere, and this immensely long, narrow cement tank that you see in the ground in the field just below us, with carved stone bears'-head spouts, was the laundry tub where the Indian women washed. You see the cemented slopes where they knelt and flayed the garments. The Indian quarters consisted of 250 adobe huts, each 12 x 19 feet, spread about here in those days.

"A certain Padre Ripoll is credited with being the designer and chief builder of the Mission as it was in its heyday. The stone church was begun in 1815, and a contract was made with a Yankee seafarer, Captain Wilcox, who was on the coast in his vessel, the *Traveller*, to bring timbers from Santa Cruz Island. The church was built of sand-

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stone blocks six feet thick. The nave is forty feet wide and one hundred and seventy-five feet long. The *fachada* is the most purely classical among all the Missions. Six half-columns of stone support a triangular pediment relieved by a niche containing a statue of Santa Bárbara. Speaking of the criticism that has sometimes been made of the friar-architect's use of classical elements in combination with the more florid and flowing Spanish Colonial forms, Professor Newcomb makes this interesting comment:

> "In the absence of architects or even of good workmen the practical and business-like padre had access to whatever of architectural literature was obtainable in the province, and to this end made use of a book still to be seen in the mission library. This, a translation of the Latin Vitruvius, contains plates of the orders of architecture, and Plate X . . . furnished most certainly the inspiration and design for the *fachada*. . . . The Padre and his dusky laborers did the best they could to give the church a measure of that stately magnificence due the House of God. . . . We should be loath to criticize the results too seriously.

"This professor of the history of architecture concludes by saying that Mission Santa Bárbara is 'easily one of America's foremost historic shrines.' Now, shall we go inside?"

Within the church we learned that it contains six chapels. On one side is a doorway opening into the cemetery and on the other side one opening into the monks' garden. The side chapels each contain an oil painting 11 x 14 feet brought from Mexico in 1798. The beautiful Stations of the Cross on the walls of the nave came from Mexico in 1797. The decorations on the ceiling are remarkable and weird and were called by the Indians "thunderbird ornaments." Prof. Newcomb contends that these were adapted by the Indian artists from the winged distaff decorations of the soffit of the Doric entablature figured on Plate XXXIII of the Vitruvius in the Mission library. "Seeing the ornament with its wings and barbed-lightning tongues the Indians attributed to it a pagan meaning and, hailing it as a familiar

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symbol, enthusiastically accepted it, to the great delight of the Padre, who wanted the church decorated."

The tomb of Francisco García Diego y Moreno, who came here in 1842 as the first Bishop of California, is on the epistle side of the main altar. The front of the tomb is adorned with Ionic half-columns, the arms and seal of the Bishop and a Latin inscription. The crypt beneath the church is the burial place of governors, pioneer priests and distinguished laymen. Slabs in the floor bear evidence of the burial of eleven of the early padres. Governor Figueroa rests here.

Under the beautiful trees and shrubbery of the walled cemetery, in addition to the many old-fashioned vaulted and moss-grown tombs bearing names that made up a roster of the historic families of Santa Barbara, we noted a feature that interested our visitors more than anything else. We walked down path after path following the courses of trenches in which almost 6000 Indians had been buried, tier on tier. The courses of the trenches were indicated by the protruding stones of the division walls. The trenches were seven feet wide, separated one from the other by a sunken stone wall. They were many feet deep. As the Indians of the Mission flock died they were wrapped in their blankets, laid in the trench and lightly covered with earth. When one layer was completed another was superimposed until the trench was filled. The custom originated in a time of epidemic when deaths succeeded each other so rapidly that it was impracticable to handle the bodies in any other way. A pathetic detail of the plan was pointed out to us. This was the portion of the charnel-ground reserved for the Indian children. Here the traces of the division walls of the trenches were but five feet apart.

Barred from the sacred garden on the other side of the church because of our womenfolk, we learned that the garden has never been entered by women except reigning queens and wives of Presidents of the United States. The Queen of the Belgians has entered, and Mrs. McKinley while here with President McKinley. There is a tree in the garden planted by King Albert. He also planted a California redwood in the cemetery.

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In the museum and library we saw an extensive exhibit of interesting relics of the past, and learned that the Mission has the most extensive of the remaining Mission libraries. We were told that while the church and monastery never passed from the charge of the Franciscans, the surrounding lands were sold by the Mexican governor in 1845 to Richard S. Den for $7500. In 1865 the United States Government returned 283 acres to the Church. Abraham Lincoln signed the order. The patent confirming the original four square leagues of pueblo or municipal lands to the city of Santa Barbara was delayed until 1872 and bears the signature of President Ulysses S. Grant.

It was in 1853 that the Mission Santa Bárbara was made a Hospice, and later an Apostolic College for the training of missionary priests, as it is today. Another Catholic college, the handsome new St. Anthony's Seminary, is adjacent.

As the lengthening shadows of peak and promontory, tower and tree, foretold declining day, we left the hospice on its tawny eminence between mountain and sea, to enjoy another architectural treat in the grounds of the Santa Barbara County Court-house. The Court-house, erected in our times but fashioned in the old Spanish-Moorish style, is one of the beautiful buildings of America. It sits in a gardened square, with its principal entrances on Anacapa and Anapamu streets. A view from its tower and a walk through the remarkable interior are worth an hour of the time of any visitor to California. Gay and colorful, the white walls of the exterior, the brilliant tiling, graceful balconies and delightful arches suggest the Moorish palace of Granada. Mr. Jones remarked that he could not understand how the humdrum of legal routine could ever be followed inside of *that* courthouse. The sashes of the grilled windows are a vivid blue. The curtains of terra-cotta red hanging against the balconies match the tiles of the roof. Hundreds of bright potted plants line the outdoor stairways, galleries and window ledges.

A favorite entrance to the grounds is through the stunning stone arch on Anacapa Street, over which is carved a Spanish motto meaning: "God gave us the country; the

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art of men, the town." At the base of this monumental entranceway to the inner grounds is a fountain symbolizing "The Spirit of the Ocean," the work of the sculptor Ettore Cadorin, a resident of Santa Barbara. A wide flagstone walk leads to a great sunken garden and lawns scattered with giant oaks, palms and eucalypti. Here, on the wide-stepped approach to the entrance of the building, are given the performances of native dancing and music which include the fiestas. Floodlighted at night, the scene is one of rare beauty. The planning of garden and landscape was done by the artist Ralph T. Stevens.

The magnificent Supervisors' Room on the second floor of the main building is a revelation. Seventy feet long by forty wide, its walls bear murals by Dan Sayre Groesbeck depicting outstanding episodes in the history of the county, from the arrival in the bay—in 1542—of Cabrillo, the discoverer of the coast, to the beginning of American rule with the coming of Frémont and his battalion in 1846. The furniture is all carved oak, leather-covered and nail-studded in the old Spanish style. The individual desks for the supervisors are decorative Spanish *varguenos* or "secretaries" of the old fashion. Heavy velour curtains of maroon are at the windows.

The rooms of the Superior Court are carried out in the same antique detail. The Law Library is especially striking, the walls decorated with copies of ancient Spanish maps done by John B. Smeraldi. The office of the Treasurer furnishes a notable contrast to the usual county treasurer's office—work is carried on behind lacy iron grilles created with the highest artistry. The counter is of brilliant mosaic tile. The tiles and mosaics of the wide corridors, galleries and splendid main staircase with its cathedral-like circular window, lend the place an incredible beauty.

As I told Mr. Jones of these features he expressed regret that we were standing outside on a Sunday, but, business man that he is, he asked how much it all cost.

"I can't say," I answered, "because the Barbareños restrain their publicity man from bragging about how much this or that cost."

Leaving the court-house we still had daylight to spare, so

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we drove along some of the roads winding among the villas on the heights and visited a few spots of interest downtown which we had missed earlier; for instance, the Carrillo Adobe at 15 East Carrillo Street, one of the historic old homes. Beside the front door is a tablet with an inscription attesting that the house was the birthplace of the first American child born in California, Isabel Larkin, daughter of the American consul at Monterey. The mother was visiting the Carrillo home at the time. The vine-grown, deeply porticoed old house is now an antique shop conducted by Mary Smith. Near it, at No. 5, is the Martensen Library and Book Shop. Opposite is the beautiful Masonic Temple and Chamber of Commerce. Adjoining is the quaint building known as *El Castillo*, and opposite this is the fashionable Little Town Club, in a delightful reconstructed adobe. At 17 and 25 is the charming two-storied pink adobe with wide galleries and outside staircase known as the Mihran Studio Building.

The beautifully classical Lobero Theater, 33 East Cañon Perdido Street, interested the Joneses. It is the home of the deservedly famed Community Arts Association, which has been so insistent on the rebuilding of the city in Spanish style since the earthquake that it even showed the Southern Pacific how to give its engine roundhouse the appearance of a gaily streamered bullring. With its back right against Cabrillo Boulevard, at the very entrance to the city, the roundhouse was an eyesore. Now it is done over in masonry and with decorative pennants whipping in the ocean breeze from ornamental staffs on its ramparts, and any visitor who has been in the Spanish countries involuntarily exclaims, "Oh, there's the arena! When is the next bullfight?"

The Community Arts Association organized one of the first of the "Little Theater" movements and is widely known for its yearly season of plays. It acquired, in 1924, the oldest theater in the city, built by José Lobero in 1872. José was a saloon-keeper who was interested in theatrical affairs in every form. In 1864 his saloon was at State and Cañon Perdido streets, but at the same time he was organizing plays, composing whole operas, and drilling the simple townsfolk to act and to sing. Finally he got an American

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to help finance the opening of a real theater. It was made over from an old adobe, added to, and named the Lobero. The association had hoped to remodel the historic structure, the "town opryhouse" with such a strange genesis, but finding this impracticable, it rebuilt instead.

During fiesta week an appropriate play is prepared and given here. We noted that the play this year was "The Kingdom of Sancho Panza," termed "a fantastic comedy by Melchior Lengyel, adapted by Sidney Howard."

Again we drove out of town, this time westward on the Cliff Drive to the Hope Ranch Park to see the lingering sunset. The scenic road took us past the lighthouse and through historic rancho territory that has been transformed into a section of exclusive country estates. As the day neared its end we outlined to our visitors much that we had not had time to see; the Peabody Stadium at Anapamu and Salsipuedes; the Museum of Natural History in Mission Cañon, with its valuable Chumash Indian collection; the Blakesley Botanic Gardens in Laurel Cañon, the State Teachers' College on Mission Road; the old Cuartel, or presidio guardhouse, at 122 East Cañon Perdido, said to be the oldest house in the city; and the Covarrbúbias Adobe at 715 Santa Barbara Street; such outlying hotels, known to travelers the world over, as El Encanto, on Mission Ridge, El Mirasol at Santa Barbara and Micheltorena; the Samarkand, with its Persian gardens, at Oak Park. In the Margaret Baylor Inn, 924 Anacapa, I explained, Santa Barbara possesses an exclusively women's hotel that is widely known, with attractive dining and tea rooms.

That night we had our choice of several downtown restaurants, such as the café of the Hotel Californian, 35 State, where we could dine indoor or *al fresco,* or the well-recommended café of the Hotel Carrillo, at Carrillo and Chapala. But the Joneses finally decided that they would try some native dishes once more before leaving Southern California, and we made our way to La Casa de Seville, a Spanish-Mexican restaurant of some renown occupying a quaint old-time residence at 429 Chapala, a block southwest of State. On the way I circled down past the corner of Chapala and Montecito streets, near the railroad station, to point

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out an India rubber tree which puts to shame all the other giants we had seen. A notice on the trunk stated that it was planted in 1872, but the system of great buttress-like roots spreading out over the surface of the ground under the heavy, vast-spreading foliage suggested an age that might run into centuries. Standing in any other American city, occupying valuable space on a downtown corner a block from the main business street, it would probably have been destroyed long ago.

After dinner, a picture show, a stroll along the seawall watching the phosphorescent waves tumble on the bathing beach, and swimmers frolicking there in the moonlight; a last survey of the anchorage with the yachting fleet gaily decked out in carnival lights and sending stringed music across the waters—and it was train time before we knew it. Time to say goodbye to the charming Annabelle, her mother, and to the New York publisher. Annabelle would pass from my ken forever, I supposed, aboard "The Lark," northbound; but her father, the publisher, would not be a total loss—he would be a friend at court, a head man to whom we could send our manuscripts. For a would-be author never stops hoping.

So, as the limited pulled in and we shook hands warmly with our guests, I assumed a happy air and said what I thought were a lot of gay things.

"Well, Mr. Jones," I said, "I hope you will fall into good hands in San Francisco. Wish you could get somebody like Joe Jackson of the *Chronicle* to show you around. He knows the town like a book."

"My word, do you know Joe? So do I. And by the way," added Mr. Jones, "why don't you Guias write me a book about all this?"

"Mr. Jones. Mr. Jones!" I cried, running after him as he bolted for the train. "You mean—you mean—*really?*"

"Sure. Send the manuscript to me personally. *Adios!*"

"*Vaya con Dios*—God be with you!" I shouted as the train drew out.

I turned, in a daze, and the Missus was behind me, waving her handkerchief. I grabbed her and tried to do a Spanish dance on the depot platform.

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"Just think! Just think! A New York publisher has *asked* us to write a book! *Dios mío!*"

"Why, of course—I expected it," she replied, with her usual assurance. "Come on, let's drive home tonight."

"But just think, he *asked* us to write him a *book!*"

"Yes, dear, I understand, but please retain your *camisa.* Shall I drive, while you dream of Annabelle and the book?"

THIS IS THE BOOK.

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